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[Three anonymous manuscript novels by American women authors].. [between 1840? and 1880?]

[United States]: [s.n.], [between 1840? and 1880?]

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Chapter 1st

She chisel touch'd the marble block
With perfect aim and wondrous skill,
And promised that the master mind,
Should mould it to his will

There came who took the statuette,
Condemn'd at once the sculptor's art,
Remold'd all, and neath his hand,
Made hideous, fiendish features start.

"Why so sad my daughter?" said Mrs Grant as she touch'd lightly the forehead of a young lady who sat near her, apparently absorbed in thoughts not the most welcome. "Oh excuse my absence of mind," said she recollecting herself, "and I will try to be less forgetful in future." The returning smile told all was right within her own heart and Mrs Grant observed, "You have not yet told me of your calls this afternoon. How did you find Mrs Moulton and the two Misses Arnold, and how were they all at Mr Winslow's? and lastly how were you pleased with Mary?" Oh Mrs Moulton was very well and as gay and brilliant and happy as ever. The Misses Arnold were preparing to go to Boston to-morrow, to spend a few weeks at their brother's who you know was lately married, Mr Winslow's family I believe are well, the mother Mary is so changed so different I should

from what I thought her, that I must confess myself
deeply disappointed in her. I have no remembrance
of having seen her but once before, and then we were
both very young, scarcely five years old.

It was about the time her mother died, and the recollection of
her beautiful little figure, and sweet expressive face
has clung to my heart ever since and I anticipated
I cannot tell how much in her society, if her home should
ever be among us.

"And is she so much changed?" said Mrs Brant with a
look of interest, and unconsciously dropping her sewing.

"She is still very beautiful in person, but her countenance
tells of deep unhappiness, and I cannot divine the cause,
she complains much of wanting society here, and thinks it
almost insupportably lonely, Mrs Winslow look'd troubled
and thoughtful, and little Lottie slid with a pitying timid
look to her sister's side and put up her mouth to kiss her,
but was repel'd by a cold "Away Lottie," and with a tear
in her eye shrunk back to her mother's side. Nothing here
pleases Mary and she is evidently interested in nothing
What can have made her so different from the little Mary
Winslow whom every one used to pet and love?"

Mrs Brant hesitated a moment and then replied, "Perhaps
those to whom her education has been intrusted have not
understood the wants of her nature. The mind of
a child like a book full of depth and meaning re-
quires much study to be understood, and the more
brilliant the mental capacities, the more judicious train-
ing does it require." Mrs Brant then hasten'd to change
the subject, but not so with us readers, All unhappi-

-ness has its cause, and it is well for us sometimes³ to study the characters and minds ^{of others} and trace their steps along the path that has led them to what they are. Better far better however that we should never look into a mind other than our own, than that we should do it from any but the purest motive.

Mary Winslow was indeed as Emma had said, when she was five years old a very lovely child; and it was often remark'd that she required the choicest training. She was not noisy like most children, but seemed often to be observing carefully every thing around her, to note the sayings of others and smile or frown as their ideas pleas'd or displeas'd her. Her father thought she often made remarks far in advance of her years, but that perhaps was not an uncommon thought for a father, and such remarks were carelessly encouraged till Mr. Winslow himself thought it might not be altogether for the best good of his daughter, to laugh at her witty remarks. It was about a year after the death of his wife too, and he was about giving a new mother to his child in the person of Miss Lucy Wilmett the tried friend and intimate associate of his wife from her girlhood. Miss Wilmett had few personal attractions to recommend her, but the beauties of her mind gleam'd from her blue eye, and spoke in her pleasant smile, and like a burst of sunshine lighted her plain face with intellectual brilliancy. There was a modest dignity in her manners, a gentle firmness in her bearing, a soft earnestness of voice, and in fine just the qualities to make one love her more and more every time they saw her. She did not enter carelessly and unconcernedly upon

the duties of her new situation, but carefully weighed
the subject and earnestly pray'd for direction ere
she pluck'd her word to become the second Mrs Winslow.
Was it strange that Mr Winslow was delighted? or
that people should make remarks because he was so,
that somebody should say it show'd how much he cared
for his first wife, that little Mrs Somebody should declare
that to show the exact depth and breadth of man's
affection? Miss Somebody Else sighing say "So soon forgot-
ten! the old love all merged in the new." No this was
not strange because they had known nothing of Mr
Winslow's home joys or sorrows during his widow hood.
They did not of course visit him, and they felt no inclina-
tion to make the acquaintance of the old lady his house-
keeper; then their husbands and brothers were little in-
clined to visit a house made sad by the loss of one
whom they had all loved to meet. They did not consid-
er the twelve long lonely months he had spent with no
companion but his child and the old woman, whose sole
knowledge was confined to her ordinary domestic du-
ties, and whose sole object was the silver coin she received
every Saturday evening for her week's work. And then
too, there was no one to look to the mental culture of his
child but himself, and every day he more felt his inca-
pacity for the task. He had been extremely fortunate as
every one acknowledged, in attaching to himself Miss
Wilmott, who as every body knew was just the one for
a step mother. And then too there was such a change
from his dull, gloomy widower's life, which nobody inter-
fered upon, to those bridal calls and happy faces which
the new wife attracted, And was it not strange that he

was not still gloomy and dishearten'd. The first of Mrs Winslow's family seem'd to think so, and look'd with jealous eyes upon every thing in the renovated household. They question'd Miss Somebody and Mrs Somebody and quizz'd Miss Somebody Else, who all understanding what communications would be most agreeable, intimat'd that Mr Winslow cared now nothing about his child and his wife was any thing but amiable in her treatment of her. They presum'd she would be rejoic'd to be released from the care of her, and their compassionate hearts desir'd above all things to see her transferred to the home of some of her own mother's relatives. Grandmother Eaton soon wrote an urgent letter to Mr Winslow asking him to spare his little Mary to them for a few weeks, and expressing the fondest attachment to the child, whom she really supposed had been the subject of much abuse.

Mrs Winslow had as is often said, found her hands full with the almost spoiled child, she determin'd she should be no longer petted, and requested as a favor that no one should seem to notice her past expressions. She strove to interest her in what might be at once useful and amusing, and indulg'd her in every little harmless pleasure. Mr Winslow was beginning to see the happy effect of such training upon the mind of his child, and rejoicing in the judicious management of Mrs Winslow, when the request of Mrs Eaton's her maternal grandmother, arriv'd.

What could he do? He knew they were suspicious of his excellent wife, he had seen in their changed looks and solemn bearings that all was not right with them and they attributed the wrong to him. He could not refuse the request of her grandmother, and accordingly consented, not without

much regret that the visit should be immediately made. Little time was occupied in the preparation for Mrs Winslow had attached to every thing requisite to Miss Mary's wardrobe, and her careful habit allow'd nothing to be neglected. Sorrowfully she bade adieu to her little adopted daughter, earnestly hoping she would forget nothing of the few lessons she had taught her. It was ~~forty~~^{seventy} miles to Mrs Eatons and before the time of railroads, and consequently was a day's journey. Mr Winslow accompanied his daughter, and was pained to see that all the endeavors of Mrs Winslow were about to be frustrated, under the petting sugar plum influence of her maternal friends. They did everything to make her stay there delightful, and she had no wish ungratified that it was possible to satisfy. She did not wish to return home, and the child of five years would easily understand that her parents were regarded with little favor by those who often term'd themselves her best friends. As the time drew near for her to return home the solicitations became more and more ardent for her to be permitted to remain a little longer, and from week to week her return was delay'd. There was always a picnic or a little party or a visit to be made, or some other equally good reason why she should not return home, till at length the proposal came that they should retain her altogether, especially as there was now another little girl, the little Lottie before mention'd. To this Mr Winslow could not immediately consent, but set off ~~immediately~~^{directly} for his daughter, whom he found almost frantic with the prospect of returning to her step mother, whom she had learn'd to consider in any other than her true character. Her grandmother too wept and pleaded,

her two maiden aunts placed her between them and tearfully caress'd, the spoiled favorite. In the midst of all Uncle Roland who lived in the neighborhood came in and declared it would be more cruel than slavery to take the child where she was unwilling to go. She could not be asserted be taken better care of any where than there, and if some one was wanted to tend the baby at home, they had better make up a purse he thought to defray all expenses of that kind, than have little Mary's pretty figure spoiled and health endangered in ^{such} service of ~~the~~ ~~King!~~ To such insinuations Mr Winslow scorn'd a reply, though he wish'd to do nothing rashly, He could not find it in his heart to tear her away, and he well knew it must occasion his wife a great deal of trouble and labor to root out the evil which this unfortunate visit had engender'd. And then he thought should he acced to their proposals, they might be induc'd to place a more restraining influence upon her conduct, and adopt some systematic plan for her education. He knew however that they were interfering far too much in his arrangements, but as he was a man to whom resistance was always a terror, he yielded at length and returned home, thinking how widely different was little Mary's mother from all others of the family, and deploring much the obstinate wills of those who would deprive him of a father's right. How rapidly will evil grow in the mind of a child and how slow are some to discern it! After Mr. Winslow had left Mrs Eaton's, there was a burst of joy from the whole family and many commiserating neighbors appear'd to congratulate them upon rescuing the dear little orphan as they term'd her, from so brutal a home.

Every body redoubled their caresses and pettings, and little Mary really thought herself a being of superior capacities and gifts. Month after month passed away and she was in all things her own mistress; if she chose to go to school, she did so, but it was not often her inclinations were in that direction. If she thought sewing would be most pleasant she was at liberty to amuse herself with her needle in any way, and as long, and no longer than she chose. To walk or to ride or to visit seemed to suit her best, much pains was taken, if without it she could not be gratified. At length one after another began to see that Mary was not quite what they would wish; ^{for} notwithstanding all their endeavors, and weak affection she grew astonishingly impudent and very imperatious in all her requirements. Some said she inherited the disposition from her father; some that she would overcome it when she was a little older, and all were sure it would be useless to begin restraint then. Years passed away and Uncle Poland declared openly that Mary was the most disagreeable and least promising girl in the whole range of his acquaintance, and her conduct was such that he was ashamed to have a stranger see her at his house, and how she came by such a disposition he did not know, but one thing was certain it never came from the Eaton side. Aunt Bethiah and Deborah began to think they had better have allowed her step mother to keep her, and hinted loudly to their mother it was even then best to put her under that lady's management; but they had in times past given the old lady too highly coloured descriptions of Mrs Wenslow's wicked properties, to induce her even to think of committing such a crime as pla-

ing her again under her directions. She would never consent. Mr Winslow came sometimes to see Mary, and always sorely regretted that he had yielded to the seeming necessity of leaving her under such wretched guidance. At length a letter came to him that old Mr Eaton was dead, and the family could no longer be encumbered with the charge of his daughter. Aunt Deborah too, often laughingly remark'd that she guess'd she would be found fully able to fight her own battles now. Mr Winslow set off immediately to pay his last respects to the mother of his former wife, and returned bringing with him his reluctant child.

Chapter 2^d

How canst thou look on nature when she smiles,
And give her back no answering smile again?
How canst thou hear affection's gentle tones,
And feel no answering sympathy within!
Mary Winslow was fourteen years old when she returned to her early home. It was a very lovely home too; the location was a delightful spot, surrounded by every variety of natural beauty. The house was large and for a country residence very nicely furnished. The grounds were extensive and finely laid out, and as Mr Winslow drove through the long circuitous avenue leading to his door, shaded by tall luxuriant elms, he look'd for a smile on Mary's face, but finding nothing but her usual indifference he said, Do you not Mary admire these fine old elms? and could you wish a home more beautiful? I do not see anything

here but common trees that grow any where in the 10
woods" said she, and as to the beauty of the place I
don't see any thing so very lovely in any place. It
looks well enough here". Mr Winslow turned away his face
deeply disappointed, he had tried during the journey every
means he could devise to interest her, and when they had
all failed, ^{the} thought of their beautiful home and the smiling
faces and warm hearts there, came up before him and he
said to himself, "she must be pleased with that."

With a sad smile he greeted Mrs Winslow and Lottie
at the door, and taking Mary's hand as he cast a look
of pity towards his wife, he presented them to each other,
and then turning to little Lottie said, "And here Mary is
your little sister Lottie who has a kiss and a kind welcome
for you, and a heart full of love ever ready for ^{all} her friends".

"I do not know as I shall accept what I have to share with
every body," replied the young lady, who would not stoop for
Lottie's kiss, though her hand received it immediately.

Mr Winslow looked at his wife whose eye was fix'd on the
ground, as in deep thought, but suddenly recollecting herself,
she tried to smile and in a pleasant voice said, "But let
us go in, you are both I am sure fatigued and hungry after
your long journey, Lottie show sister Mary to her room and
we will have tea immediately." Mary sulkily followed
Lottie to a room newly furnish'd and tastefully ornamented.
"This is your room sister Mary said she mother has
just had it new paper'd; and father bought this pretty
new furniture last week, and see how pleasant the trees
and river look from the windows and it's towards the
west too and you can see the sun set, And is it

this vase pretty? It's one Uncle Willie gave me but I'll
give it to you ^{sister} Mary, and these rose buds and honeysuckles
I picked this morning from our garden, Don't they look
pretty, and it seems to me sometimes just as though they
were talking to me and smiling at I love flowers dearly.
"Why have you common sense child," said her sister "who ever
heard of such wild nonsense! I see nothing remarkable
about your flowers, they look like all other rosebuds and
honeysuckles, but you are a horrid talker, have not you
been told that children should be ~~seen~~ ^{seen} and not ~~heard~~ ^{heard}?"
"I forgive me sister Mary, I forgot that you were
tired," and Lottie with a tear gushing from her eye turned
and left the room. After Mary had examined every
thing about her, and made her mental comments
upon her step-mother's bad taste, she seated herself
and indulged for a while ^{in a} reverie of angry feelings
against every body she knew, especially her own family.
She then smoothed her hair, changed her traveling dress
for one thinner and more comfortable, looked in the
glass and thought how much more noble was her beau-
ty than Lottie's could ever be; wished in her heart that
Lottie had never been born, and descended to the ^{dining} ~~dining~~ ^{room}
room, where she found they had long been waiting her.
"You find yourself very tired do you not Mary?" said
Mrs Winslow. "I am tired of monotony said she and I
know it must be shockingly lonesome here: I'm already
homesick enough. Is there any body in the place
worth visiting?" "We have many very excellent peo-
ple," replied Mrs Winslow, and I think you cannot fail
to be pleased with some of them. Perhaps you remember
Emma Grant, do you not? Her father was a cler-

cyman, of Ashby, and at his death Mrs Grant¹²
and Emma then an infant came to this place left
her by her father, It is in the very house where she was
born and spent a happy childhood. Her friends have
repeatedly urged her to leave it and make her home
with them but she is too much attached to the old place
to think of that. "Oh I remember Emma said Mary
I hope she looks better than she used to, I should have
forgotten her but for an ugly dark face embellished with
light hair and eyes." Emma Grant has not a dark
complexion" said Mr Winslow, and if she is not beau-
tiful, in person, her excellencies of mind far more than
compensate for any deficiencies of that kind. Her com-
panionship if she will afford it you, will I trust be an
invaluable acquisition." If she will afford it!" repeated
Mary scornfully, "perhaps I may not choose to afford her
mine." "Come Mary," said her father after tea, "if you
are not too much fatigued, by your journey I shall beg
your company in a walk through the grounds, for a
little while." Mary replied with an indifferent look
"Oh yes I can go." Mr Winslow led the way through trees
shrubbery and creepers, which showed no lack of taste
or attention. It was about sunset, and a splendid array
of clouds skirted the horizon through which the sun
showed a purple tinge, and threw upon their grace-
fully undulating edges a magnificence that told
of something more glorious than earth. Mr Winslow
who had an eye and a heart for the beautiful and the
sublime, involuntarily took off his hat and stood for
a moment transfixed by the majestic beauty of
the scene, to which the sound of distant thunder

added a reverential feeling. "Mary do you see that said he at length," and did you ever see a fairer scene? "Why I don't know, I see nothing but the sun setting and that it does every day;" "But those clouds, how rich, how varied," said her father. "Nothing but common clouds though, perhaps we shall have a thunder shower and that might not be quite so fine;" "I see Mary said he sadly, you have no appreciation of the beautiful, your mother would have been almost enraptured at a scene like this, her eye was quick to perceive every beauty and she enjoy'd everything with an intensity it was delightful to behold." "Well I suppose I am like nobody else, but I see nobody and nothing to admire very much." At this moment Lottie with her shining ringlets shaking round her smiling face, bounded from a little hiding place to surprise them and caught the hand of her father in both hers with a merry laugh. Mr Winslow caressingly stroked the sunny curls from her white forehead and pleasantly said, "Oh how you frighten'd your father Lottie, I wish you would learn sister Mary to be happy." "Why isn't sister Mary happy father? Good people always are I thought." "What a wretched, pompous thing you are Lottie said Mary, and you are very much mistaken about good people being happiest, the simplest may be so." A shadow pass'd over Lottie's face, and she turned it from her sister's to her father's eye, and again grasp'd his hand which she had before relinquish'd. "Here Lottie" said Mr Winslow stooping to pick two or three rare roses, "Please carry these to your mother, with your father's

best respects." Lotte took the flowers and smiling through her tears at the strangeness of the message, hurried away to find her mother. "Lotte", said her father when she was gone, "is a very sensitive child, and we are extremely careful that we do not unnecessarily wound her feelings. She has an earnest desire to see every one happy, and I believe would give away even the most valued thing ~~has~~, if she knew that another desired it. Since she first knew of your coming she has talk'd of little else, and plann'd a hundred ~~little~~ ways to gratify you. I think if you will allow yourself to do so you cannot fail to love her very much, and I beg that you would not shut your heart against the affection of herself and mother. No one desires your welfare more than Mrs Winslow, and there is no one who would do more to promote it. It was a grief to her when she was deprived of the management of your education, and the pleasure of your company. You have now returned and I hope may make each other very happy; if you do not it surely will not be the fault of my estimable wife." "Nobody cares any thing about me said Mary and I do not know as I am under any obligation to care for others." "Pitiable state," said her father sadly, "if you cherish such feelings you surely cannot be happy whatever be your situation or attainments. Try my daughter to make those around you happy and you will soon have no cause to complain that they do not love you or that you are yourself unhappy. Our joys and sorrows are all usually the fruits of our

own thoughts. When there is peace within there is peace without; to the mind where there is order and beauty within all is order and beauty in nature; and he alone is truly happy who loves his Creator and all the works of his hand." "Well father," said she coldly "I think you would have made a good minister, but some how or other all preaching is lost upon me. A house full of such people would be a bad anchorage." "Bad truly I fear," said Mr Winslow, but I beg of you I earnestly beg of you Mary to seek after a better state of feeling.

Chapter 3^d

~~Oh - if there is a thing that I would shield,
 From the rough mercies of a world of sin,
 It is a human heart where every touch,
 Echoes and vibrates through the soul within!~~

The evening after Mary's arrival she excused herself early from the family circle, as she said to write to some of her friends. Lottie sat a few minutes hugging without petting her favorite Kitten, her bright eye dimmed to a thoughtful sadness, and an occasional sigh unconsciously escaping her, till at length her mother's pleasant voice roused her from her reverie, the Kitten which had fallen to sleep roll'd carelessly to the floor, a tear gush'd to her eye and a warm blush to her cheek, and she started to her mother's side saying, You will always love me mother if sister Mary doesn't ~~and~~ I know you will, and father too,

Mrs Winslow took her little girl on her knee without speaking, for her heart was full, and she would fain not betray the feeling that her closed lips alone prevented from bursting forth. She folded her little form closely to her heart and the thought came over her, "What if my Lottie were to be left an orphan! Who would be a sister to her?" A tear fell with a kiss upon Lottie's brow whose sensitive little heart divined the cause, and putting her arms around her mother's neck and kissing her affectionately murmuring a "Good night" she glided silently and in tears to her chamber. Mr. Winslow who had been out upon business soon returned and throwing a package of papers upon the table seated himself by the window, without opening them. "You must see my wife," said he at length, "that I have brought you to-day a spoiled young lady, spoiled I very much fear beyond the possibility of remoulding her into any thing useful or agreeable. Under your judicious training she would have become all we could have wish'd. She had beauty and talents but all have been worse than thrown away in her wretched education. It would now be of no use to enter upon harsh measures with her, her will has so long been a law that its strong branches could not ^{thus} be bent, and it is by moral persuasion alone I am convinced that we can hope to accomplish any thing." Certainly said Mrs Winslow, love if any thing must win her back, and though the prospect may be dark indeed, and the work progress so slowly that it is scarcely discernable, still we hope something may be accomplish'd; some seed may fall

upon the heart and live, and germinate even in coming years. I will do what I can my husband, I will endeavor to guard my lips, and with God's assistance to keep my heart in love, and in faithful earnest ~~endeavor~~ ^{strivings} for her improvement, I was you know attached to her mother, and in giving my hand to her father I confess I was not a little influenced by the prospect of having the daughter of my friend to educate and love, as I know she would have wished her educated and loved. Circumstances deprived me of that pleasure, and she comes back to us with scarcely a trace of her mother's gentle loveliness to remind us of her. It is sad, it is very sad, to remember her worse than wasted years, but we will hope for the best."

"Lottie" said Mrs Winslow, "is taking a lesson which I had hoped her sensitive nature would long remain a stranger to. Heretofore she has known nothing but gentleness and love, I would not so much regret it though, if it came not from a sister's heart."

"I think" said Mrs Winslow, "that with careful management, I may repel the evil, and if she will still make me her confidant, perhaps I ^{may} make her an instrument of much good to her sister."

The breakfast bell rang three times for Mary the next morning and at length Lottie was dispatched to knock upon her door. "Please sister Mary breakfast is ^{waiting} ~~ready~~," said the pleasant little voice, "Very well let it wait, I shall not come till I'm dress'd and you need'nt come to my door again, I shall go down ~~so~~ sooner for it."

I am not so deaf but I can hear that abominable bell ring, loud enough to wake a nation! Lottie had by this time learned to expect nothing but harshness from Mary, and stopping a moment to look out of the window of the next room, and think it did not look so pleasant as usual, and then again think that it was so though she could not for some reason feel it, went down stairs almost wishing sister Mary had staid with Aunt Bethiah and Deborah. With a discontented brow the young lady at length entered the breakfast room, and without raising her eye answered indifferently "Good Morning!" to the voices that greeted her. "Will you take tea, or cold water ^{Mary} asked Mrs Winslow. "Neither I will take coffee," was the reply. "We have none made" said her mother, "your father thinks it injurious, and we do not now use it." "Not use coffee I never heard of such a thing, I do not think a breakfast is worth having without it. Don't you always have toast in the morning? they always had it at grandmothers, Aunt Deborah always had it made for me and made rich too." After several similar remarks she dropped her fork and looked round inquiringly, for there had been no reply to her remarks. She looked a little mortified and annoyed to notice that each one's thoughts seemed to be wholly foreign to her. Mr Winslow was just directing Lottie's attention to a golden robin, that had for a moment perch'd himself on a branch near the window, and Mrs Winslow, a cup of tea in hand was earnestly watching an opportunity to pass it to her husband.

To what do you usually devote your morning Mary?
 said her father as he walk'd with her into the sitting
 room after breakfast. "To any thing I fancy," she replied,
 "If I have an interesting book I sometimes read, sometimes
 when I have any one to play with me, I take a game of cards
 or back gammon, or perhaps I talk and if I feel like doing
 nothing why of course I do nothing." "But have you no sys-
 tem then in the employment of your time?" "System why
 no, system I supposed belong'd only to servants, and
 those who are obliged to occupy their time usefully."

"No one," said Mr Winslow, "can be happy in life who has
 no object in living. Both mind and body were fitted
 for labor, and there is no one I think more wretched
 than he who neglects to use the faculties God has given
 him."

In the afternoon Emma Grant call'd and
 we had already become acquainted with the impression
 Mary's appearance produced upon her. "Miss Grant I
 indeed I believe I remember you," said Mary after
 scrutinizing her carefully, "you have improved so
 much since I saw you that I'm sure I should not
 have known you." "Very strange if you had done so re-
 phied Emma, "I think we were but five years old at the
 time and you have never I think visited the place since
 you left." "No I have had no inclination to do so, and
 think I never should if my grandmother had lived."
 "Why do you not admire our little village and this fine
 residence of your father's?" "Why no, I do not see any
 thing to admire particularly, and the habits of the peo-
 ple are so very different from those of Brookville. I am

wretchedly lonely and would give the world to be back again with Aunt Bethiah and Deborah. But what do you do Miss Grant? I should think you'd die with ennui!" "Oh - I am never lonely, I was just wondering how any body could be so. I have scarce time sufficient for all I have to do. I have always some domestic duties to perform, and then I do my own and most of my mother's sewing, even to embroidering collars and ornamental articles we may require, and I have always some work on hand that perhaps might be called charitable. Two hours a day I give to reading, and that is a pleasure I would not willingly be deprived of. So you see I have not time if I had inclination to be 'lonesome' said she smiling. "But oh dear" replied Mary "what a life, I would rather not live than be so trammelled. I should say you had no time for any thing, I know I could not endure it. Ah this air is too insubstantial for me, I should shrink and die in it. Here father has been this morning talking to me about system and industry and an object in life. I've no sympathy with such nonsense and I shall continue to be as independent and do as I please. But don't hurry Miss Grant, I should be very glad if you would spend the rest of the day with me, I do so want some one to talk to". Emma represented that it was necessary that she should be at home and bidding the idle young lady "good bye" walk'd hastily away, for her watch told her it was about the hour her mother's tea things were always upon the table.

Chapter 4th

We are all brethren of one father's house,
By whatever name or circumstance we're known,
Placed where He placed us, color'd as He will'd
And differing gifts and differing duties own.

Where greater powers of mind have been withheld,
A firmer trust, and truer love are given,
And many whom we look upon as low,
May sit above us in the Courts of Heaven.

"And it wint I that shall stay here to be threated so," said Margaret bursting open the door of Mrs Winslow's room, "Here your young lady ma'am has done nothing but scold me and fret at me and and call me a dirty patchy and ivery thing else i've since she came home, and I've borne it all till now because of yourself and Lottie, and now I can bear it no longer, I must leave ye this very day, and ye must get somebody else or set the thredloaf to work herself, and I think in my heart would be the very best thing in the world for her, and I only wish she'd have somebody threate her awhile just as she's always threated me. It is ivery body I should pity that i've had to live with her." "Oh Margaret!" said Mrs Winslow it does not seem possible for me to give you up, you who have lived with me so many years, almost ever since I was married, and at this very busy time too I know not where I could get any one. Will you not promise me that you will stay a week longer? I will immediately talk with Mary and

"I do not think she will again treat you as she has done." "Well marm I know you have talk'd and talk'd, and coax'd your blissed life out of ye almost to make her better and it's no good it has all done, and she'll only laugh at it when ye're out of sight and call ye a pithievat preacher, and all that, for the life of me I could'nt begin to tell how much more. But for your sake marm and Lottie's I'll stay if she'll let me alone, but just so sure as she threatens me so again I wout stay if it's afore the blissed sun sets this night." With compressed lips and eye still flashing at the recollection of her wrongs, Margaret tucked her bonnet and walk'd out just as Mary entered.

"Mary," said Mrs Winslow "I wish you would be particularly careful how you speak to Margaret, you know she is sensitive, and I would'nt on any account do or say any thing to irritate her feelings. She is troubled about something you have said to her, and but this moment came in intending to leave. I have pacified her for the present and trust you will aid me in endeavoring to retain her. She is a very good girl, and has always done well, I do not know what I could^{do} without her".

Mary carelessly broke off a beautiful tea rose bud that was blooming in the window, and humord a low tone without replying. In a few minutes she went into the kitchen. In a few hours after Margaret again appear'd, with bonnet and shawl holding in her hand a bundle of something. "And will you kepe my trunk here till I send for it marm, for I must go this blissed day" said

she, did not I say it would not stay an hour after she had
 threatened me so again, and its she that has just been
 calling me a dirty paddy and all of us orish
 the grasey scum of the old Counthrey, and she says she
 wishes I would go, and I will, I will, not another hour with
 the dirty party Margaret O'Collen trouble her nice
 eyes. Well then, said Mrs Winslow I suppose we must do
 without you, but really I hardly know how, do you know
 of any one I can get to take your place? And its no-
 body ma'am that I could recommend to the place while the
 young lady there is at home, but I'd come back with all
 my heart and serve you with all my might, if the
 Lord would only just take her away, or if she would
 take herself away, or somebody else would take her, no matter
 who, but may the Lord bless you and Lottie, and if
 ever the blissful time should come that she should free
 you from this trouble, I'd come to you even if I was back in
 the old Counthrey I'd come! After Margaret was gone Mrs
 Winslow sat long thinking what was best to be done,
 To get a good American girl was out of the question, It was
 at least one hundred miles to Boston, and none nearer
 could be had that she knew of. They had a large dairy
 and she had already as much to do as she thought she
 could possibly attend to. She called Mary, told her of
 Margaret's sudden departure and asked if she could
 assist her until she could obtain some one else. "I shall be
 nobody's servant" was the reply, "I don't know how and
 I don't wish to. These paddy girls are so terribly impudent
 and so shockingly sensitive that one must treat them

with all possible deference or they're off. I wish we lived at the South and had slaves. I guess they'd have to work if they had me to deal with. And I wish every pack of that came here had to become a slave, then they could at least run away just when they did not quite like what was said to them. Oh Mary - Mary - said Mrs Winslow from the fullness of her heart. Do you consider that in the sight of God we are all of the same family, that we are all descended from one father, all going the same way to lie in the dust together, while the spirit shall ascend alike to be judged by the same Judge and the same laws! And that we shall receive rewards and punishments according to our merits and demerits, not according to our earthly stations or advantages! Could you wish to be a slave? Could you wish to be an ill treated servant? Oh do not I beg of you Mary cherish such sentiments and feelings as you have just expressed! From my heart I pity the slave, but when I look beyond this world I pity the master more." Mary with a frown on her brow turned away, and Mrs Winslow remarking to herself "This grief is far more bitter than any labor or all that can possibly come from Margaret's desertion," dropped her sewing and retired to the kitchen to prepare tea, as she knew her husband would soon be in, expecting as usual to find all ready.

Mr Winslow saw nothing at the tea table in his wife's appearance to make him conclude she had any new cause of uneasiness. She was one who would never if possible annoy another by complaining, and if she had anything unpleasant to communicate she always deferred it until it was necessary.

It should be known, Mary it is true was moody & and silent, but this was no uncommon occurrence. It was not until evening when all retired except Mr and Mrs Winslow that the case was laid before him and then unreservedly acquainting him with the hopelessness of ever at home inducing Mary to become what they desired her. They could not see the slightest change for the better, and they had urged counsel'd and coax'd and used every argument they thought could possibly avail, but it had all been seed thrown upon stony ground, they believed she had grown worse. After long deliberation it was determin'd that she should be placed among strangers, at a boarding school if a suitable place could be found, but not without giving the principal a true statement of her character and early training; and the ^{unavailing} methods they had used for her improvement. As change was something very ~~delightful~~ delightful to her, they did not apprehend any resistance on her part; and too she had often express'd a wish to attend a boarding school, but they had hoped to mould her to something better before they entrusted her to the care of others.

The next day Mary was made acquainted with the decision and declared it would be the pleasantest thing in the world to get away from home, and hoped she should go a thousand miles and not come back till she was twenty.

Mr Winslow immediately set about making inquiries, and a friend in whom he could rely, strongly recommended Glenora, but it was about two hundred miles distant. It was composed wholly of ladies and under the very best direction. The distance was a slight objection. Mr Winslow immediately wrote to the principal, and in due season received a favorable answer.

and a promise to take the best possible care of the ²⁶ young lady and spare no labor to make her all thy wish. "Just where I'd like to go, a pleasant little ride of two hundred miles and too far to come home vacations" said Mary to herself, "but I shall do as I please and think and talk as I please let me be where I will!"

The preparations for her departure were soon actively going on and every one was more busy than herself. In the midst of these to avoid so many industrious fingers she said, she took her sewing supervisory and walk'd over to spend the afternoon with Emma Grant. "Oh Mary," said Emma "you are going to Glenoaken, where I have always so much wished to complete my education, but it is so far away my mother thinks she cannot consent. I have a cousin there and an Uncle and Aunt not many miles off and I have heard from them of Glenoaken's attractions!" "I shall care nothing about its attractions said Mary and only for its excitement, any thing but monotony! Any thing but this eternal calm." "If all were peace and calmness within Mary" said Mrs Grant mildly, "I think you would not be disposed to complain of the monotony and calmness without. An untroubled conscience and a pure heart I think seek not exciting scenes to make them happy. They are a source of happiness to themselves a fresh spring of quiet, sweet enjoyment, which all the exciting pleasures of the world cannot confer. I shall now leave you together for an hour as I promised Mrs Moulton to sit awhile with her this afternoon. Emma you need not sew so industriously, I think you had better lay your work away and walk out if Mary likes to: the fresh air would do you good

you confine yourself too closely." "Well Mother you 27
know Tracy needs this and I have nearly completed it
and in half an hour I hope it will be ready to take to
her, and then if Mary likes we will walk there."

"Who is Tracy?" said Mary as Mrs Beant left the door.
"An old lady who lives just below us and takes in washing
and coarse work," said Emma "is it possible you do
not know her?" "Very likely I've heard Lottie and my
step mother speak of her but I seldom notice much they
say, and I despise visiting poor people or having anything
to do with them in any way if I can help it. Lottie and her
mother have just sense enough to scatter their money
and their tears through all the dirty alleys and muddy
holes in town." "Oh how can you speak so?" said Emma
of so excellent a mother and sister?" "Oh dear well
I know," said Mary peevishly, "they're too excellent too
perfect, I like to see a spot or a defect sometimes, and
hear sounds that are somewhat discordant just to vary
the scene and wake one up. I confess I've done my
part, but I believe they're all so dead I can't wake
them, and even my dear young Margaret till she went
off got up no scene at all. Strange funny beings can
be so dormant! But it will be lively at school or I'm
mistaken. Why at Grandmother's Aunt Deborah and I
used to quarrel and make up every day; it was capital
fun. Why I was brought up upon it, it became second
nature, but every body here is silent solemn amiable
and good, almost or quite as Heaven its self. All in
the house must be kept in the neatest order and
arranged so one can't help saying beautiful, and then
its no use pulling things about thinking to have a noise

about it because that woud get one up. Then go²⁵
into the garden, every thing is so precise, flowers, shrub-
bery all blooming trimmed and train'd, and looking
so like paradise, and the solemn old trees about the
grounds that scarcely bend their limbs to stir their
leaves, oh how I have wish'd I could see a good hearty
hurricane tear up their old roots, and scatter those
peaceable looking flowers to the regions of annihilation.
I should not have thought Adam and Eve could have
staid in Paradise more than two or three days. I
should have rejoiced to change the scene before that
time." "Why Mary exclaim'd Emma how dare you talk
so, and how can you cherish such feelings. The fault is
wholly in your own heart if you are not happy. Your life
has been unemploy'd, and that alone is sufficient to make
one miserable. My time is more to me than gold, for with
it I can do what gold cannot purchase. You have the
same precious gift and it is tasteless and insipid be-
cause you will not accept the priceless things it could give
you. My book or my work are my constant companions,
and I know nothing and never did about the feelings
you manifest. From my soul I pity you!"

"Pity me," said Mary, "I need nobody's pity and I
do not acknowledge any one better than myself. But
your mother is coming and I think I will not stay to
walk with you." "But I thought you were to stay to tea,"
said Mary. "No I must not to night I think I must go
home and learn industry." "Good bye." "Good bye" but I am
sorry said Emma as she closed the door. "Yet could I tell
her I was sorry for having said what I have? No no,

Chapter 5th

How pleasant mid this busy working world,
 These spots where mind asserts her higher claim,
 Where the soul gathers never fading flowers,
 Which wreath for it a destiny and name.

About three days were occupied in the journey from Mr Winslow's to Ghensaken, and they were both not a little fatigued when just about tea time of a pleasant afternoon, they arrived there. "Why father it is a perfect forest here" exclaimed Mary, "I am sure I never could have consented to come if I had known this, and I have blindly pledg'd myself to stay three years. I do not believe I can endure it." "Why my daughter" answered Mr Winslow mildly, "you as yet know nothing about it, here are more than eighty young ladies, and with such a company about you I should be very sorry if you could not content yourself."

There were a seminary and boarding house connected by an archway over which the fragrant honeysuckle and graceful Grape rich with its plumping clusters were twining together. "See," said Mr Winslow, "the useful and the ornamental the fruit and the flowers twining so harmoniously and appropriately together; so in a lady's education I would have the ornamental throwing itself gracefully around and adding fragrance to the more solid durable and useful." The door bell had been rung and they were now invited ^{into} a commodious reception room, where they were soon joined by Miss Barlow the principle teacher of the establishment.

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This lady was about thirty or possibly thirty five years of age, of medium stature and strong healthy frame, and evincing a vigor and activity of intellect, too seldom seen. There was a firmness in her gentle voice that spoke to the pupil at once of love and restraint. The young ladies were wholly under her supervision, and almost without exception were much attach'd to her. She received Mary with that frankness and urbanity of manner which never fails to please a stranger, and with that forgetfulness of self, which is ever delightful, interested herself in her welfare apparently as much as if she were an old acquaintance. She showed her to her room and introduced her to a young lady who was to share it with her. It was Emma Benson, a confidential friend of Miss Barlow, to whom she had read Mr Winslow's letter, and who after much deliberation had at length decided that she would be the companion of the spoiled young lady. Miss Barlow had particularly wished this, as Emma was one of those sweet, gentle and endearing tempers, who are never wearied with kind efforts, and never seem to expect even the reward of gratitude for their kindnesses. The two young ladies being left together Miss Barlow showed Mr Winslow through the Seminary and principal apartments at Glenora. Every thing was in order, all quiet, all respectful.

Have you no gentlemen connected with this institution, as Mr H. "None," said the lady and we employ only female servants. We have two stout German women who are accustomed to field labor and the care of cattle, whose business it is to look after out door affairs,

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"A mummy ah" said Mr Winslow smiling.
"No no" she replied we will not acknowledge the name
even in jest, we take upon ourselves no word, this is a mat-
ter of convenience to give employment to our own sex. There are
many German emigrants in this vicinity they are
honest and industrious, and while the men can easily
procure employment, the women if employ'd at all get
but a trivial remuneration for their services. Those we em-
ploy we pay the same as their brothers get elsewhere, as they
perform the same amount of labor and do it equally well.
Is the building whose spire we see through the trees your
church? said Mr Winslow. It is the church we attend said
she, the parish church under the charge of Rev Mr Philby, an
excellent pastor and an earnest, devoted Christian.
Then you do not have lady teachers of theology, said Mr
Winslow smiling. That is something which I presume we
shall not be the first to sanction, said she, I do not how-
ever doubt their mental, but their physical ability to
become efficient preachers. If our most athletic men often ruin
their voices and are obliged to leave their pulpits to recruit
their worn and wearied frames, what can woman with her
her more delicate and feeble organization expect in a sim-
ilar field? No I think woman was destined to preach
in another way in gentle words and acts, but never in the
pulpit. Ah the world is becoming wiser, said Mr Winslow,
and the prime reason is I doubt not, that woman is grad-
ually rising to the high station to which her Creator de-
signed her. The tea bell, said Miss Barlow, and in
a few minutes Mr Winslow was introduced to the
supper room, where there were no less than eighty young
ladies standing perfectly quiet, and respectful around

the walls. They bowed as Miss Barlow pronounced 32
Mr Winslow's name, and each one immediately took
her place at one of the tables. Mary's was beside Miss
Barlow as it was a little mark of respect to the last
arrival to give her that seat which she was to occupy until
another came. Miss Barlow had thus an opportunity of conversing
with her and learning much of her character, disposition and
previous training without encroaching upon other duties.

After they were all seated a moment's deep silence en-
sued then every voice joined in repeating slowly and
solemnly, — Heavenly Father we would thank Thee,

For the food before us spread;
That from day to day thou givest,
Unmerited our daily bread,

Oh forgive our sins and bless us,
While these mortal frames we feed;
With the food of life eternal,
Which we daily, hourly, need.
Through our Saviour, Christ we ask it,
He is food and drink indeed,

It impressed Mr Winslow forcibly both from its originality
and fitness. That "said he in referring to it after tea to
Miss Barlow, is to me perfectly new. Was the plan your own?
It was she replied, and adapted to ensure the attention
and impress the mind with the solemnity of the moment.
And you admit more here unless thirteen said he, I
should think you would require a preparatory school.
We have one said the lady and it is only a pleasant walk
of half a mile to it; they are there from six to thirteen,
and now number a hundred pupils.

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The establishment is similar to this, and if you are not too much fatigued with your day's ride, we will walk down to it. It is as I told you half a mile from this but only a hedge divides the grounds, which all belong to one company the girls of our country who come here to be educated. The trustees choose to have the two institutions thus separated both on account of the health of the pupils and the necessity of having more quiet in a school of this grade than would be advisable or prudent in that of the younger children. "This is magnificent" said Mr Winslow as Miss Barlow touched a spring gate, which rolled back revealing a broad avenue over which the tall elms lifted their bold branches and knit them in friendly alliance with their family friends the other side of the way. There were summer houses scattered about from whose windows peep'd flowering plants, and whose trellis'd exteriors were the chosen abode of the grape and blooming creeper. Some could scarcely be seen from the trees that surrounded them. "For what are all these?" said Mr Winslow. "There is one for each class," said she, "they are a sort of summer house where in warm pleasant weather they often come to study or converse, and are sure of remaining uninterrupted as it is understood that unless by special invitation no one is to visit the bower not belonging to her respective class. The teachers alone retain that privilege as it would not be well to have it understood there was any place upon the grounds they had not perfect freedom to enter whenever they chose to do so, but they are nevertheless very careful never to avail themselves of this privilege without special invitation or urgent necessity. Each one you will perceive has its

own little enclosure of fruit trees, so has it currants³⁴,
gooseberries and strawberries, sacred all to its class,
and each variety of shrubs and vines, has as many divisions
of its plants as there are young ladies in the class, and
each one, too, cultivates her particular part. The teachers
likewise have one which you shall if you like enter. We will
walk around some of them and you will see there are not
two from the same design. I designed many of them my-
self, and if you observe, the grounds around differ quite
as much in the arrangement of their trees and shrubbery,
as the order of their summer houses. "There is a winding brook,
and there a pond said Mr Winslow, and this natural ar-
bor the entire distance between the two institutions. But what
supports all this? I almost fancy myself in "fairy land."
It is not possible that with the sum paid by these eighty
young ladies, all this is sustained! Oh no said the lady
though with our judg^l management we now make it nearly do
so, as the pupils are required to take care of these studies and
the gardens attached themselves. Several years ago there
were two wealthy gentlemen lived on these grounds and
their dwellings were where these institutions now stand,
and being intimate friends they took down the high
partition wall that separated them, and planted this
hedge row and this double line of firs that run
parallel with it. These elms were then planted and this
avenue laid out, communicating with the two houses.
They had each an only daughter and as they supposed,
they could find no ladies qualified to teach them after
the period of childhood, each family engaged a gentle-
man as tutor. The tutors were young, fascinating and

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of course highly educated young men fresh from College life, and the young ladies rich and beautiful. An attachment was but the natural result of their intercourse, and yet when the parents were made acquainted with the truth, they treated it as a thing of which they had never dreamed. The tutors were poor and of nameless families as they said, and were immediately and with disdainful pride dismissed from their employment. Two clandestine marriages were the result, and one embarking immediately for Europe was lost on the voyage with all on board. The other after this sad catastrophe was forgiven, and invited to return to her father's, where a few weeks after her husband lost his life by being thrown from his horse, and she survived him but a few months. The cause of so much misfortune the fathers attributed solely to having gentlemen teachers for the young ladies, and being now both childless, they bequeathed these lands and funds sufficient for defraying the expenses of the buildings to be appropriated to a female boarding school, to be wholly under the care of females, the other sex to be excluded from all privileges and participation in it whatever, unless it be requisite to employ male servants on the grounds, which I have already told you we do not. Even our trustees are ladies. Many questioned the utility of the arrangement, but I believe no one has yet had cause to regret placing a daughter under its guardianship. The funds belonging to it are rapidly increasing, and we hope yet to see a female college erected at this

hedge row. It is late and I think we have not time ³⁶
to enter the second grade school, you see it much
after the style of the other. After walking about the
grounds visiting the children's play yard & they
returned. "This is the hour we devote to music and
devotional exercises said Miss Barlow, and as the
bell on the tower toll'd the half hour after sunset,
she led the way into the ample parlors, where were a
piano, harp, guitar and some minor instruments of
music. Miss Barlow politely designated the young
ladies she wish'd should perform on the instruments,
saying as she did so, you will of course remember our new
pupil. Mr Winslow was wondering what she could mean
as Miss Barlow herself took her seat beside Mary, when
they began.

No Phenoxen's pleasant shades,
Welcome, welcome, welcome
Friend and sister we would say
Welcome welcome welcome,
Thou hast join'd our ranks today,
Name of stranger cast away,
Welcome welcome welcome.

To the paths where science walks,
Welcome welcome welcome,
Gleed not though he frown at first
You'll be welcome, welcome,
Of for knowledge you but thirst
Per his face a smile will burst,
Welcome welcome welcome.

Pages

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Missing

her little form will begin to evaporate, and we shall see only a spirit floating about here in the figure of Miss Emma Benson. Oh I never want to be so Superhumanly good, I believe I hate the very place because of her, I would rather have the coarsest and lowest person in the world for a room mate, than her. She's more perfect I believe than any body else here and that's a consolation. If all the rest were like her, I certainly should be among the missing very quick. "I couldn't breathe here." Oh said Miss Lawrence, such words can only come from a very bad heart so bad that every good influence like water cast upon a raging fire, only serves to make it more fierce and terrific. Mine I beg of you for better feelings: if you do not they will only grow stronger and more difficult to conquer; and I fear the power you will exert upon those around you, will be any thing rather than the sweet Christian influence which is felt even in the very air around Emma Benson. And whoever saw or dreamed that she was unhappy? Whoever heard her complain? And who does not know at once when he sees her that she is as happy as she is good? Very well my talents will give me influence of some kind, I have always been told that I possessed them in a high degree, and I will have a train of admirers yet who shall acknowledge their potency. Emma Benson is welcome to the goodness, while I have the satisfaction of feeling that mine are the greater intellectual powers. "But you surely do not intend to intimate that Emma is not talented! Can you converse as she converses? Can you write as she writes? And in fine can you do any thing

as well as she does?" "As to her conversation I do not think it's any thing remarkable, and about her writing I have never seen any yet, but I do not believe she can produce any thing wonderful." "Perhaps not wonderful but you know ~~perhaps~~ ^{probably} that Miss Barlow has thought many of her hymns and songs worthy of being set to music, and sung by us daily." "That is new to me but I have never heard them." "Indeed you have our Saturday evening and Sabbath morning hymns were by her and "One thing More" and "Come With Me At Twilight" and many others that you must have heard. She plays sweetly too upon the harp, and I think even you cannot surpass her very far upon the piano." "Well really it is new to me that Emma Benson ~~is a~~ pretess, just weak enough I should think, to make rhymes of her thoughts, that is something I am sure I shall never aspire to. I thought those songs and hymns were the essence of something unearthly, and those hymns came from the clouds, I shall despise them more than ever. Oh I wish I did not hate these shockingly good folks so horribly, but it's truly refreshing to meet a really wicked face: one, one could have a hearty quarrel with and feel he has got his match." "Well," said Miss Lawrence. "I cannot allow myself to listen to such language or sentiments and it is but ~~wasting~~ ^{wasting} my my time to advise or try to persuade you."

"Your lessons Miss Winslow," said Miss Barlow that afternoon, "have been so imperfect that hereafter I shall require a second recitation for every delinquency." Mary look'd carelessly around her, like one who heard something to which

She dares not return an impertinent answer, but would treat with angry disdain. But we will not too minutely dwell upon Mary's school life; Miss Barlow had expected a trial and thought herself prepared, but Mary Winslow gave her a lesson in the obduracy of human nature which ^{she} could not otherwise have believed existed in one of her years. By degrees she found herself disliked and shunned by all the pupils at school. She had tried to sow dissension among them, to separate friends and misrepresent the words and conduct of those who from sympathy tolerated her society. Every one wondered how Emma Benson could possibly endure her in her room, and every one saw that Mary appeared no better for being ^{pressed} with a companionship which they all envied.

Sometimes she tried to traduce the pure character of Emma in the minds of her friends, but her poisoned arrows always missed their aim and glanced back upon herself. No one but Emma knew the petty annoyances, the rude conversation and insulting words and conduct of which she was guilty. Complaints were from Emma something never heard; if she could not prevent wrong herself in some way she was silent. In every thing she thought possible she yielded to Mary, thinking that example might effect what precept would not. She gave her much of her time and was never wearied with answering her demands, and when she found one method for her improvement fail, she devised another and still hoped on. Her feeling was that of an elder

sister for a spoiled and erring child.

"Your cheek is pale Emma," ^{said Miss Barlow} "and you look fatigued and troubled. You cannot be well, the task imposed upon you is too great, Mary Winslow is not worthy your devotion to her. I think you had better accept a part of my room and leave yours to her." "But yet," said Emma smiling faintly, "I will try a little longer, there may be hope yet, and really I feel much better when I am aiming to benefit a fellow being." "But your health is suffering!" "Yes, possibly, but if I could spend my nights some where else," she hesitated "It would be pleasanter if I could sleep somewhere else." "And certainly you shall," said Miss Barlow. The truth was, Mary had devised all means to prevent her sleeping, and often declared she would have the whole bed to herself, and actually drove Emma to the floor. "I have pledged myself to keep her," said Miss Barlow, and expulsion is out of the question. Her bad qualities are so glaringly prominent that they exert no influence here; the poison of the serpent from its very intensity is powerless." Miss Barlow at length decided that in the six months past Emma had been troubled quite too severely and she would then take Mary to her own room.

Chapter 7th

What we resemble, most we love,
 A heart that's color'd like our own,
 Whose thoughts in the same channels flow,
 Will blend with such as ours alone.

A year and a half had pass'd away with Mary at Glenwaken; she had grown taller, perhaps more graceful in manner and perfect in figure. She had progress'd for the last year considerably in her studies, her ambition had been arous'd and she manifested quite a desire to appear learn'd, if not to be truly so. But Miss Barlow would shake her head when the question was ask'd, "Does she improve in heart and in conduct?" "Alas," she would say, "that I could think she did, here is I fear a hopeless case, spoil'd spoil'd I fear in her early training. I have written her father the discouraging prospects, and engaged to release him from the usual obligation of allowing her to stay three years, but he desired she may remain. She is often saying how delightful it will be when she is no longer a prisoner beneath the gloomy walls of Glenwaken.

"Oh dear it is two years to day since I came here" said Mary one morning with a yawn, "I wish it was three; how I have teased them all here, and made them hate me I know even from Miss Barlow to Prudencia but that's nothing; but I haven't had the lively times I intended. Oh dear how good every body is, and that old maid principal of ours ought to have married a

minister and gone a missionary to the Caffres.
 I wonder though she never did marry for I must confess
 she's handsome and that for a woman is the main thing.
 Let me see - old Miss Bailey told me the other day
 that she'd always known her, and she was so full of her
 praises that I did not ask a question about her or her fam-
 ily. I'll go this minute and ask leave to walk before
 breakfast and inquire all about it; I wonder I never
 thought of it before. Permission to walk before break-
 fast was easily obtain'd, and Mary was soon at
 old Miss Bailey's chatting in her most gracious manner
 about every thing she happen'd to see, and trying to ingra-
 tiate herself, for she well knew how into the favor of Aunt
 Judy as she was familiarly call'd. "Then you've always
 known Miss Barlow," said she, "she is beautiful and inter-
 esting is at she, and I'm almost dying to know why
 in the world she never married." "I've always known
 her," replied the old woman, "but never know'd nothing
 about her ever thinking o' marrying. I guess she thought
 she could do more good keeping the school there, and
 though I know the fellers used to like her pretty well
 I guess she never cared nothing for none of 'em, but went
 right straight on and did the best she could, and all the
 good she could to every body right and left. What
 you going to do? not just so, will ye?" "Not I Judy I
 mean to make a figure and a noise in the world
 or a little part of it at least. Don't bury myself in
 a dunghill for some other persons' benefit, nor stay here
 in this coop much longer. I can tell you. But it is

at almost breakfast time, and I must hurry home.
"Don't catch me," said ⁴⁹ Aunt Judy laughing with delight
after Mary had gone. I know that sup. too well to tell
every thing to her. She don't get nothing out of me to tell
of, and hint out by wiles in Miss Barlow's hearing.
Thinks now she knows, but she don't. Didn't I hold Lucy
Barlow in this lap when she was a little tummy baby, and
did'nt I rock her to sleep many a time, and help learn
her to walk and then lead her to school, and hasn't she
always done every thing for me, and doesn't she come al-
most every day to see this old body, and ask if I've
every thing in the world I want? And shall I do right
to tell the secret things of her heart that I happens to know
No no you don't catch Judy in that."

It was Saturday afternoon the young ladies were all in-
vited to walk to the sea shore about a mile distant.
They all with the exception of Emma Benson shun'd Mary
Winslow, and she denied herself the delight of Miss
Barlow's company to have some conversation with her.
for she had not wholly given up the idea of being able
to influence her to better conduct. "You do take an
interest in me I know," said Mary to a remark of
Emma's "it's too evident and I cannot imagine
what it means; unless — unless," said she lowering
her voice and in an ironical tone, "unless you have a
brother you would like me to marry!" Emma shock'd
and mortified exclaim'd. "No Mary I could
never wish you to be nearer to me than you now are
unless you were very greatly changed. Such insinua-
tions are unjust, and you know them to have not even

suspicion for a foundation; besides marriage ⁵⁰
is not a thing which should have any part in a
school girl's thoughts. You know in a week I am
to leave Glenoaken. You and I may never meet
meet again in this world. I wanted once again an
opportunity of talking with you and urging you from
the path that all the must if pushed lead you to
permanent unhappiness and ruin." "Oh so many
preachers here!" said Mary "but I listen to no lectures to-
day, and here we are close to the sea side, how delightful
it would be to jump off that rock and take a cool bath in
the old Atlantic. As she spoke they came up to a wooded
bank, and Emma stood admiring the beautiful and exten-
sive view around them. She stepped back a little and
unconsciously very near a loose rock that overhung the water.
Mary at that moment brushed rudely by her, ~~she~~ ~~to~~
to preserve her balance she moved backward to the rock
and the next instant was in the water below. At a
little distance and apparently watching the party were
two men in a boat, who row'd instantly towards the
spot, and before Mary had reached Miss Parlow to give the
alarm, they had lifted her from the water and carried her
on shore. "Oh she's only had a bath," said Mary, "pleasant
this warm summer's day." Every one else was struck
with consternation and sorrow, at the event and expressed
the deepest solicitude for her resuscitation. "Oh no she is
not drowned," said the boatman to their inquiries,
stunned though and I should not wonder if she hit
her head agin a rock there. A physician was imme-
diately summoned who thought the case a very

doubtful one. For weeks Emma Benson lay in her room⁵¹
life struggling with death; her friends in alternate hope
and despair. Her family had been immediately sum-
moned and unweaned were their watchings by
her bedside. Miss Barlow did every thing in her power
to make them forget they were not in their own home at
Rose valley, and paid them every attention it was in her
power to bestow. Mary Winslow scarcely inquired for
her and never ask'd to see her. At length she began
slowly to recover, and as soon as it was considered pru-
dent to do so, she was convey'd to her home. A few
weeks after Miss Barlow had a letter from Mrs Benson
saying her to spend her next vacation with them. Emma
they fear'd was in a declining state of health; the effect of
her fall into the water was still felt. She would like once
more also to see Mary Winslow for a day or two. "One
more opportunity craved" said Miss Barlow with a tear,
for benefiting one to whom all words of entreaty or counsel
are as nothing. "How can we spare you Emma! Why are
the good and beautiful suffer'd to look on us here awhile
and delight us by their angelic loveliness, and then
snatch'd away while we are congratulating ourselves
on the possession of a thing so glorious! Oh life thou
art truly a vapor to eternity thou art already rich
with the gems we have given thee!" There was sobs
and audible sobbing that evening when the sad intel-
ligence was communicated to the young ladies. Few
were the voices that were not chok'd and stopped, as
they sung the words, the words that were a part of
herself, her own pure breathings that should live when

when the hand that permitted them had done its work forever. "Yes I will go" said Mary when Miss Barlow inquired if she would accept the invitation of Mrs Benson and Emma to spend a few days at their house. "It will be a change from this dull monotony at Glensaken!" There is vastly more anticipated than real joy in this world and vacation to a scholar generally promises much more than it really gives them. It is look'd forward to as the golden time and the last day of school as the jubilee of their hopes. But there are shadows in every picture, and the last day of school has more clouds than sunshine. At the close of this term very many of the young ladies were to leave, not again to return. For three years they had been intimate friends under the shades of Glensaken. They had enjoy'd each others society and knew not till the hour of parting how much they were attach'd. They were going forth some of them hundreds of miles, many of them to meet fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters; but some of them had no parental home to go to. Some of them were going forth as teachers, and a few to the far west. There had never at the close of any term been so large a number of graduates. It was a custom with Miss Barlow to prepare some more than ordinary entertainment for the pupils the last afternoon of school; and now it was a picnic in an adjoining grove, to which were invited several neighboring families, among whom was Mr George Newton and his sisters. These families had at times been in the habit of calling on

the teachers, and, walking about the grounds of Glenoaken, but had had no intercourse with the pupils, and this was the first time the young ladies had received company there. The most noticeable of these guests were George Newton and his sisters, noticeable not so much for their wealth, for they had enough of what men chiefly live for, but for their superior education their high toned refinement and noble talents. They, more than any others seemed to interest the young ladies, particularly Mr Newton who paid them a hundred little attentions, honored them at table with a variety of humorous and appropriate sentiments and said and did so many agreeable things, that they all thought him the most interesting gentleman in the world. "I never," thought Miss Barlow, "saw Mary Winslow so interesting before. She is truly agreeable this afternoon, and how very beautiful she would be if she were always so. But I think I understand it, she is using I see every art to captivate George Newton!" The fête ended with music of which not only the performers but the composers were Glenoaken pupils. We will presently give one written by a young lady who was to leave for a distant home on the morrow, a farewell to Glenoaken.

Dear Glenoaken - dear Glenoaken
 Pleasant are thy shades to me,
 Sweet will be the hours remember'd
 I have gladly spent with thee,
 And how can I with no tear,
 Say farewell to loved ones here!

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Yeachers - teachers let me thank you,
For forbearing kindness shown
More than I can tell or number,
Favors at your hands I've known,
Can I say farewell to you
Friends so trusted and so true!

Sisters who with me have been
Treading on from day to day,
Hearts so many years have bound
It is hard to tear away.
Can I give the parting smile,
And my heart not bleed the while!

Farewell all, I go - I go,
But shall oft at twilight hour,
Meet you in these classic halls
And our own Glenoaken bower,
Whom my heart to bursting swell
Yeachers, Sisters, all farewell.

We will not say much of the morrow. The
hurrying the confusion, the tearful embracing,
the packing of trunks, the rumbling of coach
wheels, the promises of eternal remembrance and never
neglected correspondence crowded and mingled and
jostled upon each other. You know it all reader, and
you know too how year by year, new faces, new attach-
ments, new scenes and new ideas will wear the

the ~~edge~~ ^{edge} from old friendships, cool the ~~words~~ ^{words} of
correspondence, and at length if a meeting by chance
occurs, it may be as those whom time had made
strangers.

Chapter 5th

How rich oh how rich are the gardens of heaven,
Where blossom the buds which the angels have taken,
There's scarcely a household that mourneth not one,
From the tree of its love that the angels have shaken.

The sweetest, the purest, the rarest, the fairest,
Just those that we love best they love the best too,
And they stop not to ask and they heed not although
The branch droop in sorrow whereon the bud grew.

About seventy miles from Glenaiken was Prose
Valley, the residence of Mr Benson. It was a spot
where one might say every attraction of nature and
art had drawn each other, to see how much like par-
adise they could make the spot. There were fountains
and cascades flowing brooks and silent pools; rocky
caverns grottos and arches, dale and hill all enriched
by an almost innumerable variety of trees and shrubs.
There was a valley of rose trees too that gave the place
its name, and which Emma used to call their
vale of Cashmere. In the centre of the valley was a pond
bordered entirely by tall elms, and the centre of
which was an island on which a summer house stood,
almost hidden in the branches of the creeping rose

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trees. It was reached by a narrow bridge with a
trellised archway, which also blossomed with clusters
of rosey branches. The house was large and of rough
stone, with bay windows, porticoes, balustrades, a long
picture gallery a well fill'd library, and every thing
that wealth and taste could command.

Miss Barlow had never before been at Rose Valley,
she had never heard it described, had never known
from Emma's lips that her home was more than the most
ordinary. She knew that she was attach'd to it, but it
was never of its beauties she spoke, but that it was home
and those she loved were there. Miss Barlow was keen-
ly sensitive to the sublime and beautiful, and Rose
Valley burst upon her sight with so much of the grand and
~~beautiful~~, new, wholly unexpected, that she could only
gaze and admire in silence. But how quick was she re-
call'd from the inanimate loveliness around her to clasp
in her arms the angelic form of Emma. "My friend,
my teacher, my sister, my counselor," said she
as she touch'd Miss Barlow's cheek with her own, and then
lean'd her head affectionately upon her shoulder. Then re-
membering Mary she kiss'd her kindly, and thank'd
her for accepting her invitation. "We were room-mates so
long, and I thought of you so much, I wanted to have a sister's
love for you" said she. "But how have you all been at Glen-
raken, and how is Aunt Judy and Grissley?" "Calm calm
my daughter," said her mother, "you are not to talk
much you know, and excitement is a thing forbidden.
Miss Barlow will I know anticipate all such inquiries,
and give you an account of every thing that may interest

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you, but remember those dreadful coughing fits.
For your sake my mother I will; said she, and find-
ing herself exhausted she sunk on a sofa her eye turn-
ing kindly and wishfully to Miss Barlow, who immedi-
ately commenced detailing every thing, of the health
and happiness of her friends at Glenwaken, and any in-
cidents that could interest her. Before she had ended
Emma interrupted her, "Forgive me my dear Miss
Barlow, I have been very selfish, very thoughtless; I forgot
the fatigue of your journey, and that you needed rest and
refreshment, do not tell me more now, I can wait per-
fectly well till to-morrow." "No no" said Miss Barlow, "I am
neither weary nor hungry, and is rest and refreshment
to me to see you again and tell you all about our Glenwaken
people and doings. Mr Benson who had been away soon
came in; shook hands heartily with the ladies, and ex-
pressed much satisfaction that they decided to favor
them with their society for a few weeks. "I really believe that
your faces are the best medicine for Emma, I have not
seen her looking so bright and glowing for weeks.
Don't you really think she is better wife?" Mrs Benson
answered in a sad tone, "I hope so." "Oh my dear, you
are always looking on the dark side of every thing, she certainly
must be better," said he sitting down by her and taking
her hand, "are you not my daughter?" "Why father, you know
I would not deceive you, and I cannot really say I am."
Mr Benson's countenance assumed a sorrowful expression, and
almost despairing expression, and Emma bent her eyes upon
him with such a look of pitying love, that Miss Barlow turned
to the window to conceal the emotion which was fast betray-

ring itself upon her face. Mrs Benson arose and left⁸
the room, Mary look'd upon the whole as one does upon
the drama before him, unmoved as it were no reality.
This is my brother Frank said Emma as a fine intel-
lectual looking young gentleman entered the room, who
after bowing to Mary and shaking hands with Miss
Barlow as an old and valued acquaintance, took his seat
beside his sister showing her some specimens of curious
masses he had found in his afternoon rambles. "I hope
Miss Barlow" said he, "that your kindness in coming to us
at this time may not be wholly unrewarded. Emma
and I were this morning planning how we could make
the time pass most agreeably to you and I have just pur-
chased a little carriage which I shall put her into, and be
myself the poney; so you see we can go about the grounds
whenever and wherever we please, where a poney without human
intelligence is never allow'd to appear." "Do not thank
me," said Miss Barlow for accepting an invitation which I
esteem it a high privilege to have received, and do not
devise means for my enjoyment, for the presence of my pupil
here is sufficient for my happiness, even though we were not
surrounded as we are with every thing to charm and sat-
isfy." "Oh well you and Emma will not want to sit and
look at each other's faces for six weeks I think, and Miss
Winshaw is casting her eye about now for a book or a
picture, methinks. We have plenty of both" said he bowing
to Mary, "but the tea bell rings, and that at present
would I presume be far more agreeable to us all.
Every thing was done at Mr Benson's to make the hours pass
lightly and profitably, both to Miss Barlow and Mary.

The summer house in the Valley of Prose had them often
as guests, where, with their books or work they spent hours.
Sometimes they floated around the island in a little boat
while they sang to the guitar which Miss Barlow's fingers play'd
with magic touch, while above them hung the finger'd branches
of the weeping Elm tree. From a child ^{Emma} ~~Mary~~ had
guided a little boat around the island and sung and
worked, while Frank with his book would sit under one of the
tall trees more watching her than reading.

"But what of Mary all this time you will say, was she pleas'd
as she satisfi'd?" Ah Reader Prose Valley had not
power to change her nature, and Emma all ripe and ^{rich} ~~good~~
as she was with grace and goodness, just ready to step from
the finite and earthy to the infinite and heavenly, found
she possess'd as little influence over the wayward girl as ever.

Frank had known nothing of Mary's character from his sister,
and at first seem'd somewhat interested in her, but he
soon found such conversations as he had with her left
any thing rather than a pleasing impression on his mind.

If he spoke of books, it was only the least instructive and
useful that she was acquainted with, and she always admir'd
intensely what he thought she should have pass'd as not worthy
of comment. If he spoke of characters, their faults wholly inter-
ested her, while he would gain not notice, or pass ^{them} carelessly by.

"I have never," thought he one day, "heard her speak well of an individ-
ual. I will ask her opinion of Miss Barlow and learn if I can what
she thinks of my pure sister Emma." "Miss Barlow," said
she when he spoke of her, "is one whose it is difficult to under-
stand, her motives are hidden, and her plans, only one
acquainted with her as I am can fully know."

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Strangers think her a pattern of perfection and possibly
you do. To Emma of course her very name is Angel.
But we women have art enough to make any body look
us that we fancy to be adored by; though many of course are
superior to deception. I however have been at Glenora
long enough to understand the length and breadth of
Miss Barlow's goodness much better than she imagines.

"I have tested her sincerity Miss Winslow," said he coloring
deeply, "I cannot suffer myself to hear a lady for whom
I have so profound respect thus spoken of. Every word, look
and motion of hers denies what you assert." "Emma" said
he a little after, "What is this Miss Winslow. I never heard
you speak of her until I heard you speak of her visit here."
"You have become somewhat acquainted with her I see by
your troubled countenance, and if I mistake not she has
been showing you some of the sharp points of her character.
"Sharp truly said he and so sharp that they pierce the rep-
utation of some of her best and truest friends. How did you
come to invite such a person, and how did Miss Barlow
consent to bear her company? I have never yet heard her
speak other than highly of one of her own sex." "Frank she
was my poor mate; I took her under my special charge
that I might be instrumental in correcting her faults for
she had many. I warned, reprimanded and encouraged but in
vain, I interested myself so much for her that I unconsciously
became much attached to her, notwithstanding her
waywardness."

"I cannot say," said Mary to Miss Bar-
low the next day, that I want to stay here any longer, and
then my invitation was only for a few days. Emma's
preaching I perfectly abominate, Frank's politeness is a

horrid bore, he's a hypocritical fellow as you would know if I should tell you something he has insinuated regarding yourself, and as to the old couple they're too selfish to think or care any thing about any one but Frank and Emma."

"Oh Mary-Mary-said Miss Barlow, how can you speak so of those who have been so very, very kind to you!—Have they not lavish'd upon us every attention and studied to supply our every want? but if you choose you can return to Glenoaken, perhaps the solitude of its shades may be beneficial to you: you will at least not wound the feelings and trample upon the hospitality of those who have been unwearied in efforts for your good." There was an weeping Miss Winslow to remain at Rose valley when her determination to leave for Glenoaken the next day was made known. Emma parted with her, as she told her she felt, for the last time, and put into her hand a poem she had written for her, saying, "When I am gone keep it, and read it often for my sake. It was written for you and will speak when I no longer can." No shadow of emotion was visible on Mary's face as she received Emma's parting kiss, and coltly, formally she took her leave of all and enter'd the Coach which was to convey her to Glenoaken. "I shall never see her again," said Emma to Miss Barlow, "but you I hope to keep. You have been here only a week and there are five more." "I" said she thoughtfully "I think I shall not be here. My strength fails every day, and I know, I feel it cannot be long." "Oh Emma," she replied, "how can you speak so,—how can you be spared—the only daughter of your parents how can they endure it?" "I have endeavored to prepare them for it said

she and they cannot be blind to my situation. But you will all soon follow me, and do you ever think my friends that there only kindred souls will hold communion together. How rich must be the Society of Heaven, and why should we cling to our friends to wrench them as it were from the grasp of our Creator, that we may enjoy their companionship in sin and suffering a little longer here. Earnestly have I sorrow'd for those I have to leave behind. I have urged them to be submissive and pictured to them the joys of a happy eternity. I think as I said it will not be long, I shall have Frank take me to-day once more to my favorite haunt on the little island and I shall bid it adieu to go to a richer isle, where the roses are thornless & adoleless, and ever fragrant. And she did visit the island for the last time, that day, and these lines traced with her pencil on the white walls, still remain, a sacred memento of Emma's last visit to her island bower.

My island bower farewell,
 No more I'll enter thee,
 Thon since my infant hours hast been
 The sweetest spot to me.

I have met those I loved,
 In glad communion here,
 Whose smiles and tones e'en now methinks
 Are lingering somewhere near.

Thon art a sacred place.

Where ever come to me,
Sweet whisperings from that better home,
Whenever I come to thee.

Farewell - farewell I go,
But neath my favorite tree,
Close by thy side my island tower,
My resting day shall be.

Rapidly she sunk from day to day, till all at length knew they must yield her: she the brightest thing of their affection must leave them, desolate and each felt alone. I will not attempt to describe the scenes of anguish, the struggles between heart and duty; the parting from earth, the rapturous joy of a soul ripe for heaven and catching father and father glimpses of its untold and unimagined loveliness. None will picture the lonely despairing faces of those around her, when they knew they should see her smile and hear ~~hear~~ her voice no more. All was over before Miss Barlow returned to Glenoaken and the beautiful form of Emma Benson reposed in the Valley of Roses.

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Missing

And there is Aunt Judy, I'll go over and talk with her sometimes; I have almost five weeks to myself and I'll commence operations to-morrow.

The next morning Mary walked out in search of mischief and meeting a little boy in the street she very politely asked him to go in and tell the housekeeper at Glenaiken that Aunt Judy was very sick and wanted her immediately: and at the same time she dropped a coin into the boy's hand who ran off as fast as he could towards the kitchen door while Mary by another entrance reached her chamber as soon as possible.

"Dear soul," said Tracey trying on a clean apron and looking in the glass to see if all things were right about the cap regions. "yes indeed I'll come right off directly, much sick is Judy? Don't know I never seed her; I met a lady didn't know her, she told me as how Judy wanted ye, and she give me this here penny to tell ye out. I believe she said bring yer work at set with'er."

For me then Judy must be real sick or she wouldn't a sent a, I know. Well Missy and Punctician you'll know what to do if I don't get back to dinner, perhaps I may find I'm wanted all day, No matter about the good things to day, acts for Monday always before acts for luxury: and Tracey looked as if she knew she was better for the remark and walked away after putting her work in her pocket to Aunt Judy's.

"Now's my time," said Mary to herself as she saw Tracey trudging off down the Avenue, all the girls I know are busy and I've a key that'll open the pantry.

So saying she slipped silently down stairs unlocked the pantry and entered closing the door carefully behind her. She opened a little closet where were a variety of boxes bottles and little jars, and began opening one after another. She mixed the cream of tartar with the soda starch with the sugar, the pepper with the cinnamon and poured half a vial of peppermint into the essence of lemon. Scattered some dried motherwort into the tea canister, and then walking out deliberately locked the door and walked off up stairs as if she had merely been doing an ordinary duty. Tracey will hardly brag about her biscuits to-night I'm thinking but I must now to the attic I find something to do there. "Grissiey - Grissiey" said she a few minutes after, as she opened the kitchen door, "There is the strangest noise in the attic that I ever heard and I would just for the world go up there myself. You know Tracey is gone and Panchica is away too now, and there is nobody but yourself though I know 'tis hard for you to get up stairs but do come hurry - something must be in dreadful agony. Grissiey always thought it a journey up one flight of steps, and to think of ascending three was not to be thought of unless in a case of absolute necessity. With her arms akimbo and looking down on her belchy person she hesitated, but humanity prevailed, and one step after another she at length gained one flight: then pausing to take breath she heard what seemed like a cry of agony, and she hurried up the second as fast as she could, the dreadful sounds becoming every moment more distinct. "Oh dear what can it be," said Grissiey, "it's some poor

human critter got in there to die. Oh how shall I ever get there! Miss Winslow you needn't be afraid, I know it's nothing but somebody a dying up there. Oh dear I must rest! But then came a sound from the attic so shrill and terrible that Griskey hobbled onward, and at last reached the last stair, Mary close behind her. "Where the devil is it?" said she "O Griskey," said Mary if it's not the cat, hurry herself in that cord yonder! "Oh my poor puss," said Griskey, how could it happen but she's at dead end she could not make such a noise. Poor pussy did she get her darling neck in the rope and almost kill herself; and did she think Griskey never'd come to take it off. Griskey'll bathe it in brandy she will and pussy shall have some milk and some cheese poor-poor-pussy. But how awfully frightened I was, oh - I would not have been so scared for a new silver dollar scarcely. Guess I'll rest awhile now oh I am awfully out o' breath and clean tired out." "Now," said Mary "Griskey" where she can't very soon get down, I'll go to the kitchen and see how things are there. Prudencia has not come yet. I'll push the board off the pig pen and I hope the Swiss gentleman will make for the kitchen, and Griskey's basket of corn and potatoes will no doubt be a very acceptable dinner. When she had seen the pig busily at work on the basket of corn she broke off a ~~Calla~~ leaf that was a favorite of Griskey's and from a Calla that was a favorite of Griskey's, and walk'd down to meet Prudencia "Did you ever taste of this Prudi?" said she indifferently "Not's I know's of Miss Winslow what is it?" said Prudi. Egyptian Lilly Prudi, bears a bean-

-tural white flower, and people say has a very spicy,
 aromatic taste. It gives one a very peculiar sensation. I'll spare
 you this," said she breaking off a small piece and saying
 "I am going to the brook for peppermint." Prudence with a
 pleased look took the offered leaf saying "Thank you - thank
 Miss Winslow very kind indeed of you, and I'll go with you
 to the brook and get the mint for you." "Oh I forgot," said Mary
 "I left Grissey in the attic and I'm really afraid I fastened
 the door, I must go back this minute." So away she flew
 just as Prudence put the piece of leaf in her mouth. As soon
 as she got in she heard Grissey's shrill voice calling to have
 the door unlock'd. "Mussy - Mussy - mussy on me what
 shall I do, here I am fastend up, jussy and me, and nobody
 'll come to let us out!" "Oh dear Grissey," said Mary, "is it
 possible I was so careless as to forget you and lock the
 door - really how very absent minded I have grown of late.
 And she hurried with all possible appearance of commiseration
 to release Grissey. "Did'nt suppose you meant to Miss Winslow
 and its no great matter, only I thought my corn ought to
 be bilking!" Mary did not venture to follow Grissey into
 the kitchen, for well she knew the desolated appearance of
 Grissey's corn basket, and the state of her neatly wash'd
 kitchen floor, and dire was the consternation of Grissey as she
 stood with her arms skrimbo, her eyes and mouth wide
 open, wondering what all could mean for Peggy had
 help'd himself and disappeared after upsetting a pan of
 milk that stood upon the table with which he probably
 intended to wash down his corn: but the pan and its
 contents dashing over him probably intimated it was time

for him to walk out. Presently Puncticia appeared, rubbing her mouth and looking red with rage. "Oh dear!" said Griskey. "My laddy," said Puncti, "that ever any body should a served me so, I believe she's poisoned me to death, and I wish she had and be hung for it I do, and I'd like to be at the hanging, I would." "Why Massy on me what's the matter with you Puncti you don't see how this here kitchen looks what I took so much pains to clean all up this morning and that the corn's all gone and the milk all on the floor." "And what's all that to bein poisoned to death, and it's all that serpent of a Winslow gal that's done it, and did'nt she pretend how twas good and I'd like it, and it's burnt my tongue and my mouth and swell'd 'em up and stung 'em: and oh dear oh dear what shall I take get me something to Griskey." "Heavens and arth!" said Tracey coming up to the door "how did this ere pig get out, we shall have a fine time to get him back." "Oh that's what's been in here and done all this" said Griskey, "for my life of me I could'nt think her twas." "Well Griskey this is fine I should think" said Tracey tossing back her head, "we have'nt milk enough in the house now for another smelching and I came home on purpose to make one, wout be time to pick no more corn neither for dinner, it's time now twas boiling, where on arth could you a been to a had all this done?" "I was up Garret" said Griskey with a bewildered half frightened look, "the cat got hung in the cord there and made a dreadful noise, so I just went up to let her down and Miss Winslow too, she was afraid to go alone: and she

forgot and fastened the door, and so ye see I had to stay till she heard me call. "Forgot," repeated Puckibica, guess she did; and she tossed her head contemptuously, "I would not be hard telling how the cat got hung neither I'm thinking, Cat wa'nt to blame." "Well said Tracey I guess I'd ~~take~~ care of my part of the house for all the cat or Miss Winslow, but what's the matter with you Pucki?" Pucki told her story with the accompanying invectives. "Pooki," said Tracey might a known twas some trick o' hers. Can't catch me to be tricked by her I'll promise you. She was just on the point of asking who the boy was that told her Gady was sick, but she checked herself remembering that must have been a trick for she found Gady perfectly well and had not had a thought she said of sending for any one.

"What can ail my biscuits" said Tracey as they sat down to the tea table. I made them just exactly as I always used to do, measured every thing and had a first rate oven, and here they are all not fit to eat. I wish I had some cold bread Miss Winslow but I have not a bit, I don't know what it can mean I never had such luck in my life. Bless me what does this custard taste of I certainly put in essence of lemon. It tastes of — Snassy sakes I don't know what." Lord knows what'll happen next said Griskey, never knowed such a day of misfortunes and misasters in my whole life as this ere one's been. Don't know for my part what we've all done. "What we've all done said Puckibica throwing her head back as she passed through the door, there's been one busy one or I'm mistaken

and if Miss Barlow don't hear out when she comes I'd not
 Puncticea Brown. This was a type of nearly all the vacation
 except that Mary managed to make all but Puncticea behave
 her innocent, going into the pantry however she heartily repented
 as she had to share with others the result. Even the neighboring
 families were annoyed by her, and Aunt Andy told long
 stories about being speered e'en a most to death evenings
 by somebody under her windows groaning,

"What can it mean?" said Miss Barlow when Puncticea after
 duly asking permission, had reported all the strange
 incidents interlining the narrative with her own opin-
 ions. "You think it was Miss Winslow but what could her
 object be in descending to things so low and which I cannot
 imagine could afford her any enjoyment, and must cause
 great annoyance and unhappiness to those around her?"

"Why ma'am I don't know," but it's the evil that's in
 her and will come out and show its self. Guess she's
 no better than she should be!" With the last opinion
 Miss Barlow fully coincided and having nothing to op-
 pose made no answer, and Puncticea fully persuaded
 that she had at least one and that the most important
 one on her side, walk'd with a satisfied air down to her
 duties. Miss Barlow held long conferences with Mary but
 could get no satisfaction, and as all annoyances of
 the kind ceased with her return she wisely concluded
 not to trouble herself further about the matter. Could
 she have seen and read Mary's long letter to her Aunt
 Deborah about that ^{time} she would have had the whole sto-
 ry, told in a boasting, exaggerated manner, and if she

Had read Aunt Deborah's reply, where she told her what amusement it afforded them all, and call'd her wise awake, talented, bright, witty and a variety of complementary terms, she would on longer have wonder'd that Mary should descend to low tricks and degrading acts.

Chapter 10th

Oh give me quiet; rather would I call
 The humblest cottage shared in peace mine own,
 Than walk, the master of a lordly hall,
 Where tireless discord's noisey notes are known.

About the time of the winter vacation Miss Barlow received an invitation from Mrs Benson to spend the whole or a part of that time with her. A visit to Rose Valley promised too many charms to be refused and an answer of acceptance was accordingly forwarded. but the question arose what was to be done with Mary Winslow. The mishaps of the last vacation were still fresh in the memory of the members of the kitchen department, and the housekeeper petitioned that Miss Barlow might take her with her, because she could never keep Ruchibica either in her place or in good temper, should Mary be left there as before; Grissey desired it because she said she'd half come to the exclusion that Ruchibica was right, and she really didn't quite like to stay where there was one who was "conflicted" like Mary Magdalene with evil spirits. Ruchibica flew into Miss Barlow's room the minute she heard she was going, vociferating,

"I'll not stay in this house an hour ma'am after³
you leave it, I dare that I will not with that hussy that
teases me and tricks me, and scares me and every
body else that never did her no hurt nor thought out

"Well Prudencia," said Miss Barlow, "Miss Winslow shall
not remain here to trouble you, I will make some ar-
rangement for her to be away." "Oh what I glad!" said
Prudi laughing, "don't care nothing about where she goes
to, if she is't here." "Mary," said Miss Barlow an hour after,
"I've been thinking you'd better not remain here this va-
cation, or certainly not while I am absent, at Mr. Benson's.
I cannot you know ask you with me, as you have no
invitation." "Oh I shall be very contented to remain
here" said she, "I shall find plenty to amuse me, and indeed
I would much rather do so than go to Mr Benson's
even if they had had the politeness to invite me.

"You misunderstand me" said her teacher "I did not
fear you could not pass the time pleasantly, you
well know that I am always candid with you, and
always give you my reasons truthfully. It certainly
seems as though it should not be necessary to say to
a young lady almost seventeen, I do not like to leave
you here because you annoy the persons who remain,
yet that is the cause of my desiring you to be away
while I am." "Oh well just as you please," she replied, "but
I should not think you'd notice what the servants say,
about it. They thought because some accidents occurred
last vacation that I was the cause, because I suppose
it was more for their credit to criminate me than
to acknowledge it to be the effect of their own carelessness.

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I have just received a letter from my father and he tells me if I choose I may spend the vacation at my amts; it is only ^{a hundred and} seventy miles, and the stage coach will take me directly to their door. I thought I should choose staying here, but if you prefer it I will go there: they have written to father about my coming." "Very well," said Miss Barlow, "I shall consider it decided that you are to go there."

"There" said Ruthibica to Grissey as she entered the kitchen fresh from her conference with Miss Barlow, "I'm none of your shrinking things, I scared at every body what's got a little more larnin or dresses better than what I do, I can tell ye. I push'd myself right strait into Miss Barlow's chamber, and I tell'd her, I did'nt stay an hour after she was gone if that baggage was left here as she was last vacation. And she see I's determin'd and would'nt stay, no how to be imposed upon, and she thought a minute, and I guess she was thinking they could'nt no how do without me, so she said Mary should'nt stay". "The Lord be thank'd," said Grissey raising her eye lid and lifting the palms of her hands with all the indolent solemnity imaginable, at the same time drawing a long breath from the depth of her lungs and a huge snuff box from the depth of her pocket. "Well Ruthibica, ^{said Grissey} I am really very much obliged to you I hunted something of the kind to Miss Barlow but I did'nt quite like to say much, I was afraid she would'nt quite like it: but you Ruthibica have just brags enough to say any thing to your betters you please."

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"Brass!" said Rudibica, her eye flashing "Cause a body speaks the honest truth, and cause a body doesn't want to be imposed upon and trampled down by an impudent wench who's no better than she should be. She's all brass is she! And you Miss housekeeper if you do carry the keys and strut round here and order like an old Turkey Cock in the barn yard spreading yourself out with your big figured calico I guess if I ant as good as you, be any time of day its a plaguy pity. I know's yer father and yer mother, and I know'd you in the old counthry too when you had'nt a shre to yer foot nor a decent thing to put on yer back. And yer sister Kate it was that married Patrick Malorin and did'nt he die in jail for the money that he owed! And yer brither Mike you know he's as big drunkard as walks the streets of Cork!"

"You're too bad," interposed Grissay. "Gracy is'nt to blame for what her relations has done. May be you and me's got some what don't do quite so well as they might." Rudibica forgets that we know something about her folks as well as she ows" said Tracey. "But for my part I do not consider what she says worth minding but maddy mine here comes Aunt Judy. How do you do Judy to-day?" "Even a mist dead walking up here in the cold. Gracious me! what awful cold weather we do have! but I thought come I could and come I would for I heerd as how Lucy Barlow was going off again, and going to leave that ere plague of Glenouken here to skeer and torment us all this whole vacation, and I said to myself Lucy Barlow shall

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hear what I've got to say about it. I'll clear my
mind to her and tell her if the gall don't get a
solid whipping from some one as, if she cuts up her
shines as she did afore, I can't guess. I don't care if she's
as old as Methusalem I'd give her a drubbing if she
did 'nt let me alone." "I'd settled all that said Ruckie,
she is 'nt going to stay, I'd brass enough to tell Miss
Barlow that I would 'nt stay if she did, and I mistrust
she'd rather spare some others than me, if I do tell what
I think." "You don't hit me said the housekeeper, I never
put on a coat that don't fit." "Nor me," said Grissiey put-
ting up both hands, "and I don't think she meant to, Ruckie
and I always gets along first rate don't we Ruckie?"

"Yes Grissiey, I did 'nt mean you, you aint forever taking
up things I say and making words about them, and
lording it over me as if you was some mighty body,
and I only a poor nothing!" "Here said Aunt Judy taking
out her snuff box, let's all take a pinch together and
not mind what's been said, we'll have good times if
that Winslow gall's out of the way, don't let's make
trouble there's enough out in the world without our try-
ing to hatch any out of nothing. I do believe after all
the greatest broods come from such eggs: but don't
let us help 'em along. And only think too how much
better off we are here than them folks at the south, poor
critters that are sold and whipped and treated any how
without a word to say about it. And then too think
of poor Sally Jones laying there on her bed these ten
years, and in the poor house too. Then there's the man
what's lost both legs and an arm, said Grissiey and

can't do nothing but beg, and nobody cares for him
nor wants to see him coming in his little cart to their
doors, hasn't a single friend in the world, how should
we like that! "Then only think of the fighting said Guey
that's going on away off some where by Cuba I believe
it's France or China I can't justly say, Cousin Jim was
a telling me only yesterday how awfully they kill'd
each other, and burnt up the houses and towns a
purpose, and shot women and children". "Think it's
awful" said Grisey they should kill the women when
they can't have nothing to say whether there shall be
war or not; guess there would 'nt be so much if they could.
Ah you'd never catch the women going to Congress and
quarreling all the whole winter long about nothing,
and doing nothing but laying things on the table,
and taking 'em up again, and saying all sorts of smart
things to each other." "Oh," said Puclicia that's the
way you old maids talk, always pretending the
men ain't no better than the women, The bible says
the men's the heads and the women must 'at pull".
"Gracious me," said Aunt Guey, let them what want
heads get married and them that's got heads better
live old maids, I'm thankful I've got none to rise
me round. "Yes at cause I could 'nt. a married
though, had chances enough, I believe old maids
and old bachelors are all the folks in the world what's
got heads and hearts both." "Look Guey said Tracey
you forgot I'm a wideler, and I am sure if I ain't
got a head I'd like to know who had!" "Oh" said Guey
taking another huge pinch of snuff. "I shil'at near all

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married folks lack'd hearts or hearts, of course
I don't at but only the biggest part of 'em, you know
there's always perceptions to all rules, but I do raly
think as how old maids and old bachelors aint
thought on as they should be. "Oh fie Aunt Judy!"
said Ruthiea whose thoughts were wandering away
towards a fav'ril son of Dan, who profess'd to
have fallen in love with her smartness. "You'd marry
now if you could old as you be, and not be so
dreadful particular neither, I guess." "I marry!" said
Aunt Judy "Gracious me I would 'er marry the best
man on earth and worth a million." "Oy sour
grapes" said Ruthiea. "Come - Come said Tracey,
there's trouble enough in the world without your
making more." "Come Judy pass the box agin"
said Grissley, for my part I don't know but there's a
right to be old maids and old bachelors what wants
to be, and no disgrace nor honor about it neither.
"Excellent Snuff Judy" said Tracey, "but I thought I
heard somebody a tittering somewhere, I wonder
what it could be. - there 'tis agin, and at that
moment in sprang Mary Whislow "Glu-ha-ha-
what a good time you're all having" said she. "Come
I want a pinch of that Snuff Aunt Judy Tracey says
its excellent, and I love excellent things you know.
- Oh let me take the box and thump the cover as you
do." Judy look'd at her Snuff box with an affectionate
unwilling glance, then at Mary who appear'd perfectly
sober and sincere, then with a hesitating motion
and an injunction out to spill it she handed it to

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her. "Why Aunt Fudy what a pretty box you've got
strong too, strange you'll have a man's head on it."
"You'll shake all the lumps to peices, and it will be
all dust if you shake and thump it so," said Fudy.
"Oh never mind you can't take you know till the
lumps are broken." Puncticia pushed herself up close to
Fudy. The housekeeper placed herself the other side and
Grissey's little fat person stood up just behind them.
Mary at length opened the box and they all opened
eyes and mouths, the wind was pressing heavily ~~against~~
against a door before them. "Why how warm you do keep
this kitchen said Mary, and with the opened box in one
hand she opened the door with the other. "Oh me," said
she, "why I did not think of that," as the dust from the
box flew in a cloud back into the eyes and mouths
of those beside her. "Puncticia blinded and exasperated
sprang towards Mary pouring forth a volley of invectives,
but Mary easily avoided her, and placed herself in the
open door way to catch the party. "Gracious me she shrieked
Fudy, my eyes are put out I know they be." "That were
any one should dare" said Tracey, but her ~~anything~~
prevented her finishing the sentence. "Oh dear - oh dear -
said Grissey, I never expect to see the light again.
"I've lost all my snuff," said Fudy. "I'll kick her within
an inch of her life if I get hold on her," said Puncticia.
"And here it's all over my hair, and into my clothes said
Tracey. "Oh it will be a rejoicing day at Glenwaken when she
goes away," said Grissey. "I shall thank the Lord when
were all deliver'd from her as I should from the pestilence."
"Oh - oh - she's a pestilence said Aunt Fudy. "Here's

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Missing

carriage wheels, hurrying here and there, and all
the bustle and excitement which is ever the prelude
to the going home of a school of young ladies.

Mary Winslow to the great joy of all the household
is on her way to her aunts' and finds herself a little
after sunset ^{one afternoon} at the old mansion. Aunt Bethiah
Deborah and Muck Poland are all at the door to see
her, for they want to know they say if she has grown any,
and if she looks just as she did when she left them.

"How are you my dear darling Mary," said Aunt
Deborah, clasping her fondly in her arms as soon as
she alighted. "Oh I am so glad to see you here once more."

"Why how the sweet child has grown" said Aunt Bethiah.

"Don't you say so" said Muck Poland, who had forgot-
ten all his former troubles with Mary. "She is a splendid
figure and an incomparable face. Why could they have
made you a perfect lady at Glenoaken."

"Oh I am so glad to get here, such horribly dull tedious teaching
this cold weather." "Bright to the fire, come here" said

Aunt Deborah, "Let me take off your firs" said Aunt
Bethiah, "No dear don't try to untie your bonnet with
those poor cold fingers, let me do it" said Aunt Deborah.

"Then now let me put your feet on the stool" said Muck
Poland, "Do you sit comfortably?" "Very well — very well

this seems like old times, have 'at been waited upon
so much since I went away." "You have 'at!" said

Aunt Bethiah poor child, "I thought 't would be so," but
you've been at the celebrated Glenoaken school and
are coming out one of the finest ladies in our country."

"She'll make a sensation by and by" said Muck Poland

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"Haven't been at your father's then since you've been at school, these two years and a half." "No I haven't - I have not had the least inclination to go, but I suppose when I graduate, at the close of my next term, I must." "What is that little half sister of yours?" said Uncle Roland. "What Lottie? Oh nothing, or very nearly so, a little puny framed puny minded crying thing, that every body pets, and I, particularly when I was at home had to stand one side. I can tell you, she has written me ever so many letters, half her own poetry and nonsense, but I never take the trouble to descend to answer one, she would not comprehend it if I did." "Ah" said Uncle Roland but I really think you ought not to despise the little thing, because the beauty and talents are all on your own side. But you said she wrote in poetry what is it?" "Oh it should not be call'd so Uncle Roland, it's only rhyme, and any little mind can put two words together that sound alike, and I don't think it requires much sense to write poetry quite decently, indeed I think a poetical mind is always a little shallow, after all: certainly if I may judge of some I've known. I am sure it's something I never had the slightest wish to attempt. But if Lottie scribbles all her life time she'll never know any too much. I shall advise her to let her pen alone she'll only waste paper, and she could spend her time more profitably doing plain needle work. But Aunt Deborah it seems to me you look younger than you did when I left here, and how dressey you've grown and you look as bright as a sunbeam."

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"Ha-ha-said Muck Poland, while Aunt Deborah
flushed and smiled, and bustled about and rat-
tled the tea things, more than ever, Aunt Bethiah
twisted her mouth and looked particularly pleas'd.
"Well she does," does'nt she," said Muck Poland, "Oh cer-
tainly, and as every thing has its cause, I presume Aunt
Deborah's dress and more youthful looks has one."
"Well I can't imagine what you all mean but there's some-
one at the door," said Aunt Deborah, Muck Poland walk'd
deliberately forward and very soon introduced Mr Luridell
to Miss Winslow. This was a little gentleman who stood
very straight and gave one the idea that he aspired
to be much taller than he was, he bowed very low to
Mary and she fancied was deeply struck by the
beauty of her appearance, which had increased ama-
zingly in her estimation since leaving Glenoaken.
Aunt Deborah bustled about and made things fly
more than ever, dipped her loose sleeves into this thing
and that, lost the combs out of her hair and got her curls
all tangled together among the points of her Gothic
shaped tortoise shell. "From Glenoaken I understand,"
Miss Winslow said Mr Luridell, half bowing over his cup
of tea, the celebrated Glenoaken school. One of Miss
Barlow's pupils the eden from which our unfortunate sex
are banish'd." Yes said Mary the Preliminary furnish
women from heaven and we banish men from Glenoaken
"Cruel-cruel"-said Mr Luridell shaking his head
its perpendicular sheaf of hair changing its position from
one side to the other. "What a delightful young lady
your niece is," said he to Aunt Deborah who sat beside him.

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Such a perfect form and inimitable face, so polished too in her manners, and original and entertaining in every thing she says, I declare I am perfectly charmed with her. What a world of admirers are in store for her! "She is every thing you think", whispered Aunt Deborah loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "and I anticipate one of the greatest matches in the Country for her. You must help me find her a husband, I hope it will not be long after she leaves Glenoaken before she is settled. Her home is any thing but what it should be, I mean it is very far from being a happy one for her. Her poor dear mother you know was my sister, and died when Mary was an infant. Her father married again a person very unsuitable a harsh, morose, masculine woman, and we could never bear the idea of her having Mary under her control. She owes none of her accomplishments to her step mother, I can assure you. She spent nearly all her time with us after her father's marriage till she went to Glenoaken. She would not have been what she now is had she been brought up by her step-mother." "I presume not - I presume not, strong men are not more considerate in the choice of a second wife when they have children that must come under her guidance," said Mr Liddell looking with the greatest satisfaction towards Miss Deborah. "Where is Aunt Deborah and Mr Liddell?" asked Mary a while after tea, "I believe I must go and find them, he certainly would not be so impolite as to go without taking leave of us." "Oh my Aunt Niece Roland Mr Liddell and Aunt Deborah have concluded I presume that

~~And~~ if we desire their company, ours is to them a super-
 fluity they take the liberty to dispense with. "What does
 all this mean uncle Roland, Mr Luissel can't be
 visiting Aunt Deborah, why he's over so many years
 younger than she is." "Oh that's nothing in these days,"
 said Aunt Bethiah. "Well is it really so?" said Mary.
 "Oh yes," said Aunt Bethiah half smiling and lifting
 her spectacles over her forehead "Why child they're engaged
 I wonder she did not write you about it." Aunt Deborah
 and Mr Luissel engaged, exclaimed she clapping her
 hands now if I don't have some fun. Whosoever thought of
 Aunt Deborah's marrying, six children you say, My!
 if she won't have her hands full, I should like to be of the
 six, if I did not train! But what in the name of com-
 mon sense does she want Mr Luissel and his six
 children for, marry seven of them! My God like
 to be a mouse in the corner to night, and ^{hear} that sorrow-
 ful widower and my old maid Aunt talk of the
 immolation she is about to make of herself upon
 the shrine of duty. I really began to think of playing
 the agreeable to Luissel myself, and thought I
 was actually making short work of scaling the
 walls of his heart; but the six children, Oh dear
 I did not see them, all standing round it. Ah
 Aunt Deborah must have a true missionary spir-
 it. I hope she won't give him up her property, is he
 rich? "I rather think not very," said Aunt Bethiah
 his wife was sick a long time and his family
 expenses have of course been great." "And he marries

her to replenish his fortune do he, - to help educate his children. What a fool she is not to see through it all." "Oh no," said Uncle Poland he says money is something he should never think of in marriage; but he thinks Deborah would be very kind to his children and bring them up well." "Oh indeed he is going to marry her for his children then what a benevolent man, what a considerate father! And what a self sacrificing philanthropic woman she is, to give herself away for life to a man's six children, love of course except to the children thrown wholly out of the question! No matter for that 'tis true, I don't believe in love, and I'm sure I don't in marrying six children. When I marry it will be for riches and honor; somebody that everybody looks up to, and say I've done well. Why in the world Aunt Bethuel did'nt you ever marry, I'm sure I think now you'd do the best with the six children." Aunt Bethuel was at that moment very busy, picking up and casting stitches, she had just dropped and did not answer the question. "Well" said Uncle Poland yawning, "I think I'll bid you good night, and advise you Mary to get as much sleep and think as little about Mr Luissel and the six children as possible." "Luissel - Luissel what a name!" said Mary taking her light and going off to bed.

"Why Aunt Deborah," said she the next morning what could you and Mr Luissel have to say about

the six children so long after we were all a bed last night? Have you agreed to educate all the little darlings from your own purse? "Be still - be still - child" said Aunt Deborah, if you were not so nonsensical I would tell you all about it." "I know it must be a solemn affair to marry six children, but if I had any pity for any body it would be for them truly Aunt Deborah, though we used to have capital times spitting and making up did 'nt we"? Aunt Deborah look'd round as if fearful somebody might hear, "Hush - hush" said she in a little louder tone, "I advise you Mary to marry early in life and accept the first good opportunity that presents. Married people are more respected you know than those who live single." "Oh fie said Aunt Bethiah now that's a new notion of yours, that's what you're going to marry Mr Luddel for if it, ten years younger than you are! You are as much respected now as you ever will be, I can tell you. Marry to be respected! People whose respect is worth caring for won't mind whether one's married or single: if a woman's worthy of respect she'll have it fast enough, and nobody but a narrow minded simpleton will ever look down upon ~~one~~ because she's an old maid." "But Aunt Bethiah you wouldn't advise me to be one would you?" "Yes, unless you find somebody that you love better than you do yourself," said the old lady. "Love," replied Mary, "well then I know I never should marry, I never could love any body yet and I

am sure I never shall. But there comes Mr Linsdel walking as if he were bearing at his heart the spirits of all his six children. I'll be off.

"Why aunt Bethiah I thought it was at to come off for a month," said Mary the next day when her venerable relative informed her that Aunt Deborah was to become Mrs Linsdel the next week. "I know that was the time they set, but you see Mr Linsdel's housekeeper got vex'd about something, and is going off this week; he thinks though he can induce her to stay eight or ten days longer, and they intend to be married before she goes." "That's convenient truly, how accommodating Aunt Deborah is! why she must be the best Christian in the world, or ought to be: but now I shall get to the wedding. They go a journey I suppose; I declare it will be tough traveling that cold weather for pleasure." "No - no - a journey, and in the winter," said Aunt Bethiah, "why child they're to be married in the morning and go right to his house. I expect she'll have her hands full, but no matter, it's her own doing." We will not re-acter go into all the preliminaries of Aunt Deborah's wedding, nor the many conversations Mary had with Mr Linsdel trying to impress him with her advanced age, nor how she hinted that all Aunt Deborah's property was made over to her, nor how he turned pale and look'd as if the greatest disappointment and direst calamity had befallen him, nor how Aunt Deborah came out and got him some Casaphire, and he requested to see her alone via -

mediately, and how he look'd bright and happy
 as ever when it was all over. And I would'nt dwell
 upon the long story of Aunt Deborah's nice dresses,
 and fashimable fipings, nor Mr Luddel's white sat-
 in vest and gloves; nor the new gold chain just bought
 for the occasion, which dangled bewitchingly over his shirt
 bosom. nor how Mary got all the six little Luddels
 to cry at the wedding by stuffing little peppors into
 their cake, nor how she slipped the chain out from under
 Mr Luddel when she saw he was about to sit down,
 with a glass of wine between his white kid fingers, and
 left mementoes of his vulueky fall on his pure white
 vest and gloves. nor how Aunt Deborah while borsing about
 with her white veil on, observed her crown to be the object of
 unusual notice, and inquired of Aunt Bethiah if there was
 any thing out of order about her head dress and found
 to her utter amazement a crown of furrs skilfully
 woven on her bridal veil. And how she declared no one
 but Mary could have been guilty of such an insult
 to her married life, and how she scolded Mary and
 Mary remembering old times scolded back again,
 and how the six little Luddels who happened to be in
 Aunt Deborah's room at the moment huddled to-
 gether, and look'd like so many frighten'd birds in
 a cage they knew they could'nt escape from. and
 how after the wedding the eight Luddels all
 went off to Luddel house and left Aunt Bethiah
 and Mary to-gether. In all this may be the
 cream of the story, but, really good reader, I know

so little of matrimony and precedents and antecedents that I think best, to meddle with its affairs as little as possible, else I make you laugh at a description which your own selves could have imagined far better. Mary Tristram was not only glad to return to Glenoaken it was so insupportably dull after Aunt Deborah's departure, but even Aunt Bethiah felt relieved and happier when she knew her visit was actually ended.

Chapter 12th

Oh hours of ease ye are I own,
 Most pleasant while ye stay,
 But ye are clouds for coming hours,
 That may not pass away.

Oh may this head and hand of mine,
 What'er they find to do,
 With steady aim and earnest hope,
 With all their power go through.

But what of Miss Barlow and her journey to Rose Valley? There had been a heavy fall of snow a few days before, and the runners of the heavy covered vehicle sunk deep into the yielding surface. At a hotel about ten miles from Rose Valley, a young lady seated herself beside Miss Barlow, a new traveling companion and one whom she at once felt she could approach and find truly companionable. She had previously looked

about the coach in vain for a face which promised the ~~face~~^{thoughts} could give something better than her own silent musings offered. The young lady's look seemed to invite to conversation, and the usual preliminaries the ever ready topic of the weather, the deep snow and the wearisomeness of the journey were discussed. Then a quotation from a favorite author responded to by the other, by observations upon that authors works, and comparing him with others. They soon interested every passenger in what they were saying, though they were not themselves aware that they were the objects of observation. "Can it be possible," said a gentleman at length as they drew up to another hotel "that we have come so far! I have been so highly entertained" said he aside to a friend, "for the last hour that it seems but half that time. Why do not passengers try to interest each other more traveling in a dull stage coach? I have traveled hundreds of miles and not heard a word spoken, because perchance the parties had not had a formal introduction and could not repeat each others' names. So we all sat looking each other out of countenance, wishing our next neighbor would accidentally step on our toes or stumble against us, or almost anything else that he might be compelled to speak in order to make an apology which is usually a very satisfactory introduction."

When again they were all seated, the gentlemen one after another joined the conversation, and history was the subject, and many important facts riveted on the minds of some who wondered they should have

forgotten them. "What ever fruitful themes have we
 always at hand" said one gentleman to another, "and
 how unaccountable it is that we find ourselves so con-
 tinually talking about nothing: that we fill our own
 minds and those of others with chaff, and husks, when the
 real wheat and solid golden corn, is quite as accessible."
 I believe said the other gentleman, that all this depends
 upon the ladies, they are usually so slightly, so super-
 ficially educated, and are so sensible of their igno-
 rance upon most useful topics, that they shrink from
 making themselves become ridiculous in the eyes of those
 around them, by betraying their ignorance. The gentlemen
 seldom think of interesting them in anything important,
 they admire their fancy work, and encourage them
 to employ themselves in nothing higher, than decora-
 ting their persons, and houses, and talking of Miss
 S. and S.'s party, or Miss Somebody's new hat, or rib-
 bons or dress, or something just as important to an
 immortal soul. But the times are changing and
 society formed by woman, is coming up to that
 freshness and beauty which is the natural result
 of a cultivated intellect. "Who are those ladies?"
 said the other, "I know not, but they are bright ex-
 amples standing out from the mass showing us
 what all their sex might be under proper training."
 "You are quite willing then," replied the other that
 women should become all they can be, and not
 jealous lest she ^{will} rise upon a full equality with our
 sex. "In proportion as woman advances will man

advance repaid the other, To him is given the stronger physical and probably the stronger mental powers, and jealousy lest women should equal or surpass our sex implies a secret sense of our individual incapacity to equal many of them. Here Miss Barlow and the other lady joined the company in the coach, and they rode forward towards Rose Valley. "Here is a greater depth of snow than we have found," said one, "and we have now certainly a grand view of a winter landscape from this hill. Those distant mountains their long shadows receding in the sunlight, and then those cottages what an idea of comfort they give us, sending up their spiral, goldings of thin smoke against the mountain sides." "I should like to look into some of them, it's not far from tea time, and a good fire and some supper would not come amiss" said another.

Ah there are a whole bevy of boys skating on the ice, yes the village school is just out, and here comes the school master book under his arm, looking as though freedom was a blessing he knew how to prize. "Oh I know how he feels, I taught a country school once, and I never see a teacher without pity, for I remember the long tedious six hours imprisonment of mind and body, when thought must be busy in a dozen ways, and every faculty in action." "A capital place to discipline body and mind I should think," said another, but the ladies are admiring those clouds it is a magnificent sunset, and the scene altogether one for a painter. "He would perhaps have said poet had he looked over Miss Barlow's shoulder and seen

Let pencil the following, to be transferred to her journal,
 Along the hill and dale and plain and river
 One undulating snowy sheet is seen,
 From tree and cottage, hill and distant mountain
 Long shadows towards the eastern waters lean.

~~The sun has gathered to his evening resting,
 His richest coverings bordered deep with gold,
 And from his royal drapery forth is looking sending,
 His parting smile to pierce the silent cold~~

~~Strait up the smoke from cottages ascending,
 Wind lary curls around the stinging air,
 Within, the ample board is crowded ^{and} ^{ready} ^{with} ^{plenty},
 With steaming luxuries waiting some one there.~~

~~The woodmen with their axes lightly stepping,
 Laugh all together for they're homeward bound,
 Or to the creaking sled a tune they're tuning,
 That chimes completely with the sivery sound.~~

~~The laughing schoolboys on the snowy hill sides
 Are toiling up or gaily gliding down,
 And merry shouts through the cold air are ringing,
 You echoing echoes through the quiet town.~~

~~But pensively unheeding all around him,
 Save the rich beauties of the western sky,
 With book beneath his arm, and careless bearing.~~

Like a freed man, the teacher passes by.

Oh winter twilight thou hast charms unspoke,
Let summer boast her robes of gorgeous green,
Thy heavy air and dreamy powerless whisperings
Could never wake so rich a twilight scene.

"Ah this is Rose Valley," said a gentleman as the vehicle began winding up the long avenue, "the richest and most romantic seat in the country."

Miss Barlow was surprised and delighted to find that Rose Valley was also the destination of the lady who had so much interested her. They met with the most cordial reception from the whole family at Mr Benson's, and Miss Barlow was not long in learning that her traveling companion was Miss Emma Grant, a name if new to her is not wholly so to the reader.

"Does Cousin Emma Grant," said Frank, "remind you Miss Barlow of any person you have known? Forcibly from the first moment I saw her," she replied, "I was about to ask if there was not some relationship between you."

"My mother's sister's daughter replied he, and we are all very deeply attached to her, more so probably since our own Emma left us, there is so much about her that reminds us continually of her. They too were much attached to each other, and corresponded regularly from little children, though they scarcely met for several years." "Now Lachar said Mr

Benson, as he entered with Emma, I am delighted that chance has brought you here together, for I fear that one would have had but a dull time of it, these cold winter days shut up in the house, with only Mrs Benson, Frank, and myself. I am delighted that Chance as you say my kind Sir, has so ordered it, ~~but to~~ said Miss Barlow, "but to have a dull time with three such companions as you mention would be a thing impossible." A little rebuke I imagine for the term I used Miss Barlow, said he smiling, you would not have me say chance I presume; It is a common term ~~but~~ I confess I do not myself think it proper. What think you of it Emma? "Forgive me dear uncle if I say I think the term very irreverent, it is a word methinks that should be struck from our vocabulary. Is there any thing without its cause, and can we say any thing happens by chance when the very hairs of our head are all numbered, and not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice?" "You are right my niece," said Mrs Benson smiling, and the conviction that even the minutest events of our lives are ordered, and that all our paths from the beginning to the end of life are marked and bounded and fixed by Him who doeth all things well, has been to me in every affliction a source of unfailling consolation. It is not that Mr Benson agrees not with me that he used the term Chance; he will tell you. "No - no" said Mr Benson that has been the staff on which I leaned in looking up to my God; without it I should have been

advance, replied the others,
 bow'd to the earth and laid my head in the dust.
 "Well said Frank pleasantly, I do not see as we can
 hold any argument upon that subject, we are all
 too well agreed and if I for the sake of argument should
 try to oppose you, I should only be worsted by having
 five against me." "Five" said Emma "Cousin Frank
 did you count right?" "Yes yourself gentle God, and
 Miss Barlow, Father, Mother, and Frank."
 "And that is just like you now" said Emma, "I see
 you wish you could oppose us and we'll try you
 some day in an argument."

"Where can Frank be," said Mr Benson one morn-
 ing as they entered the breakfast room, it is a bit-
 ter cold morning and I should not think he could
 wish to walk far, and he is always up before this
 hour." "Oh yes," said Mrs Benson, "he is up and just coming."
 "Good morning Frank said all voices, "But what
 could call you out so early in the cold?" ask'd his
 father. "Why I forgot yesterday to go to Mrs Allen's
 and see if she were comfortable this cold weather, I
 am so apt," added he smiling "while I enjoy every
 comfort myself to forget that others are wanting."
 "And did you find her needy?" said Mrs Benson, "I
 thought much about her last night, and her three
 little children. They had barely fuel sufficient to
 last them a few hours, and I think a few articles in
 the line of eatables could not come amiss; but I
 have settled all those things, I call'd at Shellen's, his
 team will be ready this morning, and when he

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promises he's always prompt you know". "Yes," said Mr Benson Shelley is a pride of a neighbor, never have to look after him to see if he's done as he agreed. When he says he'll do a thing I always know he will, and at just the time he says. I wish I could say as much of Eaton. "I have done," said Frank asking Eaton to do any thing, or rather if he will do it, and when, if I cannot get Shelley and if it's of little importance I say to Eaton, I want this thing done and at such a time, you need not promise, but if it is not done on such a day I shall get some one else if I can. In this way it generally gets done, but I cannot bear to be the cause of so many falsehoods, as Eaton formerly told me".

"But," said Emma there was probably no intention to deceive, at the time he promised." "Oh no," said Mr Benson and no wrong motive attending the non fulfillment; it is the result of confirmed carelessness, which we cannot doubt is sinful, but I cannot think it as much so as where the heart lends deception to the lips. How far we shall find in another world, carelessness may criminate I know not but I know it is a source of a great deal of annoyance misfortune, and misery in this, and I think one cannot be too cautious in training a child to habits of promptness and care." "Do you think," said Miss Barlow, "we shall all be judged by our motives?" "Yes if we have any; if we have none we shall be judged for having none, as it was never intended we should do or not do without a reason. Was not he criminal who ~~shipped~~ his talent in a ~~heap~~ buried his

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talent in the earth. We cannot say a person who is passive and careless is wholly innocent. One may be so engross'd in earthly cares, so given in his affections to this world, yet perfectly moral kind and humane in his feelings, that he may never think of raising his thoughts in adoration and praise to Him who giveth him life and all its enjoyments. He may from habit spend the holy sabbath in seeking his own pleasures, and feel no compunctions of conscience nor be aware that he has any bad motive in doing it. He stops not in his course to think, to examine, to read his bible or pray, and shall we say as he has no bad motive in all this he is not culpable?

"Certainly not" said Miss Barlow, "but do you think such a person is at ease, is there not something fretting and working in the conscience and telling him all is not right there?" "I cannot think there always is" said Mr. Benson, "they seem some of them to be totally void of that attribute of conscience which demands love to God or thoughts of a future state." "Yes" said Frank, "and such are infidel germs. They read the lives of professing Christians instead of their bibles, they know nothing of the character of Christ, and little of His imperfect followers except their faults. Conscience is out of order and will not work. Experience has taught me that the Bible is a better receipt book for present and future happiness than the lives of all the professing Christians in the world." "And may it always be so my son," said his mother smiling affectionately, and looking to him through tear drops just ready to fall from her eye lids.

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"But once more to return to those whom it is our duty to
look after around us, I think we had better ride out
this morning and see some of our more distant
neighbors. We will take something to poor Richard
Macomber and his little grand daughter, you know
it could not come amiss, and Mr Sullivan's family
for I suppose he is not yet able to do much, and
then Mary and Betsey Gilmore most surely must
not be forgotten. Perhaps Miss Barlow and Emma
would not object to accompanying us, if it is cold."
"Oh not I," said Miss Barlow, "it would be a pleasure."
"And to me," also said Emma "it would do me good
to take this keen, cold, invigorating air, awhile, I
know." "All ready," said Frank as he came in
an hour later. "Here," said Mrs Benson, "take this bottle
of raspberry wine if you please, for Mr Sullivan and this
jelly for old Mr Macomber, and wrap them up carefully
in one corner of the sleigh that the glasses may not be
broken." "But you'll take something more substantial
than wine and jelly, will you not?" said Mr Benson
laughing. "Ah father we always look out for the sub-
stantials first, and if the ladies can ride on bays
of meal for seats, and hams, turnips, and potatoes
for stools, and have their laps crowded with loaves
of bread and cookies, why we may get on nicely,
but I warn them before hand it will be hardly
comfortable packing." "Oh I think it will be very
nice said Emma particularly if the bread and
cookies are just from the oven." "Can't you find room
for a bag of apples for Mary and Betsey?" said Mr Benson.

"and I guess we can spare a few of these nice winter pears for Mr Sullivan, mine would taste much better to me if he ate them." "Had mine too," said Frank, "I'll right down cellar and get some. There now" said he coming up with the apples and pears, you see I've been my own servant this morning, we're all ready, Good Morning father. And away they went upon their mission of Charity.

Chapter 13th

A world of human hearts around me,
 And yet in thine and thine alone,
 There is a cord that gently draws me,
 And links my being with thine own.

"Why Con" said Frank to Emma one evening as he handed her several letters he had taken from the office. "Some of these particularly those from Greenalpine tell tales, here I have regularly brought you two a week." "Greenalpine," repeated Miss Barlow "why that is one of Glenoaken's ^{near} neighbors." Emma reddened brilliantly; Frank laugh'd immoderately and Mrs Benson look'd very wise, and Miss Barlow mystily ignorant. "He should have been over here before this" said Mr. Benson reproachfully, "but run away Emma to your room and come back as soon as you can and tell us the news. We will excuse you readily under the circumstances." "Thank you said Emma as she walk'd away I frankly confess I have

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greens around the island were a white blossom'd
wreath around the grave of the pure and lovely
one that slept within its embrace. They enter'd the
Summer house; it was converted into a green house, and
the windows fill'd with blooming plants. These were her
plants" said Frank and with her own hand she
tended them, and that tea rose a favorite of hers,
has forgotten to bloom since she left it. Here are
all things as she last saw them, the books she read
here last, the drawings on the table, and even
the little vase of roses, wither'd and faded, and
odorless 'tis true, yet dear and sweet for the mem-
ory of what they were, for it was at her last visit
her hand arranged them, and admired the richness
of their beauty and fragrance. Those wither'd flowers"
said he observing Miss Barlow look at them "have never
been disturb'd, except to wipe off the dust from the
vase, and we intend they shall not be so long as we
can avoid it". "Here" Ladies said he, and opening
another door they pass'd under a marble archway,
and stood by the grave of Emma Beason. Pure
and undisturb'd as her own bosom, lay the snow
heap'd upon her beautiful form, in its coffin home.
A massive plain marble slab with the simple
inscription "Emma", and a bird bearing in its bill
a rose from which the leaves were falling, to the ground.
"She is not here" said Miss Barlow looking down. "Not in
the grave" said Frank, but I often feel when I come
here, that I am not alone, and when I speak her
name her spirit seems to mingle with my own

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in long and sweet communion. I love to think of the advantages she now enjoys, and it is only a selfish grief for the diminution of my own happiness, that causes me to shed a tear that she is with the angels that love her. The marble archway was overhung by a tall willow whose slender branches were creaking a solemn mournful sound upon the polished stone. The sun had just set and the western sky threw its light in golden loamy softness through the old leafless elm trees over the little stream, and between the snowy branches of the girtrees to rest on the island grave. "This is enough said Miss Barlow in a trembling voice, "methinks I feel the presence of angels, and would tarry but I cannot, Sweet - Sweet Emma I will not say to thee farewell, for I will hope thou wilt be sometimes even with me." Emma Grant spoke not; her eye was dim for her soul was far far away in the past, when on that same spot beneath the willow she had played with her fairy Cousin and they had together formed bright plans for the future. That was an evening of solemn and quiet, low breathed thoughts, of sweet affectionate betrayals of feeling, and tender memories. But man mourneth not always; the passions of the soul sweep him with alternate force, and what he is to-day he may not find himself to-morrow. May he never try in vain to call back his feelings, and to interest himself in his thoughts of yesterday. To-day has something to offer that he must taste though it be but an insipid draught of lukewarm water, or may be a nauseating cup, which

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he would cast far from him. The name of the lost Emma brought again no shadow to the quiet happiness of Rose Valley during Miss Barlow's stay, for it was a name unspoken. We can think calmly and even with satisfaction oft times of what we cannot speak; the sound would echo through the heart and wake up a thousand slumbering memories and to play upon the nerves and burst forth together in a mighty emotion.

One afternoon Mrs Benson Miss Barlow and Emma sat sewing and conversing upon some general topics of interest, when a gentleman was announced and soon Mr George Newton was bowing and exchanging compliments with the ladies. Miss Barlow was not aware that he had any acquaintance with one at Rose Valley except herself, and immediately concluded the call could be designed for no other, and that he was probably traveling that way ^{and} merely call'd as an acquaintance to see her a few moments, but she soon found the visit must have another design, as she became aware that she was by no means the chief object of his attention. "Where" thought she, "and how could Mr Newton and Miss Grant have formed an acquaintance, for acquaintances they surely are and if the blush on her cheek and the lustre of her soft eye tell true they are more than ~~this~~ ordinary acquaintances, and the look which he gave her was for no other; it was unmistakable, that true too was softer and more musical when designed for her ear." Mrs Benson invited Miss Barlow to look at some designs or patterns in her room, and as they went out carefully shut the door with a significant look at Miss Barlow.

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Emma which said, "You shall not soon again be disturbed. Miss Barlow was eager to inquire and Mrs Benson to relate the nature of George Newton's acquaintance with Miss Grant. "You will I know my dear Miss Barlow excuse my inviting you from the parlor, and as my room is warm and you often say very pleasant, we will sit here awhile as we shall be more secluded, and less liable to interruption, than elsewhere. I supposed until Mr Newton's arrival that you were aware of the attachment." "But how," said Miss Barlow did this happen?" "Emma's and Mr Newton's mothers were in their girlhood, schoolmates, roommates and attached friends; they separated hundreds of miles and met not again until each was married and a mother; at first their correspondence was regular and frequent, till nearer and dearer ties occupied their thoughts, and it ended as is often the case with the marriage vow. Still they did not forget each other and often reproach'd themselves for their neglect of friendship. Mr Grant died, and Mrs Newton no sooner learned the sad intelligence than she visited her early friend and obtained a promise from her that at the earliest proper time she would spend several weeks at her house. She visited us first, and though I had with my husband been several times to see her, it was the first time our two Emma's had ever met. They were nearly of an age, and we watch'd their sports for hours together. The consideration, self denial, and true friendship they manifested were a lesson to older persons. Mr Benson woged much

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that Mrs Grant would henceforth accept a home with us, her husband had left her a competence, I should say little more, but her home was too dear to be left, it was link'd with too many tender memories and associations, and it is her home yet and probably ever will be, while her home is here. Mr Newton rode over and took her and little Emma home with him, and for several weeks she was a guest at his house. George is two years older than Emma, and though his two sisters are not far from her age he seemed to consider her a very important addition to his happiness. He was never weary of leading her about, helping her over fences and through bushes, making or mending her playthings, and chatting to her of the wonderful things he had heard and read. It was a day of deep sorrow to them both when Mrs Grant and Emma left Greenaspine, and not until he had made Aunty Grant as he call'd her promise that she might someday be his little wife, could he be pacified at all in view of the loss he was to sustain, and I believe she was as deeply interested in him for she smiled and laugh'd through her tears, when she heard her mother's answer, and warmly returned the kiss he gave her at parting. We could never afterwards jest with them about their childish affection; it touch'd the fountain of feeling too deeply; the playthings were thrown aside, when the magic name was utter'd, our words were unheeded and their souls were busy with the past. They did not forget each other but met not again until he had finish'd his college course, and she had nearly completed her education. His sister happen'd

to be at the same school and Emma's room-mate, and in that way the acquaintance was renewed, to the great satisfaction of all friends. You will now no longer wonder, if you have done so, that I took you so unceremoniously from them. George is studying theology. It is the profession most congenial to his feelings, and one in which he feels he may do much good. He is wealthy and talented and if he lives I know of no one who promises more usefulness to society. What Emma is, you have had an opportunity of knowing. Gladly would we make our home hers and take her to our hearts in place of our lost one, but her mother would be left childless, for she could not be persuaded to leave her home.

"What will she do if Emma should marry?" asked Miss Barlow. "I know not" said Mrs Benson "I have thought much about it, and certainly it is something she must expect. I have not inquired their plans. But we have been here a long time" said she looking at her watch. "I have not yet show'd you those designs," she added smiling, "but here they are and I think you will agree with me that they are very pretty." "Exceedingly so," said Miss Barlow taking up one of them, "I have never seen any thing like them, who could have drawn them?" "One of whom almost every thing here reminds you," said Mrs Benson slyly. "I thought so, his touch turned every thing into beauty, for the sweetness of his smile seems to pervade it." "Mother" said Frank rapping slightly at the door, "can I convince you how lonesome I am? I never truly felt till now how awkward and uncomfortable it is to be a bachelor."

and somewhat belittling too I begin to think. Here I have been sitting in the great parlor alone in silent meditation for the last hour, till I could bear it no longer. Every article of the furniture, and even the figures of the carpet seem'd to be chattering to each other and making themselves merry at my expense. So I proposed to myself to get you and Miss Barlow to join me and we would talk them into silence. "Why Frank," said his mother what odd ideas, — but we will join you directly."

The designs were laid carefully away in their place and Miss Barlow follow'd Mrs Benson down to the great parlor. "Now Miss Barlow" said Frank "does not every thing here look supremely cold and haughty? They seem to look down upon these common clothes of mine, like the Duke upon the plebeian, and how very like human nature it is. Cat side attracts us all, and though the core may be rotten, a beautiful exterior in the eyes of half the human race, will more than compensate for every defect. What is so much talk'd of in this world of dying immortals as riches and dress — and what can possibly be of less importance!" "This world" said Miss Barlow, "is a working world, it is made up principally of those who must put their hands to the plough, and will seldom raise their thoughts higher than the material things around them. What they see not, they think not of. At first man would support those dependent upon him; then he would gain a competence; then those hard earned dollars are too precious to be spent, habit of working on, are confirm'd: money is what the world

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are after, and he works on for a little more, and say-
ing a little more, nears unconsciously his grave, bor-
ing the world better than his God, and goes to his
account which money can never settle. And where
is what he has lived for, in the neglect of every talent
and the true object of life? If he has children they
console themselves for his loss by the remembrance that
they've now got father's money. If more distant
relatives alone, they may sigh hypocritically at his
funeral and then grow sulky if he has left them all,
or may be get up a lawsuit or what is of more con-
sequence an eternal animosity with each other. Ah
there is not a more dangerous gift committed to our
charge, or one that we should more earnestly pray for
guidance in using, than money. "But how much" said
Frank depends upon the early training! Oh I have
twined with disgust away from a mother, or a fa-
ther as they praised the beauty or the talents, fine
clothes or the brilliant prospects of their children to
them. I have heard parents tell their children they ~~should~~
should not associate with this or that one, when
this or that one were far better brought up, and far
more promising than they, with the exception of the
money in prospect. From my very soul I des-
pise such narrow, heartless, empty aristocracy.
There are who take no delight in each other's so-
ciety; there is no congeniality of thought or feeling,
and let such go their own ways and commune
with kindred minds. Mind should be and must

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be the standard of society, and the world cannot
be truly enlightened till the immaterial rises
superior to the material; till mind will outweigh
gold in its estimation, and character rise superior
to the senseless drapery that envelops the human
form: "Ah" said George Newton as he led
Emma smiling forward into the large parlor,
"a lecture truly, not a private one I trust,
we have none of that nature said Frank bowing, the
private one was in the other parlor, and as we could
not of course gain admittance to that, we decided to
have a public one here though but two auditors presented
themselves; and now we acknowledge the honor you
do us, but — but — the lecture is ended." George
and Emma both laughed heartily, when Mr Pearson
coming in shily clapped Emma and George on
the shoulder exclaiming "What are we to have now, — a
wedding?" "Oh no!" said Emma "how you fright-
ened me!" "What child, — the idea of a wedding, a
thing so delightful to you ladies in general so
frightful to you, why I would not have believed it!
"Why no no! but the blow on my shoulder said
she innocently. "Ah I thought it could not be the wed-
ding" said he, while they all laughed and Emma
with them through her blushes. "But come — come — tea is
waiting" said he, and that you know must not be

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She looked about the coach; there was not a face she had ever seen before nor one she felt she should ever care to see again. She drew her veil over her face, thought of them all at Rose Valley, then of Emma the lost one, of her as her pupil, of her as she saw her the first time when she came with her father to Glenoaken to see her school, and ask her acceptance as a scholar. ~~then~~ then she remembered former pupils, and then her thoughts seemed to dwell upon scenes of more intense and thrilling interest, till regardless of the presence of any one, she put her handkerchief to her eyes and wept long and earnestly. "That lady must have lost a very dear friend" said one gentleman in a low tone to another, "Yes" said another "or may be she has lost property," "or her purse" said another. "No" said the first speaker "I will not believe such a lady could grieve so for aught but death." "Ah" said another "there are more things than one to grieve about in this world, and those who have not real things imagine them generally." "Yes or make trouble for themselves" said another "there is many an one who has nothing he thinks to do, and will engage Satan to make him both work and trouble, and he is always ready to do that thoroughly for any one." "No" said the first-speaker, "you do not mean to insinuate" — "No — no indeed" said the other, "the remark was suggested by others. A face like that any friend would know would offer him no hope." All this was said in an under tone as Miss Barlow's face buried in her handkerchief was turned to

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the window. How many would have smiled scornfully or laughed contemptuously had they known that years intervened between those tears and their cause. That it was an old cup of bitterness and one which memory often brought her, and which tasting did not diminish. She was suddenly recalled to herself and the singularity of her position by the stopping of the vehicle, and the door being thrown open for them to alight at the hotel. She saw at once that she was the object of observation to all her fellow travelers, and instantly divined the cause. "This must not be" said she to herself, "I would not willingly deceive even one's imagination; we have a long distance yet to travel and I must find some one with whom to be commiseration, if we only speak of the weather and the sleighing. There were two other females belonging to the party, apparently Germans and though they could speak English but imperfectly Miss Barlow found she could quite readily understand them. One of them had a laughing black-eyed baby, and a baby always is an excellent medium to acquaintance with its mother. "Will you tell me your name baby," said she. "Ah m, de say de tant," said its mother. "Its Annie ma'am Annie Churie ma'am." "And a very pretty name too," she replied "how old is it?" "Ah well, its about eight months ma'am." "Have you been long in this country?" "Oh m. I have just come ma'am; me husband come first and he dear me it was a lonesome time for me even in the

old country that I loved, with my father and my mother without him. And he wrote that he liked America so well that long would be the day before he should see me again, if I did not take my baby and leave all else that I loved and come away over the water alone. So my father and my mother they both said to me you for Peter says they, "is a nice and good man, and he's all alone in the land of strangers and he wants his wife and his baby as any man should. So they gave me their blessing and said they should pray for me every day and if we did not meet here again we should meet in heaven. So my husband he got a place for my cousin that is here with me ma'am but she cannot speak much English yet; and we two started together, and we had a nice passage and now they tell me I'm almost to Peter. And oh wont we be glad, and if he's the Peter he used to be very happy too! Oh yes said Miss Barlow while a tear moistened her eye, I trust you will find him the same. Peter and be very happy too. But where do you go where is your husband?" "I have it here ma'am," said she. Miss Barlow took the card and read Mr John Newton D.C. "Is it possible," said she, "I know the family very well, and is ~~the~~ your husband their gardener?" "Yes ma'am." "Then I know him very well too and every one who knows him values him. You have done well to leave all for such a husband. And will you keep house there?" "Oh yes ma'am he says Mr Newton is one of the

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best men in the world, and he shall never want to leave him, and he has offered him a pretty little cottage which is to be our home, but any home would be dear to me with Peter and the baby." "I shall certainly come to see you in your cottage home," said Miss Barlow, "it is but a half hour's walk from mine own." "Oh do said the woman I shall be so glad, and always love you I know because you know Peter and like him." "But where did you learn English so well?" said Miss Barlow. "Oh Peter learned it a good deal before he went off and I too of an English man we took into our house, because Peter was coming to America, and wanted to speak it some first: and ever since he's been gone I've tried and I've studied to learn, and then coming over I talked nothing else. But are we almost there?" "Oh no we must be content to ride in the coach till about dark. The sun I suppose to you will seem to go down very slowly, but it can be but a little time." "Do you expect," said a man in the coach, "that Peter will be as anxious to see you as you are to see him?" "Well I don't know," said she, her countenance assuming a sad expression, "but if he is as I know I shall be glad enough for both, I think he will be though; he never's seen baby." "Foolish trusting things these women!" said a voice sneeringly, "they think their husbands have nothing else to think or care about but them." Miss Barlow turned instinctively to look at the speaker, but a glance at that contracted, selfish, sneering forbidding face was enough, and she found

herself repeating silently, "I am thankful all are not like you, and that God has not forgotten to give his good and holy gifts regardless of sex or circumstance." "Is your name too, Annie?" said one to the mother. "No sire, my name is Lucy. Lucy Clurie, sire." In a few moments little Annie was asleep and ~~and~~ Lucy became silent and thoughtfully sad. She had forgotten the company and Miss Barlow could well imagine that a feeling of distrust had been planted in her bosom by the careless questions and words, ^{of one} whom worldly ambition, avarice and the basest passions had robbed of the rich influence of a pure and sweet affection.

"Do you think," said she moving near Miss Barlow "that man could be right in what he said, that Peter would not be as glad to see me as I him?"

"No - no - Lucy, believe it not," said Miss Barlow. "Distrust is one of the most poisonous things that can grow in the soil of the human heart, Oh - never distrust your husband Lucy nor your friends, never fear they are untrue, till you know them so, and be sure you know it, before you allow that it may be so. It is in this world the greatest destroyer of happiness, and Satan himself sows the seeds of it in every heart." Then you don't think he'll be sorry to see me, I'm so glad! I never thought of such a thing till that man said what he did." Yes said Miss Barlow, he only meant that he did not care much about his own wife, and by his countenance I should suppose that he never cared much about any one but himself.

"Ah but Peter doesn't look like him," said Lucy smiling through her tears, "and I'm glad of that," "Does Peter know you are coming to-day?" asked Miss Barlow. "Oh yes" said she "he'll be looking for me I hope he knows I come to-night." In an hour after, the coach stopped at Mr Newton's. Peter dressed in his best holiday suit and pale with excitement almost dragged Lucy and the baby from the coach, without looking at another passenger, and seeming to think that Lucy and baby were all now that were in the world. "Glorious" said the sneering man in the coach, and turned up his nose very much as we have seen gentlemen of the pig sty of whom he forcibly reminded one present.

When Miss Barlow reached Glenwaken she found all rejoiced to see her back again. Grissie was smiling in a new calico dress that had been bought and made since Miss Barlow left. Tracey tossed her little head under the weight of a cap profusely decorated with ribbons, and which she with all due importance announced to them was the latest fashion; and which she no doubt felt, transmuted her into a lady, whenever she put it on. And sweet enough it did, if a fine cap and fine airs can do so. As to Rachel she had just received from her lover a sign of engagement, in the shape of a large finch-beak ring with a green stone, and Rachel felt that the ring and the green stone and more than all, that whereof it was a pledge, gave her full title to as much dignity as she chose to assume. "How nice you are all looking," said Miss Barlow, "and very happy too, all things have

gone right this time I trust." "Perfectly well ma'am I've had no difficulty in managing the household," replied Tracey, her ribbons and flowers nodding assent to each word. "Managing!" said Prudibica as she raised the honor'd band to her cheek, which she with a look of contempt rested upon it. "I have had no difficulty with my part of the managing, and I guess I had as much to do as any o'er." "Lo!" said Tracey brushing down the skirt of her new calico, "nobody had no trouble that I know on, only Prudi means to get herself into it, and I suppose any body can do that if they try." "I guess some folks that I know on," said Prudi would object getting themselves into the same sort if they had a chance." "What do you refer to?" said Miss Barlow, "I do not understand." "The veritable truth of the matter is Miss Barlow," said Tracey "that some german fellow, I've forgotten his name, had been here to see Prudibica, and by the ring on her finger, which he call'd an emery I believe it was, you may judge what he promised him! and so she's going to leave us in a month." "But Prudibica have you known this young man long?" said Miss Barlow. "Oh yes ma'am he's my countryman and his sister is my brother's wife's sister's cousin, and he and my own father's oldest boy Benney were always good together, and we all come over here together. So you see I've known him long enough to know him well. He is, you mean, your brother's wife's cousin, and intimately acquainted with your oldest brother." "Oh yes ma'am that's it." "Do you not think you might have done better"

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if you had waited a while longer Prudi? "Oh I never
thought of that, and I don't care for that, it's Martin
that I like and it's nobody else but Martin that
I want." "Oh well," said Miss Barlow, "if such be your
sentiments I am perfectly willing you should mar-
ry Martin, if he is worthy of you." "It's a pity if he isn't."
"Mother'd Tracey, though I don't think much of mar-
rying no way." Miss Barlow look'd at her watch
saying, "you will remember that probably many of
the young ladies will be here this evening and it is
nearly time for them: and they will require refreshments.
You may take some tea and dry toast for me to my
room Prudie. I am considerably fatigued and
some what indisposed and think I will not see many
to-night. The young ladies may see me at my
room if any of them wish it." "Why is it," soliloquized
she when she had entered her chamber, "that I feel thus
to-night! Why is this weight upon my heart, - why
this shrinking from the duties before me? Ah these
idle hours I would fain prolong, this murmuring
heart would gladly yield itself to a luxurious and
useless life, but God in his mercy has order'd otherwise
and though my weakness rebel, my stronger ^{soul} ~~spirit~~
thanks Him that He has given to me a life of active
usefulness. Hush - hush - the ^{spirit} ~~heart~~, rise from thy
depression, resume thy garments of cheerfulness and
labor with a loving heart and faithful hand in
the work that is before thee, rise and regard thine
influence, and as the sunshine falleth upon the
cold earth, so may that fall upon the hearts around thee!"

Yes I will go to the parlor and receive my pupils¹⁹² they will expect it and it is selfish just for a slight headache and a little fatigue to immerse myself alone on the evening there to be. Accordingly the orders to Prudencia were countermanded, and she resolved to take her tea though the hour would be very late, with the young ladies. When they arrived she was ready in the parlor to welcome them, and very soon after tea and a little lively conversation she found her headache vanished and her mind restored to its former quiet and cheerful temper. Among the returned ones rows Mary Winslow, and Miss Barlow's face quite betrayed its satisfaction as she said, "This is the last time of returning to Glen-oaken with you I think Miss Winslow." "Yes ma'am" was the reply but it seems almost forever to next vacation, and for my part I shall be as glad as any body when it comes." "I should think," remarked Miss Lincoln (one of the teachers) "it would seem a very long time to you since you left your home." "Oh I am in a hurry to go home I assure you, that has no attractions for me, there is nobody there cares a pin for me and nobody I care a pin for," "Miss Winslow," said Miss Barlow "you forget that such remarks are neither acceptable nor allowable here, and they only serve to lower you in the estimation of all who hear them. No person who conducts himself properly can say they care nothing about him at home, or among his more remote friends. I should blush deeply to acknowledge to myself that any one who knew me cared not for me." To those who use green glasses, every

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"thing is green" said Miss Lincoln smiling.
You shall Miss Barlow we are apt to think others what
we are, or would be ourselves, in their circumstances.
Cherish that person's friendship who thinks well of those
around him, who has a veil of charity ever ready to
conceal the infirmities of their minds, not from a
wish to shield soil, but believing, in the kindness
and benevolence of their souls that the motive which
actuated to wrong was ~~the~~ a sin of the understanding,
rather than the heart. "But," said Miss Lincoln, "may we
not be too lenient sometimes towards the faults of
others?" "Sometimes we may be so, but I think not often.
Distrust is one of the most mischievous and baleful
properties of the human heart, and we find in our na-
tures an attribute standing boldly out, ever seeking
and never tiring of seeking the wrong doings, sayings,
and feelings of those around us. Perhaps we by nature
possess it alike but I think not, yet of one thing I am
sure that the more we indulge any quality whether
good or ill of the mind the more it will grow and
strengthen till there is scarcely a possibility that it
can ever be subdued. You see this little corn young
ladies; I can toss it about in my hand, I can break
its shell and crush it to atoms, in a moment, with
the slightest exertion. If I plant it in the earth it will
shoot up a slender stalk that for a few years I could
easily pull up with my hand. But every year would
give it strength till I should find if it remained
a stubborn and unyielding oak raising its head
stiff and stern, defying the power of man alone to

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root it from the soil. The comparison you may
each draw for yourselves, and I wish each one to look
into her own heart, and see what evil propensity is there
secretly growing and becoming stronger; and however sweet
it may be to cherish it, remember the dearer it is the
more dangerous it is also.

That sermon was for
my benefit," whispered Mary Winslow to one who sat near
her. "I should think she would have learned before this they
are the most unprofitable thing she can give me."

"It is a lesson said her companion that I think we cannot be
too familiar with, let it be designed for whom it may."

"Well if some of you girls had stronger minds and less
superstition about you I think you would be much better
off than you are now, but I am thankful that though I
have now been here two years and a half I am still
untouch'd by Glenora's pety, and trust I shall
not get tainted with it in the term to come!"

"Oh," said her companion "do not talk in such a way
as that, it sounds like blasphemy." "What was
Miss Barlow just saying to Miss Lincoln?" said Mary
"Did she say she saw Emma Grant at Rose Valley and
that she was a niece of Mr Benson?" "I did not observe,"
said the other. "Well I did and certainly she said so,
I did not know before that Emma Grant was related
to them, but really I think they're all about of a piece
only Emma is at risk, I'm sure. Miss Barlow of course
admired her to a degree that to me would have been
disgusting indeed. Maria what are you laughing
at," said she to a young lady who sat near, and on
whom her influence was too visible. "Why to what you

were saying of course, said she you have little respect ¹²⁵
for dignities I should think, but I thought every body
here thought Miss Barlow perfect and Glenraken a par-
achise! "Look! now for a lecture Miss Maria. I shall
divide it into three heads; first your laughing, sec-
ondly my want of respect for dignities and thirdly
Glenraken and Miss Barlow. Then first your laughing peo-
ple whose powers of digestion both of mind and body are
weak are apt to laugh a good deal, they laugh when
others laugh even when they're no other reason than to be
thought quick of comprehension; but others quick of compre-
hension can easily comprehend that they are fools. This
however I confess does not apply to you. Some laugh that
they may appear pleasant and they're again set down
for fools. Some laugh at their own remarks and there
even a fellow fool would shake hands with ~~them~~. Some
laugh at things other people say that they think were
designed to be witty, and here I should write them
fools, and in fact I should call all laughers fools
but those that laugh because they cannot help it.
so you may judge of yourself, and draw as a
lady said a comparison for yourself, whether you be
a fool or no. Secondly my want of respect for dig-
nities. Well I know of no individual possessing
more true, sober dignity than the old black horse
we call Crimpa here at Glenraken, and really turn-
ing over all my respect except self respect, I don't
know but I've as much that's genuine for Crimpa as
any one. Crimpa designs not to trouble one with
lectures and long sayings, never gets in the least ex-

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cited, or betrays the slightest impatience. She is too
noble to be vain but possesses a good stock of right
english aristocratic pride, and I really believe I re-
vere him for it. Now thoroughly and lastly Glenoaken
and Miss Barlow Glenoaken is the nursery of Ministers
wives and old maids, such awfully good ones that
they don't dare to marry any but ministers and so
don't get married at all. Miss Barlow had the mis-
fortune to be one of the single sisters for reasons best
known to herself, and concluded to become president
of a nursery of old maids, not the worst post in
the world, for they are as every body knows the most
useful, most unhappy, most despised part of cre-
ation. Don't you agree with me girls" said she to a
group gathered around her. "Oh dear no Mary
Whiston but you are so funny we can't help lis-
tening to you. "Oh dear," said Miss Lawrence who
had been an auditor though they knew it not, "what
influence! what influence!"

Chapter 15th

I will not say just what she might have been,
but she could seem an angel when she would,
could charm to adoration when she wished
and make one sure she must be all she should.

Three or four weeks of the term had passed away,
when one afternoon at the close of school Miss Barlow
said, "The young ladies who are to graduate at the
close of the present term have an invitation to all

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Newton's ~~for~~ to-morrow afternoon & evening with me.
Those who decide to accept it, will please meet me at
my room directly after tea, this evening. As soon
as they were dismissed they all sought each other
with exclamations, "Oh will it not be charming!"
"Are you going?" "Why I would not miss it for the world!"
"Well I shall think of nothing else till it is over." "Did
you say you should not go Mary Winslow?" said one,
"Yes I did and I do not intend to; if I had known
of it a week ago as I presume Miss Barlow did, I
might have been in readiness, but now it's out of
the question. I've nothing decent to wear." "Nothing
decent," exclaimed they, "why then we have none of us
any thing decent," "We have all of us things that are de-
cent," said one, "if we choose to think so. Our silk dress-
es may not be in the latest style, but who can
expect blundering girls shut out as they are from the
world, to be fashionable?" said she laughing. "And
then it speaks much better for us, I think, at present
to think of our books rather than our dress, but
we can all do as we choose about going. Miss Barlow
will compel none of us." "Indeed she will not me,"
said Mary Winslow "and I shall not be found in her
room at the appointed hour." After tea eight young
ladies whose sprightly gestures and merry looks at-
tested their pleasure met according to Miss Barlow's
request in her chamber. "Well girls," said she "I am
happy to see you all here but one. Where is Mary Wins-
low? In her room I believe said one, "I think she
does not design going." "Oh" said Miss Barlow, "I

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have particular reasons for wishing she should ^{and}
Maria will you please tell her I wish to see her."
With sullen looks Mary soon made her appearance.
"I understand Miss Winslow," said her teacher, "that you
have decided not to accompany us to Mr Newton's to-
morrow. I would not ask you to revoke that decision,
but have a particular reason for wishing you to go.
Would not the visit be pleasant to you? I presume it
would said she if I could go as I wish to." "And how
would you wish to go?" With dresses somewhat less
than a century old was the reply: "Ah! are your dresses
so very old as that?" then one would be considered a
very great curiosity, and if they are any ways be-
coming I would by all means wear one! "Well every
thing I have is out of date and not fit to be worn
in company." I have never observed that you were at
all deficient in articles sufficiently comfortable and
elegant, though I have observed you had a greater pro-
fusion of nice dresses than fall to the lot of most
school girls. If they are not in order, it is certainly
a fault, with all your leisure that you suffered them to
remain so. Do you ever consider if how little importance
dress really is? "I have always been taught," said
said Mary, "that a lady was judged by her dress."
"And so in a great measure she may be, and correctly too,"
said Miss Barlow, "The mind betrays its self in many
ways beside ~~words~~ words, and often more truthfully.
Dress is one of the many mediums and people are
often attracted to or repel'd from each other by it.
Neatness and simplicity are always sure to please

Useless ornaments often disgust by their own display, and the wearer of very costly apparel finds not her way to the hearts of those around her, half so readily as if habited more simply. Gold and brocade are non-conductors of affection. And again dress is something that the most illiterate persons most pride themselves in, those of few thoughts and ideas fasten them upon seen objects, and do not strive to raise them higher. But narrow minds are confined to no class in society.

My circle is free from them and in all we find some of noble mould and generous feeling. But of this invitation: you think you cannot accept it, do you? "No, said Mary, certainly shall not." Very well all that remains for me to say is that a young lady an acquaintance of yours is visiting there, and would be pleased to see you. Miss Emma Grant from your town, I believe. It was on that account that I particularly wished you to accompany us. You recollect her I presume. "Why how I should like to know does Emma Grant happen to be there?" said Mary in a tone of astonishment. "I'm sure I've no cause for wishing to see her," she added in an undertone.

"She had long been an acquaintance of the family," said Miss Barlow "and was at Rose Valley during my visit there." "But how in the world come she at Rose Valley? there's nobody there for her to be governess to, I am sure." She is niece of Mrs Benson's said Miss Barlow and is spending several weeks there. I found her acquaintance both pleasing and valuable, and think her very much like her cousin Emma Benson. She spoke to me in the highest terms of your friends at home particularly your sister, to whom I

think I never heard you allude." "Oh Lottie I should ¹³⁰
think Emma Grant would like her little soft I call
her, I could annihilate either of them with a look," said
said she in a whisper, which however reached Miss Barlow's
ears. "You estimate your powers far too highly," said she
Miss Grant's innocent heart would be unmoved by
the evil looks of any one I'm sure. But I have nothing
more to say to you Miss Winslow and you may retire
whenever you please." - Mary went back to her room;
a variety of passions untamed and uncontrolled
struggling at her heart. Emma Grant murmured
she thought they were poor and had no rich relatives
I heard her speak of Emma Grant before but afterwards
felt sure it could not be that one. I thought they were
poor and had no rich relatives. Why they live in
that little cottage and there is nothing elegant or
aristocratic about it. Miss Barlow may say what
she pleases about show, it's what every body aims at
that can, and if she was rich I guess she'd make a
slight flourish in the world. Nobody that's rich
will do any thing I know, and so I'm sure money's
the best thing in the world we can have. I wonder
George Newton doesn't call here, Emma'll now do her
best to interest him, but I don't believe she'll succeed.
It's money and beauty the gentlemen look at, and
I know she has at one and I don't believe she has the
other for one thing I'm thankful, if for nothing else,
that my father is rich, and I have property independ-
-dent of him. If it wasn't for Lottie now I should some-
day be a great heiress, but never mind I've art en-
ough to make up all deficiencies, and I mean to use

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It, for even Miss Barlow says we should improve
the talents that are given us. I would not for the
world meet George Newton at his father's so shab-
bily dress'd as I should be obliged to be to-morrow.
The dress I wore to Aunt Deborah's wedding to be
sure is superior to any thing the other girls will wear,
but that does not come up to my requirements.
Ah it will not be long before I am emancipated
from this thralldom, and I will burst forth into
full independence and power. I will make myself
feared; I will make some love and others fear me,
George Newton may not come within the sphere of
my influence, but if he does, I will coil myself
about his heart and before he is aware he shall be
wholly mine. I have a strong will, and my purposes
are not easily baffled. How Aunt Deborah and Uncle
Roland prais'd my beauty - in what high terms they
spoke of my talents and my accomplishments! and how
when even a little child I led them when and where I would!
How I evaded all the watchings of father and my
step-mother, and had the upper hand of them completely.
Oh this power is magnificent whether it makes me loved
or hated; it was given to be used and I'll use it.
The next day as might have been expected the young
ladies ^{take} of nothing but the evening's entertainment, for it
was no common occurrence at Glenaiken. Quietude is
as necessary to study as a calm atmosphere to the
oil fed flame we read by; a disturbed atmosphere
unfits both for useful action. Miss Barlow said to
herself; "one week certainly, before this evening's inter-

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ication will wear off. Mary Winslow was sullen and
haughty, throwing whenever she had opportunity, some
chilling word or remark to dampen if possible the
anticipated pleasure. "Well," said she in thought, "I
shall idace myself for all this, which I confess is a
real disappointment, in some way. Ah I have it:
I will go to the kitchen and hold a confidential con-
fab with its honorary members: it is a long time
since I have chosen to present myself there." The book
in her hand was therefore thrown on the table, the cover of
her writing desk fell with a bang, and she was away
in a moment down stairs, and down stairs again, to
the kitchen. Now Tracey, Rudi and Grissey thought it
no bad time to have a little good time all to themselves
and a pan of molasses just being converted into Candy
was smoking hastily and with tumultuous heavings
over the fire. A basket of nice apples stood on the
table and a dish of uncracked nuts beside it.
"Oh I have come just in the right time have 'at," said
Mary? "I really begin to believe I am one of the fortunate
ones after all Candy, apples, and nuts, how nice
they will be!" Grissey folded his arms and dropped
his head sullenly, while a look of deep disappointment
settled on her countenance. Tracey assumed a trium-
phed appearance, drew herself up, and remarked,
"Miss Barlow has inhibited all the pupils coming into the
kitchen, and we expected you of course had gone with her
this evening." "For my part," said Rudi, "I would
never be seen where I knew I was not wanted. There is no
room for you Miss Winslow in the kitchen. Well I am very

"Sorry you are so selfish, said she helping herself to
 an apple, the best in the basket and the only one of
 the kind. "There goes the apple Peter's wife sent you
 Grisey," said Rudibica. Grisey said nothing but
 maintained a sullen silence. "Never mind, I'll help
 you work your candy and we'll have nice times to-night.
 Come now let's all be good friends, I used to tease
 you I know, but I'm older now ^{and} know better. Got any
 more common sense I wonder." ^{muttered} said Rudibica. "Well I
 for one," said Grisey "have no objection to your remaining,
 if you do not trouble us." "And give me the rest of the
 apple," said Grisey, "for I know it's a first rate one.
 for Judy told me Peter's wife said Peter said so."
 But Mary did not seem to hear and the apple
 soon disappeared. Grisey watch'd with intense in-
 terest till the last precious morsel was out of sight,
 then sigh'd heavily remarking "I kept it a whole
 month but I did not know how to go that I'd be sure."
 "Well Grisey, you take things tamely I should think
 said Rudi. "I rather guess if it had been mine it would
 not a gone down that throat." "Well Rudibica every
 body knows you never mean what you say," said Mary
 helping herself to some of the finest looking nuts in
 the dish. "Is the candy now ready? Don't let it
 burn, it will spoil it." "No matter said Rudi if you're
 to help eat it." and with a rapid movement she took
 off the kettle, and turned its bubbling contents into
 dishes to cool. "Now" said Mary let me have just
 this saucer full, I do not care to have it work'd.

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"Take it then said Prudibica and what else you want, and we'd be very glad if you'd expose of yourself out of this room." "Oh no!" said she "my intentions are more benevolent, I'll up to my room and carry this through, and you remember I promised to help work your candy." Mary pass'd out and Grissey without a word hasten'd to fasten the door by which she went. "Now Grissey that's just the thing said Prudie, she can't get in no how, I'll fasten this other one too, and so no more of Miss Winslow's company to-night." "Good! good!" said Tracy, she can't no way get in now." Mary went directly to her Chamber saying, "they'll fasten the doors now as soon as I'm off, but I know a thing or two." She plac'd her sancer in the closet, turn'd some of the contents of the lamp into a little cup in her room and soap'd a bit of sponge thoroughly in it, roll'd the sponge in a paper and that in her handkerchief, walk'd down stairs, out doors, and then carefully round to the kitchen door, which presented no obstacle to her entrance. "Good gracious," exclaimed Prudibica we never thought o' that! but who would o' thought o' that I should like to know! — Nobody, but somebody the old Harry helps to think!" "Oh be still said Mary I only came to help you work your candy, and thought 't would be pleasant to take the evening air for a minute." "But what are you suppressing in that paper?" said Tracy. "Oh only one of those little apples, I like them soft. but now for the candy give me that in your hand I can finish it off with a splendid twist," and she caught it from Grissey and went rapidly through with the process of working, and making

it into sticks, in really capital style, as they all acknowledged. So they ~~at~~ very willingly allow'd her to help put on as they call'd it the finishing stroke, not one of them observing how often the paper and the apple in her pocket was resorted to. "Now" said she taking off the apron Tracey had furnish'd her with, "I will leave you to enjoy yourselves free of my disagreeable company: but first I will take a few more nuts and apples." Rudi silently unfasten'd the doors and as she went out said "Well really she did do us a good turn this time I'm glad she came back, for how nice that candy looks. I must save some for Gusty and somebody else I could name. Here Grissie you shall have some just because you lost your apple; guess her conscience smited her, and she thought she'd make up a little." Grissie's broad face express'd a high degree of satisfaction as she crowded a good junk as she call'd it into her mouth. "Why-what on earth ails it!" said she as soon as she could speak. "Why it tasted awfully." "Oh dear" said Gusty "the ugly thing has spoil'd it all. It's lamp oil!" "The very heart," said Tracey, "I wish she had to swallow the whole!" "I thought all that goodness could not be for nothing," said Rudi and "I'll tell Miss Barlow if I live to see her!" "No don't" said Grissie, "she goes off this term, and we shall be plagu'd with her no more." "Miss Barlow has trouble enough with her said Tracey, and I don't want to plague her with complaints, and then it does not make no difference." "Well I'll tell her if I live," persisted Rudi; "before I'm a day older. Strange any human being wants to make every body hate 'em. I don't believe there'll be

many tears shed when she leaves Glenoaken!

"Oh dear" said Garissey, "I see thinking what an awful difference 'tween her and Emma Benson." "Emma Benson," said Rudli, "they ought not to be both mention'd the same day." "Every body loved Emma Benson," said Macey and every body cried when she went away, and every body felt as though they'd lost their best friend when they heard she was dead." "Oh there's an awful sight of difference between ~~the~~ ^{human} critters," said Garissey, "full as much as there is between critters that aint human. Here Rudli, take a pinch of snuff with me, that ile smells awfully." Rudli, by no means forgot his promise of telling Miss Barlow, and the next evening Mary was summon'd to that lady's room. "How old are you Miss Winslow?" said she. "Why Miss Barlow, you know I am seventeen." "A young lady that feels too that she possesses talents and influence." "I trust I am not deficient in that respect," "Would it be most agreeable to you to be respected or despised?" "Why I should like some people to respect me and as to others I should not be particular." "What was your object in going to the kitchen last evening?" "Why, I was alone and went to chat a little with the girls." "Did you treat them as you would wish to be treated in similar circumstances?" "In similar circumstances!" repeated Mary, "I am sure I never fancied myself a servant, and cannot tell how I might feel, or wish to be treated, if I was one; but it is not customary to treat servants like ladies and gentlemen!" "But they do ask and expect to be treated with kindness and civility, being a servant should lesson us one in

our estimation, Crassus, Cicerus, and Rudibica are just as worthy and merit as much respect, as they would if wealth and all its appurtenances, and that only were allotted to them. All the distinction which should be required between individuals of the great human family is that of mind. The illiterate and unrefined are ill at ease in the society of the learned and refined: they feel a painful sense of inferiority which they are glad to relieve by seeking companionship with those of similar tastes and acquirements. Virtue and vice too shrink from contact. Yet those to whom God has given riches or advantages of improvement, should do all in their power to elevate the condition of those less favored around them.

It is God only who maketh us to differ. He has given us different propensities and different orders of intellect. To some He has given one talent and to others ten, and our responsibilities are proportionate. If we have but one talent, it is but one we are call'd upon to improve, if ten, then are our obligations tenfold. If we all had but the one talent we should make no progress: centuries would begin and end witness no inventions or improvements, nothing but the same dull monotonous round, without variation. We should be a race slightly elevated above the brute creation. If we all had ten talents we should find no willing hands to give themselves wholly ^{to} heretofore manual labor, But shall we despise the foot that bears the body where the will bids it go! the hand that holds the pen while we write and these sinews, nerves, bones, and every organ which God has made subservient to the

brain? No - no - Mary, you will find you have a bet-
 ter heart, a better conscience, a better & nobler object
 in life if you were to study the comfort, happiness, and
 improvement of all within the circle of your influence.
 Cherish good and holy feelings, but first of all, give
 your first, your holiest affections to God, and you will
 find a kind regard springing up in your soul for every
 thing His hand has created. I trust it may be suf-
 ficient to know that I am acquainted with your conduct
 in the kitchen last evening, and for the present your
 evenings will be spent in my room. You may go now
 and bring your books for study." "A Barlow lecture"
 said Mary to a young lady she met in the passage "I am
 not old enough to take care of myself, and am for
 the present to be under the special supervision of our
 lady Superior." "Al" said the other you are very naughty
 and I fear lectures do you little good. "Well if people were
 less suspicious they would have less cause to complain
 of me." "Well why is it?" said the other, "that we are not all
 troubled in the same way?" "Partiality." said Mary
 and moved quickly on to her own room: but not so
 quickly but she heard her companion say, "You cannot
 think so Mary you well know there is no partiality here."
 "We are to have visitors for a day or two," said Miss
 Barlow one evening soon after, "Miss Grant and Mr Benson
 Emma Benson's brother will be here to-morrow. The young
 ladies generally need no charges as to their deportment
 but any disrespect whatever will not pass unnoticed."
 Frank Benson and Emma Grant spent two days at

Glensaken: days delightfully interesting to all except
 Mary Winslow; who, though she for some unaccountable
 cause became very affable and agreeable declared she
 was never so disgusted in her life as with Emma Grant
 when George Newton was present. To Mr Newton she made
 herself particularly agreeable and ingratiated herself com-
 pletely into his favor. I think, said he one day to Miss
 Barlow, that Miss Winslow is a splendid girl, what a flash-
 ing black eye, and intellectual face: how talented and
 yet how unassuming and graceful. I declare she's perfectly
 fascinating. "I suppose," said Miss Barlow, "there's no need
 of cautioning you, since one so nobly worthy has your
 heart in keeping." "My honor almost takes offence at
 the suggestion," he replied, "yet while I pledge my heart's
 best and truest affections to one, may I not with impu-
 nity admire and esteem others? Certainly - certainly," said
 Miss Barlow, "but your slight acquaintance with Miss Barlow
 will hardly warrant the use of terms quite as strong. It
 will do better for Frank if he chooses, to go into raptures about
 the fascinations of Miss Winslow." Frank who was busily
 reading in another part of the room had not noticed
 the conversation, but now turned abruptly and with the
 vacant look of one just waked from a dream, said,
 "Excuse my inattention, but did you speak to me
 Miss Barlow?" "Oh no," said she, "I merely proposed trans-
 ferring Newton's feelings of admiration for Miss Winslow
 to you, as being probably more free to exercise them."
 "Thank you Miss Barlow for your kind intentions," said he,
 "but feelings are not so transferable."

I have not the moral ability to accept nor to bestow them, and then I could hardly go into papers about a person with whom I am so slightly acquainted". Mr. Newton bit his lip as he noticed a look of dissatisfaction on the countenances of both auditors, and he immediately left the room, saying as he went "What can have detained Emma so long!"

"Mary Winstow", said Frank, "possesses all may see no ordinary share of talents, or personal beauty. I think too she has a quick perception of character. She might have been all George thinks her, but she has suffered her talents if I mistake not to incline in the worst direction, and to suppress the good in her nature, while the evil is made more evil and the dark still darker. Art and intrigue render her an object to be feared and shunned, as the mariner would shun the Siltken rocks and shoals that lie waiting to dash his bark in pieces. I do not wish to say any thing to George to lessen his esteem of any one: though I would not for an instant hesitate if I supposed he could be in danger." "Danger - Oh no - I presume not," said Miss Barlow "but I confess I am sorry he has so little penetration." "Miss Winstow is an artist of no common power," said Frank and if I mistake not has diligently studied the weak points of my friend's character." "She seems too," said Miss Barlow, suddenly very strongly attacked to Emma "I did not believe her capable of feeling as much affection for any one, for unsatiated passions eat up the affections as the canker worm the rose.

Before George's arrival, and now when he is not present, she manifests no fondness for her, but how quietly she changes when he appears."

The first flowers of Spring, were just coax'd by the sunbeams to open their fresh bright petals and give their fragrance to the air. When George went out, he stood moodily in the open doorway, thinking to himself, "What a strange world this is, and even those whom we have ever considered sensible and consistent, have, if you study their characters, no small share of inconsistent ideas borrow'd from the world around them. I am sorry if a gentleman cannot admire one lady while he loves another, without censure. But Emma is not so. Ah there they are,"—said he, as he saw Emma and Mary Winston coming up the path together, and immediately started to meet them. "May flowers ladies—May flowers," said he, "Oh tenants, now I really think you ought to take me back with you, and allow me the pleasure of picking some for myself. I want to see where they grow." "I merely came out for a moment's enjoyment of this refreshing air, and lovely prospect said Emma, when an invitation a few moments since from Mary to visit the grove for some wild flowers, proved too great a temptation to be resisted; and as she was the tempter in the former instance I will refer it to her whether we shall both be tempted by you to retrace our steps." "Oh if left to me," said Mary "I shall be most happy to yield to the temptation." tempter; this is by far too fine an evening to be idled

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continual Sundering of ties, I wonder your heart is not already broken, Always preparing young ladies to leave you, and here now is Miss Winslow, your pupil for three years past, and in a few weeks you must part with her, and no doubt an interesting class." That said Miss Barlow is the teacher's lot; her life is made up of reverses, meetings and partings. But it is not," she added, "without its pleasures, however great its responsibilities may be."

"True," said Frank, "the consciousness of being useful always confers pleasure." And how many seekers after happiness," said Emma, "never dream of finding it in that way; they will selfishly search the whole world for something, for their own individual enjoyment, and talk of killing time, in a way that shows they are as far from the source of true happiness as ever. Little do they know how rich in quiet enjoyment each golden moment comes, when the busy brain or busy fingers load them with some useful work." "But I am inclined to think cousin," said Frank smiling that ennui is an attendant of your sex rather than ours." "Certainly, I grant it," said Emma. "It is only to the more worthless among the stronger sex that it often makes its appearance. But what can a rich idle woman do? She has been taught to consider herself born to be a play thing, to be admired and petted; she has been taught that to man was given the mind and strength; to woman the grace, beauty and weakness, but this does not prevent the continual desire for something nobler. She may visit places of amusement,

and travel, and converse with those she meets in a ¹⁴⁵ certain sphere; may read the fashionable literature of the day, and is even at liberty to dive into the more erudite writings of the learned. But what object has she in all this? Surely none but self gratification: for what else was a rich and fashionable lady made for? But this cannot satisfy an immortal mind, a mind, it may be to whom ten talents have been given, and those ten talents to be accounted for. And apart from that consideration what happiness has life without an object? I have sometimes look'd upon a complicated machine laid by useless for years and render'd useless forever by the rust that had so corroded it that its more delicate portions would snap at a touch. I have compared it to one of these useless human machines, whom God endow'd with every faculty, but disuse has allow'd this canker-ing ennui and the ever getting desire for something more, to gnaw at the heart and feed upon the nerves till they are ready snap at the slightest touch.

I like your comparison said George for its truthfulness; but you must add that in both instances daily exercise of the faculties would not only have preserved them from rust but enabled them to ~~work~~ ^{last} very much longer, and in one use would have increas'd their worth and power." "Certainly," said Emma, and I should think that would also be sufficient inducement for useful exertion, for we all love life and health. "And for our health," said Miss Barlow, I think we should certainly return immediately to the house, for the atmo-

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phere is becoming very damp. I have but this moment
become aware how late it is.

Miss Winslow; said she when they had returned home,
"It is our hour for study"; and turning to the others, she
remarked. "My pupils' hours for study are also mine,
unless something of much importance demands my
attention. and as it is rather necessary that I should
spend an hour in my room this evening I beg you
would excuse my doing so. but pardon me Miss
Grant, I was very careless to forget that I was leaving
both these gentlemen for you to entertain alone."

"I think I can set all things right," quietly remarked
Frank, and make the hour pass perfectly agreeable
to the wishes of ^{all} parties. I want very much to take an
evening stroll ~~alone~~ about the village, and George
I know would of all things enjoy remaining here, to be
entertained alone: and if ^{it} may be allowed so bold a
conjecture my cousin Emma would desire nothing
better than entertaining him alone. So good evening to
you all and a happy hour. "That is an odd fellow,"
said George laughing, after he had gone out, "but a
happier or a better one I believe could not be found."

"He call anything odd," said Emma "that is not
common and in that signification Frank is very odd
indeed. He is an only son, yes, we an only child,
possessed of superior attainments and every advantage
that money can bestow: he seems to possess all the
good and noble attributes of human nature without
its evils. I have studied his character much and have
examined it carefully, to find where that curse of

humanity might be, and in what it consisted, ¹⁸⁴⁷
namely pride. But I have not yet discovered its lurking
place in his nature". I believe said George that
he does not take time to think of himself, he is so engrossed
in study or the welfare of others. I presume he has now gone
to relieve some suffering wretch he has found a mile or two
off. He went out alone yesterday to reconnoitre he said.
I believe he will make a second Howard. It is quite true
I think he began to think of marrying some one, but he seems
to have only respect for the ladies. I think now Miss Winslow
would be exactly suited to him. Emma, supposing we
in a quiet way should endeavor to bring that about.
Emma look'd up astonished but in a moment
reassuring her self possession remark'd. "No, George
I could never use my influence that way. Frank
and Mary Winslow have an opportunity of becoming
acquainted, and are no doubt much more so than
you imagine. But do not let us say any thing
more about the matter, only" said she smiling,
"allow me to add that I hope Cousin Frank will not
marry till he finds some one every way worthy
of him." And is that insinuating," said George
that Miss Winslow is not? Where can you find a more
interesting girl, beautiful accomplished, amiable,
possessing every advantage? "Come" said she play-
fully, we will not enter into a discussion, as to the
merits of Miss Winslow, she is beautiful and talented,
and may be a bright ornament in the social circle".
Mr Newton look'd at her a moment with a expression
which she readily construed as accusing her of injustice to
one of her sex, no uncommon fault I am sorry to say

but one of which Emma Grant was the last to be ¹⁴⁴ guilty. "Alas," said he there is no perfection in human nature; "No - no," said Emma we must not expect that, but the good we find let us love, and when we would censure others turn and look into our own hearts."

But where, you will say, was Frank Benson all this time? I will tell you. He went very quickly away after he left the company at Glenoaken, and seemingly regardless of the full moon shining in the heavens and the little pale stars that look'd down upon him. And though the air was perfectly still and no sound save the croaking from the distant pond disturbed the silence, though in fine it was just such an evening as he dearly loved, one in which he would give himself up wholly to meditation, yet he walk'd rapidly on, up hill and down, neither turning to the right nor left, till he knock'd at a poor hut about a mile and a half from Glenoaken. "That is he I know," said a voice from within, "open the door John. I knew he would come, such a face as his is not one to deceive." The door open'd to Frank an exhibition of poverty such as is often to be seen in large cities, but very seldom in the country. "How are you to-day my friend?" said he to a middle aged man who rose to meet him. "My back does not trouble me quite so much sir I thank you, the doctor I consulted after seeing you gave me something which seems to strengthen it very much, but he says I must not think of working this month yet, my wife thinks if she and Lucy could get work we might get

along, but we are strangers here and do not know where ¹²⁴⁹ to apply. They took in sewing and washing in the city, but it was a mere pittance Lucy got for her sewing, and almost ruined her eyes, with doing the nice work by candle light. It was very hard too for my wife to wash and take care of her baby, and little Tommy, and Frank, and then she very often sat up till midnight, to do the coarse sewing she took. We thought we could live cheaper here in the country, and if they had to work hard we should have pure air and good water, and could perhaps have a little garden and raise our own vegetables. Ah," said Frank smiling, "I was not aware you were strangers in this place, and was wondering some of our benevolent people about, had not been before me in the privilege of assisting you. How long have you been here?" "Only a week sir, when I met you in the street yesterday I forgot to tell you I was not known to an individual in the place, and you are sir the only one who has inquired into my circumstances." "It is not every one," said Frank who takes the liberty to question strangers about every thing, but it is an odd habit of mine, and as I have been sometimes in this way led to be of service to some, I have resolved not yet to lay it aside." "God has given you the disposition to do good young man, and where one is seeking objects for usefulness, they will not be wanting. What you gave me yesterday furnished me with a physician and set my mind at ease about the wants of to-day, for my wife with the remainder purchased food enough to last us all more than a

week, besides paying for our garden's being plough'd ¹⁴⁰
and getting a new pair of shoes for Sussey. She could not
go to Church and Sabbath School till she had some."

"How many children have you?" asked Frank.

"Six Sir, Lucy is the oldest; she'll be fifteen next
month, then we lost the one next to her, he was a fine prom-
ising lad Sir, and was cabin boy in the Coagmut
Steamer when it was burnt. My wife has never got over
that, and never will," "He was lost then," said Frank in a
whisper, while a shudder pass'd through his frame.

"Yes," said the man, while he wiped a tear from his eye
with his coarse sleeve, "yes, they were racing thro' and
and 'twas said too they had liquor on board that
they should not, and the Captain had been using it
too freely, but I don't know, I don't know, it was a
dreadful blow and I have tried to be reconciled to
it, because it was God's will it should be so, and I
believe I feel submissive." The scene was too much for
Frank, a choking sensation fill'd his throat and stick-
ing hands with the man and as he did so placing in
his hand a bank bill of considerable value, he pass'd
noiselessly from the house. Glenoaken was still
when he returned, and though the next day its visitors
were to return to their respective homes Frank resolved to
make arrangements before he went for the comfort
and happiness of his new acquaintance, and accordingly
the next morning held a long consultation with
George whom he knew would esteem it a privilege to ben-
efit a suffering being.

Chapter 16th

How can you turn from one so gently fair
And say there are no sweet attractions there,
How can you look in scornful, bitter pride
On one so rich in goodness by your side!

Emma Grant and her cousin spent several days at Glenoaken, and as Mr Newton seemed unable to absent himself from their society Miss Barlow begged he would consider himself also a guest. The visit was highly enjoy'd by all parties, particularly the young ladies of the school, to whom it was quite an ere in their school life. But it was like other brilliant things in this existence flashing a little time and then extinguish'd. And they had now all gone; Emma back to her mother, Frank to his home and duties at Rose Valley, and Mr Newton to his studies of theology.

Vacation had come again, and Mr Winslow arriv'd with Lottie to witness the examination and take Mary home. Mr Winslow had often visited his daughter during the term of her school studies, though she had never express'd a wish to return home. She always greeted him with the indifference of a stranger and parted with him with a careless Good bye.

"My daughter Lottie," said he to Miss Barlow as ^{she} met them at their arrival in the hall. "Ah I thought so," said she greeting Lottie with the familiarity of an old friend. "I have for some time known her, though she would not

probably acknowledge the acquaintance."

Both Mr Winslow and Lotie look'd pleas'd, for they thought of no other medium of acquaintance than Mary who was present and remark'd, "I really do not know that I ever named her to you, and cannot conjecture I am sure where you ever heard of her."

Emma Grant said she described both her person and character so minutely that I really became quite attach'd to both. "Emma Grant," said Lotie her eyes sparkling with pleasure, she told me all about her visit here last spring and about sister Mary, she was delighted with every thing.

And what a lovely place Glenoaken is," said she, "I fear sister you will ^{find} it dull in our quiet home after this busy, social life." "Dull," said Mary, "if it's dull I'll make it lively, any thing rather than monotonous quiet. I have written to Aunt Deborah to spend a few weeks with us soon after I get home, and she has accepted the invitation. She married a rich-
-ower and six children, I did not write for the six children to come, but the husband's invitation was of course included in hers." "I should not think," said Miss Barton, "you could find yourself lonely with such a companion as your sister?" "Lottie!" she repeated, looking towards her with supreme contempt, "Lottie is yet only a child, how can she be a companion for me? besides we are very different, all our feelings and thoughts flow in different channels. The wind could blow her away, mind and body." "When you have learned to appreciate her, I think you will reverse your opinions." said

her father strength of mind is by no means indi-¹⁵³
cated by the physical powers. though it might be in
your favor to consider it so. If you possessed a portion of
her sensitiveness, I think it would be no disadvantage
to you." "Sensitiveness ab- that is a characteristic of
weakness," said Mary, "I wish no such quality."

"I think you are mistaken," said Miss Barlow, "it is an
indication of refined feeling," "Fine feelings ah yes,
minute I suppose, and consequently a minute mind,
your definition corresponds precisely with my own."

Miss Barlow bit her lip and seeing Lottie could with
difficulty keep back her tears, which were struggling
to burst forth while her face was crimson with mortifi-
cation, she said, "Come Miss Lottie since your sister
Mary is so blinded by her own perfections as to be
indifferent to your society, I shall beg the pleasure of
your company in my own room till tea time. Your
father I know will excuse^{us} and may perhaps like a
little conversation with Mary undisturbed."

To this proposition Lottie very gladly assented and was
soon in peaceable possession of a little rocking chair at
Miss Barlow's window.

"I am better acquainted with
you than you may imagine," said that lady, "I have some
little pieces of yours which I think are admirable sketches
for one of your age and advantages, perhaps I should not
however have said this to you, had it not been for
your sister Mary's remarks. She has many very
erroneous opinions which I have labored hard to
counteract but in vain. As her sister, and one who
must necessarily be much with her I would give

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you some advice, which however may be useless to
one of your quiet nature. No one can possess a haughty
and imperious spirit and be happy, or make others so.
Such persons need our compassion, however little they
may seem to deserve it. They seem to fancy their
thoughts, feelings, and every attribute of their minds su-
perior to those around them: they love themselves so
well that they forget they have any duty to perform
to others: they are so wrapped in their own feelings,
they care not to regard others: they think they are not
appreciated because they are not beloved: and think
by estimating others low, they shall rise in the scale
of popularity. You perhaps already understand
your sister's character, which early culture badly
directed, badly inclined. She will wound your sensitive
heart in a thousand ways, as I have just seen her do.
She is evidently prejudiced against you. Strive to
subdue that prejudice by unswerving kindness: do not
notice her unjust remarks: improve every opportunity
you have of benefiting her: in all your conduct towards her
endeavor to display a true Christian character, but
do not I beg of you think yourself all she may call
you: take not her words to your heart and let her see
they are disregarded. By your father's request I say
this to you, as being I think thoroughly acquainted
with her disposition." "Oh," said Lottie, "I am so sorry
sister Mary is not all we hoped. Emma Grant
thought her very greatly improved, and Mr Newton
who is you know her intimate friend, said he was
perfectly charmed with her." "I know," said Miss Barlow

they were the dupes of false appearances, but it was ^{1 1/2} not necessary I should undeceive them: there was no prospect that to do so could possibly be beneficial to either of them, but with you it is far otherwise, and seems important that you should understand her true character, lest she may deceive you as to your own: for believe me, few of us know ourselves, perhaps often not as well as others know us, and as people are often inflated with false opinions of their own merits, so it is sometimes the case that persons are oppress'd with too keen a sense of their demerits, and become depress'd and unhappy by being brought into contact with persons who would abase them in their own estimation.

Lottie thank'd Miss Barlow for the interest she took in her safety and almost distrustfully, "I know," said Miss Barlow when she was alone, "that I have performed a thankless office, it was truly an unpleasant one, and if I have spoken plainly to Lottie and her father, of Mary's propensities, I have much more so to Mary herself, and to some others.* George Newton thinks her perfectly charming, alas—alas for the deceitfulness of the human heart, the mockery which art will dress to the semblance of reality! Could he have look'd into the depth of her heart, could he have seen her as I every day see her, wounding the sensitive, exciting the irritable, creating discord, insinuating evil against the absent and defenceless, and that haughty, commanding spirit too, he could never think her charming!"

The next morning Mr. Winslow and Lottie with Mary left Glenoaken. They were in their own carriage,

preferring it to hurried and dusty coach ^{travel}.
Mary provided herself with a book, saying she could
never endure the weariness of traveling with father and
Lotte and depending solely on them for company. They
will be capital companions for each other, said she
and will be far better satisfied if I employ myself
with a book. Sometimes Mr Winslow endeavored
to lead her into conversation, but she did not
deign to raise her eyes from her book, and always an-
swered him hastily in monosyllables, and soon he
allowed her to remain in her chosen position entirely
uninterrupted. When they stopped as they occasionally
did to rest and feed their horses and take refresh-
ments themselves, Mary maintained a severe silence,
looking with proud dignity upon those she chanced
to meet, and speaking in the imperative to Lotte
whenever she happened to speak to her at all.

Mr Winslow was pleased that Lotte complied with
every command with the same easy politeness as
if it had been the most delicately framed re-
quest: and that she took no notice of her haughty
looks and impertinent expressions.

Mary Winslow had more than once declared herself
perfectly independent, and perhaps she was as much
so as one can be if money can procure independence.
She had her mother's property, and it was no in-
considerable sum, the income from it had never yet been
spent: and this circumstance added not a little to
her proud and overbearing temper. To Lotte, this
journey would have afforded very great pleasure,

had she found in her sister a congenial companion,
 as it was she strove to divert her fathers mind from
 unpleasant thoughts, and talk'd of every thing they
 saw with lively interest. Mary was deeply absorbed
 in her book when they reach'd one evening the avenue
 that led to their own door. Lottie look'd inquiringly
 that way and at length remark'd to her, "Sister
 Mary do you know where you are?" "It is a matter of in-
 difference," she replied, "but look up sister," said Lottie
 perseveringly, "and see if you recollect these old trees."
 "Don't interrupt me," said she, but the next instant
 the carriage stopped, and Mrs Winslow was at the
 door to receive them. She greeted Mary with that same
 affectionate kindness, with which she imprinted a kiss
 upon her forehead years ago, though she felt not as then
 that in her she had indeed and truth found a ~~son~~
 daughter. To her home friends Mary was never deceit-
 ful, she would not take the trouble, and she knew they
 would neither reveal her faults or do otherwise than
 treat her kindly. She threw herself into a chair and
 look'd about the apartment. "Well I really don't
 see any thing new, the same old carpet, chairs, tables
 and Sofa, and even the crickets in precisely the very
 same places they were when I went away. And if
 there are at the same great glass lamps and porce-
 -lain vases, all arranged in the same way. Oh this
 monotonous uniformity. I'll make some change, or
 I'm more mistaken than usual. Shall I have the
 same room that I formerly occupied?"

"Yes," said Mrs Winslow, "if you like it and there too I am afraid you will complain of uniformity. Every thing is about as you left it." Mary walk'd up stairs and as she opened the door of her room exclaim'd "I should think it had not been look'd into since I went away, even the same curtains hoop'd up in the same way, showing the same green blinds, and even every chair not an inch from the same position."

"Yes, but is not it neat and comfortable?" whisper'd a voice in her ear, and turning she saw Lottie's pale face looking anxiously at her. "Yes too much so," said Mary, "if there were only a few threads and straws on the carpet, a chair turned up side down or even a bit of dust on the furniture that one might make figures visible through." Oh all that is very easily done said Lottie turning a chair upside down, very carefully, and as to straws, why I might have to go farther than I'd wish to get them, but to gratify my sister I'd do it, and bring a little dust to powder her bureau, and dressing table if she desired it. Ah I have a spool of thread in my pocket; and she began unrolling and breaking it. No no said Mary I don't want it. I won't have it on the carpet, but you may open one of those blinds and I'll see if every thing without is as changeless as every thing within. Some things have grown a little in three years as well as yourself and I, said Lottie, "and there is a new walk laid out and a line of pair trees on each side. It was father's fancy and I think it a very good one."

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They are very thrifty and father says in a few years they will probably yield abundantly; they are of the best varieties too. It is but a few years ago you know since the back avenue was laid out and ~~bordered~~ bordered with cherry trees. I do not remember it 'tis true, but I know it is not very long; and now we have enough to supply the neighborhood, and they are nice too! Father thinks it much better than planting ornamental trees, or rather I should say, trees which are only ornamental, for I think any tree beautiful. "Any tree beautiful?" exclaimed Mary contemptuously "what taste! I never saw any beauty yet in a fruit tree, it is a plebeian thing and only low minds can admire it. What father wants to border his walks with fruit trees for I cannot imagine, but it is the profit of it no doubt, for my part I am thankful for my independence, and that I am so near having the control of myself, and my property. "Well sister" said Lotte rising "perhaps you would prefer being left alone, unless I can in some way assist you." "Assist me, no who have you now for a servant?" "I believe you never keep but one." "But one house-servant" said Lotte, for Mother and I prefer doing some things ourselves and Margaret is quite sufficient. Margaret ah you had a Margaret when I was here before, it is not the same is it?" "Yes the same" said Lotte "and a very good girl she is." Why she went away declaring she would never come back again, said Mary. "Yes," said Lotte "but she only staid two or three weeks and I do not know as she has ever thought

of leaving us since. I hope you will like her." "The! Aunt Mary what should I care what kind of a servant you have, Aunt Deborah always taught me they were but a higher species of cattle who would do my bidding. I should never bestow a thought on them farther than to see that my orders were obey'd." "They are intelligent creatures like ourselves," said Lotte mildly possess'd of the same feelings and attributes and regarded by Heaven as of the same great family, whether they are white or black, as ourselves." "Nonsense how do you know how they're regarded by Heaven I should like to know? It's my opinion if you were to go there you'd find as many grades and classes there as here." "I know nothing about the grades and classes there" said Lotte, and was out speaking of them, but as Heaven is a holy place, and none but the holy can go there, it will be the grade of goodness, not the grade of intelligence that will be considered there." "Pooh! that sounds just like your mother, you're a second edition of her in every thing: if you were more like me, I could bear with you better, but I don't like moralizing and preaching, nor any body very well that weighs and measures every word and cuts off every sentence just in the proper place, and uses no tones but those that are soft and musical, for fear of scraping up somebody's feelings, or running a little ways beyond the truth." "Well sister you will hear the bell for tea shortly," said Lotte turning to go down. "There don't call me sister again" Lotte said Mary, I hate the silly sound, it reminds me of unbaked dough."

"well I will not if it offends you. Shall I say Miss Winslow?" said she laughing. "No Mary without any prefix!" "well then Mary Dear tea will be soon ready!" "That is worse still, never call me dear again, for I am dear to nobody and nobody's dear to me!" "Then I must be allow'd to pity you Mary, for I think you must be unhappy," said her sister.

The next afternoon Emma Grant call'd and Mr Newton with her. Mary was a long time preparing to see them, and when she did present herself was dress'd with much elegance and care, though with simplicity. Mrs Winslow's countenance assum'd an expression of pleasurable surprise as Mary enter'd and with the utmost affability and cordiality extended her hand to her guests.

Lottie too was struck into silence at this new and unexpected change in her sister's character, and could only look and admire, and wish too that she was always what she then seem'd, and think how much they should all love her; how much dearer and more brilliant home would be, and how much every little pleasure would be brighten'd by her fascinating smile.

"Are you not well to-day Lottie?" said Emma, "Oh yes perfectly," was the reply. "A little absent minded I fancy," said her mother smiling, "and it is I think no new complaint, though I am sorry to see symptoms of it in company." Lottie blush'd and excus'd herself as well as she could, saying that though absent minded her mind was not absent from the company. Mr Newton was too much

engrossed in conversation with Mary to notice Lottie
 much, and Emma soon interested herself in talking
 with Mrs Winslow about the new Minister Mr Luellon,
 and his family, who had just taken a house near
 them and upon whom Emma and Mr Newton had just
 call'd. "I think you will like Mrs Luellon very
 much" said she, "she is just one of those persons in whose
 character we feel at first sight, we cannot be mis-
 taken. Habitual goodness is express'd in every word
 look and motion. She has two little girls and a boy
 and from the quietness you could never imagine there
 was a child in the house. Is it not true Mrs Winslow
 that a minister and his family may do almost as
 much good by their example in the practice of every
 Christian duty, and kindness, as he may do in the pul-
 pit?" "I think no person can do much good in public
 life whose private history corresponds not with his
 teachings," said Mrs Winslow. "We must be what we
 woe others to become, or there will be, and rightly too,
 enough to say. Physician heal thyself! It is always
 delightful to me to see any professed Christian what-
 ever his influence may be acting consistently with
 his profession; but to see a minister following the
 strait and narrow path, and his wife keeping closely
 by his side, not bidding him turn to engage in
 this folly and that, but smiling upon, if she cannot
 aid his endeavors to benefit others. I think there
 is the foundation of usefulness and happiness. Emma
 there is more depending upon a minister's wife I verily

believe than himself. If to man has been given the greater physical strength, woman has the power of winning her way almost wherever, and ~~whenever~~ whenever she pleases, and consequently the influence of a wife is I think much greater than the husband in respect to each other generally. We do not consider this as we should, though if we observe human nature closely we cannot fail to be impressed with it."

"But do you think Mrs Winslow that it is the duty of a pastor's wife to take upon herself parish responsibilities, to feel herself call'd upon to act as leader in every female meeting or assembly, and be first in all benevolent enterprises?" "I feel an impropriety in her doing so," said Mrs Winslow, if her inclinations prompt her to it, but I am far from considering it her duty, more than other female church members.

Indeed there is in every parish I think many ladies who have far less to occupy their time, and thoughts, and generally some who are never better pleas'd than when taking the lead in something. I would not however by any means prescribe duties for others, we have all a sense of what we can, and ought to do, and that which God gives us, is our best director.

During this conversation Lottie was the only person present unoccupied: and indeed she was not so, if observing others, and watching the different colorings and shades, of thought and feeling which flitted over the countenances, and judging from the shadows what the substance was, could be call'd occupation.

It was a proud pleasure Mary felt in having George Newton all to herself, while he seemed to have forgotten entirely there were any other persons present. Even Lottie felt distressed, she knew not why, but there was something in the countenance of both that made her involuntarily wish that Emma and her mother would cease their conversation and join them. At length Emma proposed going home, after having invited Mary and Lottie to spend the next afternoon with them. "What so soon going," cried Mary, looking at Emma to whom she had scarcely addressed a word since she came, "we must not be ceremonious in the country." "I am never ceremonious you know," said Emma "but I really feel, my time is this afternoon limited." "I am truly sorry Miss Grant," said George "that we have not a little piece of time we could lend you to put in here." "I fear," said Emma smiling, "that I should never see the time I was ready to pay to you, so if you have any spare minutes I beg you'd use them yourself, to the best advantage." So saying, she bade the company good afternoon, and with Mr Newton left the house. "George Newton is a splendid fellow," said Mary when they were gone. "I wonder what he can see in Emma Grant to admire. I am sure she is nothing more than a common girl, well educated 'tis true and so are a thousand others, and amiable, even to simplicity, but she is certainly not his equal. No other than a highly talented highly beautiful woman can ever be truly

welcome to a heart like his. He wants a wife to be proud of, one to look up to as he never can to Emma Grant." "Where are few men," said Mrs Winslow "who want wives they can look up to, you probably meant a wife he could respect and certainly whom could he respect if not Emma Grant?" "No I did not mean respect, I meant one whose opinions he can respect, and whom he can consider quite his equal ~~intellectually~~." "And may he not respect Emma's opinions and consider her his equal intellectually?" "Her opinions," said Mary, "are no more than a child's she would hardly dare advance any in his presence, and as to her being his equal, her mind is a point in comparison." "Ah," said Mrs Winslow, "he must then be possess'd of a greater mind than I supposed any human being to have been gifted with. I think he will never in this life find his equal." "He may find one nearer suited to him though," said Mary and possessing a fortune nearer corresponding to his own. He is an only son, and his father very wealthy." "If he has riches," said her mother "that is quite sufficient. Enough, is all we can use, more than that is an encumbrance." "Well I wish I had to-day at my command a million, even though I knew I never should use a cent of it." "And what would you do with it?" ask'd Mrs Winslow. "Do with it," why nothing," said Mary, "but go over my estates and make my inferiors feel my influence." "Would it teach you better how to die?" ask'd Lotte in

a low voice. "Nonsense Lottie what are you always talking about such things for, Mr Luellow preaches enough, if he does not I advise him to have you settled with him as Colleague. you'd be capital on practical sermons." Mrs Winslow at that moment thought of some duties to be attended to, and sighing, laid her sewing in her work-basket and left the room.

"What ails you Lottie?" said Mary "why you're as mute as the picture of your grandmother and look something like it now. Any thing trouble your little soul?" "Yes," said Lottie, "my little soul is thoroughly sorry to hear you speak of one it loves as you do of Emma Grant." "Why monstrous child—how your tone startled me," said Mary mockingly. "You consider Emma Grant a wonderful being don't you, but you are not yet acquainted with your half sister Mary." "I think you do not appreciate Emma," said Lottie sorrowfully. "but you will, you cannot help it when you know her as I do. I wish I were like her." "Would you rather be like her than me," said Mary. Lottie hesitated a moment, and then replied, "Yes as you are now I would much rather be like her, but if you were always what you appeared when Emma and Mr Weston first came in to-day, I should love you very much indeed." "I care for nobody's love," said Mary, "the word is not in my vocabulary unless however I have an object in view that requires it for its accomplishment." "There comes father with a letter for some one," said Lottie, "I hope it's mine."

"It's mine undoubtedly" said Mary "but you look as if a letter were a thing to start at, I have left half a dozen unsealed upon my table all day and neither knew who they came from nor cared; they were generally from home or Aunt Deborah, or Uncle Roland. There I told you it was for me", said she as her father advancing with a smile threw it into her lap. "Now who is it from?" said Lottie; "Oh I don't know," said Mary deliberately dropping it into her pocket. At the tea table her father said to her, "A letter from your Aunt was it Mary? and what is the news?" "I don't know," was the reply, "I have 'at looked at it," "Do you usually," said her father, "allow your letters to remain so long unsealed?" "Oh I sometimes forget them and let them be a week, and once I had a letter from home that was in my pocket a fortnight before I read it." "Well I should be very glad if you would look at that soon," said he, "I believe you said they were to visit us about this time, and it would be quite convenient to know when to expect them." "Oh well," said she taking the letter from her pocket and tossing it towards him, "it can contain nothing worth being considered private, so please break it and read for yourself." "I do not break the seals of other people's letters," said he, handing it back to her. "Well then there" - said she as she tore the envelope wholly off, and mutilated not a little the enclosed sheet. "Will you please read it yourself?" said he. "It's too much trouble," said she, "but Lottie may do so

if you will not." Lotie therefore took the letter and read it aloud to the company. It was from Aunt Deborah and informed them that the next week they might expect herself and husband with the two youngest children, which they could not conveniently leave. Mary did not, she said name her father and Mrs Winslow's concurrence with her in the invitation, but she inferred that of course they did so, or she would not have urged her acceptance as she did. Both Mr and Mrs Winslow were silent; they could not say Mary had done right in not consulting their wishes, neither did they anticipate much pleasure from Aunt Deborah's visit. She had had the chief control of Mary in her early childhood, had indeed laid the foundation of her character, or rather I should say suffered her to lay it for herself. "Young Quiddels!" said Mary, "I did not write for them, and I don't want them, I wish I had not invited any of them. Old Quiddel's quite enough, it's a pity any one should live to be as old as Aunt Deborah and then marry seven, and Quiddels too, I abominate the whole race! and John and Jimmy never think of minding her or any body else, if they can help it. The whole house will be upside down all the time they're here, and there'll be nothing heard but scolding, crying, and whipping;" "I fear," said her father you are somewhat given to exaggeration Mary; "Well I should not think you'd fear I'd exaggerated there I should think you'd hope it, but you'll find it serious truth and wish heartily as I do, that the

Quirrels had never thought of coming, and with ¹⁶⁹ a very unladylike jerk she threw her chair round and flushing with anger ran up stairs to her room. Mr Winslow quietly took the evening paper from his pocket, and offered it to his wife who declined it, as she had not then time for reading. "Well Lottie," said he, "this is something you never refuse, if it is accompanied with the request that you read it to your father, and mother." Lottie with a pleasant smile took the paper saying, "Oh father, this is always a treat to me, you know I like to read loud, and then you know I am selfish, I have the first-reading too." Mrs Winslow instantly resumed her sewing, saying "Lottie's reading would certainly be a great favor!" Mr Winslow threw himself upon the sofa, apparently very busily engaged in wringing his handkerchief about his head and arm, and unwinding the same. Mary is in her room comparing herself with all the world and concluding that she has few equals. She has passions she knows, but passions strong and unyielding are indicative of a strong mind and noble energies. She is not, she knows amiable and makes no pretensions to being so. She is haughty and overbearing she is aware, and does not in the least endeavor to conceal it. She is an annoyance to many around her, but rejoices in the reflection that she can be just what she pleases, that she can with a word or a frown drive whomsoever she will from her, or with her winning smiles and affable manners bind them to her will. Before the mirror in her room

she says "Incomparably beautiful! where shall one find another face and form like that?" Truly Aunt Deborah and Uncle Roland tell me when a little child, that I should yet be the belle of the whole country. Oh pride how detestible dost thou make thy votaries! What meagre, what chaffy food dost thou give them to inflate them and make them say, "I am great," Miserable greatness! Gifts which belong to God alone, so misdirected, so misimproved that humility instead of pride should whisper "I am nothing." God alone can bestow personal favors, and He never bestows them without an object. They are never granted to make their possessor haughty or vain, they increase his responsibilities, and he is expected to improve all that is given him, in a manner that shall be acceptable to the Great Dispenser of every good.

Chapter 17th

This is the way ye train what must be men,
And they will show what training they've had then,
Nor will time bound the influence ye bestow,
'Tis for eternity, this seed ye sow.

"Aunt Deborah is actually arrived," said Lottie hastily, as she opened the door of Mary's room one afternoon. "Ah - she has - has she?" said Mary. Well I will be down directly, but stop, she is not your Aunt Deborah remember, and to you she is, and must be Mrs Lueddel: her visit is intended expressly for me as I am the only relative she has in the family,

But how many are come? A gentleman I presume her husband, and two children, and a person I suppose a servant, to take care of the children. I have not yet had an introduction to them as they were not in when I came up. Mary was not long in descending to the parlor, where she found ~~James~~ ^{Jemmy} trying lustily to ride further, and the whole party misbehaving Mrs Winslow trying in vain to pacify him. Aunt Deborah scolded and stamp'd, and threaten'd to shut him up in the dark where the lizards would eat him; his father couj'd and gave him sugar plums and candy, which he as rapidly threw spitefully on the carpet, and they flew in all directions over the room. "I'll whip ~~him~~ ^{him}" said Aunt Deborah, her face red with anger, "he shall learn not to make such a tumult as this," and she attempted to take the child but the father interposed. "No - no - wife you are in a passion now yourself. Jemmy will be a good boy pretty soon. Come Jemmy look at Cousin Mary. Cousin Mary loves him when he's a good boy and does it - only, here" said he carrying him up to Cousin Mary to whom he gave a sensible tribute of his attachment by a tremendous kick upon her elbow which made her scream out and start from her seat, all her native anger and impatience rising in her reddening face. "You little villain! you're not my cousin and I'm glad you're not, I would not own you for one. Aunt Deborah what on earth did you bring these two young ones for, I did not write for them nor want

them. When people marry half a dozen children¹⁷²
I think it's abominable they should annoy their friends
with them. "Mary perhaps is not aware what she is say-
ing" said Mrs Winslow "Jemmy no doubt will be a
very good boy by and by and will please us all
very much." "Please us," exclaimed Mary rubbing
her elbow, "kick us more likely, but I think I've
had my share of his attentions that way, and I have
no desire for his farther acquaintance." Jemmy had
by this time ceased crying and was regarding
Mary intently, for his anger had wholly overpow-
-ered his. "I am very sorry Miss Winslow, very sorry
indeed" said Mr Luiddel looking first at the door
and then at his wife, "we certainly would have remained
at home had we not supposed we should all be
welcome." "Oh" said Mrs Luiddel "I should never
think of minding what Mary says, I know her too
well for that, when her arm's done aching her anger will
go off with the pain." "We are very willing," said he ad-
-vancing to Mary and in a whispering tone, "to pay for
all trouble and expenses while we stay, but we thought a
little change might benefit the children." "Day" re-
-iterated Mary in the most contemptuous tone, "Do
you mean to insult us Mr Luiddel? We do not keep
~~the~~ ~~board~~ ~~open~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~ a boarding house, I assure
you." "Oh I meant no offence, not in the least, but I
do not," said he, "think I'm speaking to the right person.
It's to your mother, not to you I should apologise."
So saying he walk'd to the other side of the room, and
addressing Mrs Winslow said, "Perhaps it might be

better for us to return to-morrow, the children ¹⁷³
will prove too great an annoyance". "No indeed
Mr Quirrel" said she, "I should be extremely sorry
and mortified to have you take such a step.

I am very sorry Mary should thus disregard the rites
of hospitality. I sincerely hope you will not notice her
irritability, it is a misfortune which I hope when she
is older she will find means to remedy."

Mary was sullen and haughty all the remainder of
the day, and Aunt Deborah repeatedly affirmed, it
was no matter, she rather liked to see her so, she
always look'd handsomer and nobler when she was
angry; and that when she was a little child she
often vex'd her, just to see her eye flash and cheek
redden. Mr Quirrel too smoked his ^{cigar} paper leisurely
and smil'd carelessly and watch'd his two boys in-
cessantly, not caring a fig now for Mary's angry looks
seeing nobody else seem'd to attach the slightest
importance to them, though she hinted repeatedly that
his cigar smoke sh'd not all go out the window. Johnny
persisted in calling her cousin Mary and she as
determinately refused to answer him when he sh'd so.
"O here Bridget take these children out doors, in the
the kitchen or some where or other, I'm tired to death
with their noise", said Mrs Quirrel. "No no - I do
not dare to have them taken out of doors, and
they might be hurt in the kitchen, I think they
do very well where they are", said Mr Quirrel.

"And you would not care if they stunn'd me", said
Mrs Quirrel. "Oh yes my dear I should", said

the gentleman. "but people are never so easily ^{stirred} as they think they may be. To-morrow I will find a suitable place for them to play, but I think I must ask Mary's assistance in that," said he looking round at her and laughing. But Mary took no notice of his remark, but pursued her sewing with more than ordinary zeal. "I think though," said he, "from present symptoms, I should infinitely prefer Miss Lottie's company. Mary I think your Sister Lottie extremely pleasing, it's a pity that nature gave her all the amiability, I should hardly like that if I were you." "Oh" said Aunt Deborah, "these talented beings are never amiable, we cannot expect all good qualities centred in one," and she looked at Lottie as she said. "These pleasant sweet tempered things are nothing more, it is only weakness of mind that makes them so; they will do to look at, and make very good summer companions, when one doesn't feel like conversing upon very deep matters." Lottie colored deeply and wondered what she could possibly have said or done to occasion such an allusion as she well understood to herself. In a few minutes she glided away softly to her room. Mary's harsh expressions ~~and~~ and ill humor she expected, and had been taught to take no notice of; but remarks of that kind from any other she had never heard. She felt too that Mrs Quirrel's conversation would be an advantage to Mary, her opinions were not only erroneous, but dangerous. Soon after Lottie left the room Mr Winslow came in and warmly

welcomed their guests, to the hospitality of her home.¹⁷⁴
John and Jimmy were in the midst of an altercation
as to which should have a wooden gun which Bridget
was dreadfully afraid would go off. "I say he shan't
have it," said Johnny much Nat gave it to me,
and I mean to shoot Bridget with it and I will
cause she's naughty and I don't love her." "Oh Johnny
Johnny dear," said Bridget, "ye'll be funny and oh if
ye shoot me, do - do - put up the naughty wicked
thing, and may be if ye don't ye'll shoot yourself or
Jimmy or your mother." "Don't care if I do," said Johnny
tossing his head, "I don't love them neither and I guess
I wouldn't care if I shot my father, praps I'll shoot
em all." "Oh - oh" - said Bridget "oh - oh" - as she dodged
one way and another and looking as if certain her
hour had come. "Mr Mrs Quivrel - Whislow G - G
oh - oh" "What did you say" asked Mr Whislow of Mr
Quivrel for the third time "I did not hear." "What is
the matter out there Bridget?" said Mrs Quivrel,
"you silly paddy the gun can't go off ha - ha - ha
that's a good one." Bridget at length tired with
dodging, and being assured again and again that
the gun could not be made to go off, turned her flight
into weeping and threw herself down on the carpet
between the two children, for by this time the whole
party were laughing at her. "This comprises your
whole family does it Mr Quivrel," said Mr Whislow.
Mr Quivrel looked both astonished and provoked
at his ignorance of the Quivrel family, and replied
in a somewhat harsher tone than usual, "No indeed

is it possible you did not know Sir that I have ^{four} other children two away to school and two at home boarding at a friend's during our absence? Excuse my forgetfulness, said Mr Winslow, for it is probably owing to that: I must have known before.

"Here Johnny—Johnny"—said Mr Luddel give Gemmy the rattle, you know it is not yours. "Is business prosperous with you in your vicinity?" asked Mr Winslow. "No—not very—here Johnny what did I tell you about that rattle, give it to Gemmy I say."

"I won't," said Johnny in a low tone. "Mr Luddel, said the gentleman I wish you would make that boy obey me, by taking that rattle from him and giving it to Gemmy." "Why tell Bridget to do it," said she.

"No, but I choose you should, I do not like that Bridget should feel she has that authority. Well then I'd like to know why you do not do it yourself?" "Oh I do not

choose to rise, it's too much work when one gets comfortably leaned back in one's chair—with one's feet as spiring higher than one's head, indulging in a cigar that sets us all canything, or makes us all sick."

Said Mrs Luddel. "Ha— that's the way we men have to take it" said Mr Luddel looking at Mr Winslow and at the same time yawning audibly.

"There!" said Mrs Luddel as she pulled the rattle out of Johnny's hand and tossed it into Gemmy's lap, "and take that instead," as she gave him a heavy box on the ear. "You ugly old step mother" said Johnny striking at her. "I'll shoot you, I will, if my gun went off I'd get father's." "Oh does not he look

handsome"? said she to his father walking towards
him. "I do love to see him angry, he holds up his head
and looks so determined with his great flashing
eye." "Yes" said Luise, and what you'll make of
him I don't know." "Make of ~~said~~ him!" said Mrs
Luise "Something splendid I can tell you, he's
magnificent now: do only look." "Why" said
Mr Luise he looks as though he would burst
with anger, that certainly should not be indulged.
"Indulged," said Mrs Luise, I wouldn't for the
world have it curbed, why it would break down all
the energies of his noble character." "More, stand
one side," said Mr Luise "he's going to throw his
wooden gun at you, as he cannot shoot you with it."
Mrs Luise dodged just in time to avoid the
blow to which spitefulness gave force, and laughing
heartily resumed her seat and her sewing.

Mr Winslow looked at Johnny and at Mary and sighed
heavily as he thought. "Such was her training un-
fortunate child." Mary took no notice of any
one or any thing, but her countenance betray'd the
unhappiness and irritated feelings of her heart.
The next morning Mr Winslow waited breakfast
nearly an hour before all the Luises were in readi-
ness to take it. And then John and Jerry must
each be supplied with a high chair on each side
their father, and take the responsibility which
high seat people usually do, of doing the principal
part of the talking, to the infinite delight of Mr
Luise and the annoyance of every body else.

"Why did'at you Aunt Deborah if you must marry,
 get a man of common sense?" said Mary in an
 almost audible tone. "Blush Mary, I will not hear
 such remarks, or rather questions," said her Aunt.
 "Certainly Mr Luddel is no ordinary man, don't
 you see what a kind father he is?" "I see," whispered
 Mary, "what a fool he makes of himself, and how
 he is spoiling his children." "Spoiling them Mary
 they're not a jot worse than you yourself were at that
 age, you don't remember your own capers, nor how we
 all used to laugh to crown your screaming, and then you'd
 kick and scratch and use every power you had to hurt
 us if you could." "Well," said Mary "may I be preserved
 from ever marrying a widower with children." "Amen,"
 said Mr Luddel who had heard her last exclamation
 "Give me some toast," said Johnny. "No - no my son
 said his father, "there is no toast." "Well I will have
 some," said Johnny, "Where's Bridget, I will have some
 toast. Aunt Winslow get me some toast." "We have
 none Johnny," said she, "here is some nice new bread,
 and butter, and many other things, but this morning
 we do not have toast." "Well have Bridget make me
 some then," said he. "No," said Mrs Winslow, "I think it
 cannot be necessary, and I shall not request it." "Here Johnny
 said his father taking some candy from his pocket,
 "this will do better than toast." "No - no," said Johnny
 "I won't eat my breakfast if I can't have toast, and
 I'll make you all sorry if I can't have it," And soon
 he began crying in a tone that obliged every body
 to be silent till breakfast was over. "Well," said Mary

as she rose from the bath, there's no peace in the house. I never was in such a tumult in my life, and I'm sure I never'll get caught in another like it if I can help it." "Oh, don't fret yourself said Aunt Deborah it's only a little matrimonial lesson you're learning, you've complained of life's monotony and spoken of your love of excitement, and surely you cannot be troubled with ennui while we stay." There are some things worse than ennui said Mary, and I know I'd keep children stiller if I had the care of them or I'd choke them." Aunt Deborah laughed and said, "They're too nearly like you, are they?" Mary did not answer the least question but with indignation in every look and motion stepped out onto the piazza slamming the door after her. "Come Miss Lottie," said Mr Lillard "will you go with me to find a place where Bridget may take the children for an hour or so to-day? Oh yes with pleasure," and so saying she led the way to a little circle of firs and Arbo-vitae which formed a thick hedge and the centre of which was a nice grass plot, and seats. "Here," said she "is I think just the spot for them, these elms you see shade the centre completely." "Yes," said Mr Lillard, "but I'm afraid the dear children will get hurt by these rough trunks and branches, why these sharp pointed, needle shaped leaves might put their eyes out, nearly, if they should get into them. I really should 'nt dare." "Well," said Lottie looking disappointed "I would 'nt urge the matter, but here is a nice shady place, under these elm trees in this

corner. Ah yes mid for grown people, but children might fall against the rough trunks and hurt them seriously. There are," said Lottie as she turned away, "but few places where children might not be hurt, but how would you like the Summer house?" "Very well," said he, "if it was not for the steps that lead to it." "Why there are only three. I know it," said Mr Linsell but you see they are stone, and a fall there might prove a serious affair. No that would never do." "Well certainly," I can think of no place less dangerous. Could you trust Bridget to take them up to one of the chambers?" "Oh no I could never think of it, it's too warm to have the windows closed and I fear she would open them." "Can she take them to the kitchen?" inquired Lottie "there's no one there but Margaret and she's one of the nicest girls in the world." "The kitchen! Among knives, forks, spits, and boiling water, never! Lottie the very idea of what might happen makes me shudder." "Well then, I think we must give it up," said Lottie "I can think of no safer place." "There's no safer place for them than the parlor," said Mr Linsell, "and the little annoyance they occasion is nothing to what broken limbs or perhaps broken necks might be." Lottie walked slowly back to the house, thinking no doubt, what strange people there are in the world, and wondering people did not remember that God takes care of us all, and better far better care than any earthly parent can. Lottie however determined to give up her time to the amusement of John and Gemmy if they must

have them in the parlor, for she feared if that state of things continued all patience would be exhausted. So she set herself about her task in earnest and soon found matters were rapidly mending. "That just suits her", said Mary contemptuously to her aunt. "Pity she had not ventured upon it before, it would have saved us some annoyance, I believe she'll always be a child in mind, but father thinks her an angel." "We are taught to believe", said Mrs Quirel "that angels are a superior order of intelligences, and if so the title would hardly comport with the weak character of your sister Lottie. I should say it rather belonged to some one else I know, if it were not conferring too much praise".

Then Mrs Winslow entered and the conversation was changed to another subject. The weather was excessively warm, and Mrs Winslow could not obtain another servant, and was consequently obliged to assist herself, very much about domestic affairs. Still she complained not, the same gentle smile ever remained on her countenance; the same consistent Christian feelings spoke in her mild firm voice and showed themselves in every motion. "What a passive, amiable woman your step mother is, she hasn't life enough to be excited about any thing has she?" said Mrs Quirel.

"She?" said Mary "no she's just like Lottie dying of amiability. I never heard her scold in my life, though it's a thing I've tried my best efforts to accomplish".

"She must be a woman", said Mrs Quirel "of very blunted feelings, I see she takes every thing unmoved".

But let's go up to your room out of all the noise and cigar smoke. Mr Quiddel will persist in smoking in the house, however much I may dislike it: and his breath smells horribly! Oh Mary don't you marry a smoker." "You don't manage your husband Aunt Deborah as I shall mine, my word shall be law, not his, and if he smoked in the parlor, or in the house even, or if he smoke'd at all, he'd not have my company I could assure him. I never'd live with such a man as Quiddel." "You forget Mary," said her aunt, "that he is my husband;" "No, I don't but I like to tell people just what I think of their doings and I will, and I abominate Mr Quiddel, if he is your husband, and the whole race of Quiddels. Well I think we shall shorten our visit - said Mrs Quiddel indignantly, I have promised to love, honor, and obey him, and I cannot consistently listen to such remarks concerning him." "Promised to love, honor, and obey him!" said Mary scornfully, "what does he care for you? Not that," said she snapping her fingers indignantly. Aunt Deborah look'd alarmed and hurried down to the parlor, with all possible speed as if fearing she might hear something more, equally agreeable. "What a fool she is," said Mary to herself after she had gone, "to think that Quiddel ever married her because he lov'd her, if she had had no money he would not have given her a thought. I hope they'll go before George Newton comes again. I should be mortified to death to have such exhibitions in his presence."

I should begin to doubt my art, and half conclude it were impossible for me to accomplish my designs, I'll get them off before another week is gone, or there's no power in ill treatment. As to Aunt Deborah, I like her well enough, and could endure Mr Luddel himself without the children" Mary; said Lottie at the door, "Aunt Deborah is actually making preparations to leave to-morrow, I wish you would come down and urge her to remain as she has intended. I don't know what it can mean and Mr Luddel seems as much at a loss about it as any one. Aunt Deborah says she knows and that is sufficient." Mrs Luddel you mean not Aunt Deborah", said Mary "I am perfectly willing they should go whenever they think proper, and I only hope if they ever come where I am again; it will be without John and Gemmy." "Now Mary do not feel so, said Lottie it is surely very unkind to your aunt, and I fear she must have had a very disagreeable visit." "I am perfectly willing said Mary that all people that take such disagreeable Johns and Gemmys abroad with them for a few weeks should have very disagreeable visits. I'll come down directly and I guess there's little danger of their going!" As soon as Mrs Winslow found that Mrs Luddel contemplated leaving them the next morning she urged her warmly to remain longer, saying they would endeavor to make her visit more inter-

esting. John and Gemmy stoutly ^{declared} ~~affirmed~~ they would not go, and Mr Quirel ^{carriely} affirmed he had no desire to change his quarters. Gemmy declared that Lottie was better than father or mother Johnny and Bridget, and he would stay with her. Mrs Quirel was disposed for a time to be deaf to all urging, but when Mr Winslow came in and proposed an excursion on the lake that afternoon, and a collation on the island, she concluded to be prevail'd upon to remain a day or two longer. Mary obstinately refused to join the pleasure party and staid behind with John and Gemmy notwithstanding her indignation and antipathy. When they were gone she told Bridget, she wanted to take care of the children and she might go where she pleased. Bridget delighted with the permission (for it was very seldom she was allow'd in waking hours to be out of sight of them, started off directly for the garden, visited the kitchen, had a long and confidential talk with Margaret, and enjoy'd her freedom finely. Mary soon managed to raise Johnny's temper to the highest pitch, and then whipped and scolded and frightened him till he was glad at any price to keep the peace. Gemmy cried because she whipped Johnny and he was whipped almost unmercifully in return. "Now," said she, if either of you tell any body in the world of it, I'll positively whip you to death. certainly I will." This effectually silenced them, but during their stay they always look'd upon Mary

with the greatest horror, and never were again heard to say Cousin Mary. In about a week the Lindsells actually took their departure to the great joy of Mary, and the satisfaction of the whole household.

Mr Lindsell expressed himself as decidedly satisfied with his visit. He had spent his time between playing back-gammon with Lottie or some one else, and watching John and Gemmy to see that they did not get themselves into danger, joined to his unflagging industry in demolishing a box of Spanish cigars, that Mr Winslow happened to have on hand. As Aunt Deborah always thought herself the most delightful person in the world, she felt that her agreeable society had more than compensated for all the trouble John and Gemmy could have made, and she felt sure all must miss them very greatly, notwithstanding Mary's ill natured remarks which she had good reason to think meant only that she wanted an excuse for a "breed" as Mrs Lindsell said with somebody, and Mr Lindsell was the nearest subject. Mr Lindsell she was sure was a gentleman, he always dressed particularly nice, was far from ill looking, and had means sufficient to enable him to live without following any particular employment. These were good and sufficient reasons she thought why Mr Lindsell should pass for a gentleman and be treated as such in any society, and as to herself she was entitled to all the respect due her before her marriage plus all she had acquired in becoming Mrs Lindsell.

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second, and there was no reason whatever that she should not be welcomed as a lady, any where.

Chapter 14th

Strange human reason, blind human reason,
Believing whatever you choose,
Seeing perfection where all is defect,
And truth where there's falsehood alone.

Mary Winslow was in her room, she had just heard that George Newton had arrived at the hotel, and her whole thoughts were of him. "I have studied his taste and I know just what he admires" said she, "and this pale shade of pink will just suit him he dislikes profusion but he admires simplicity, rich simplicity I know. This silk is plain and elegant, and this richly wrought collar fastened by my pearl circled pin would touch his fancy admirably. My gold chain" said she taking it up, "no that would be a superfluity, something for mere ornament and I know he thinks the less jewelry about a lady's person, the more sensible she appears. I will do every thing in my power, and I know, I feel I shall succeed, and when I have once conquered and when I am fairly his or he mine why I can easily play at back again. Emma little guesses what I am up to, but she'll find out yet I am thinking, Oh how shall I rejoice when the hour comes that she knows me her successful rival. I have read all the books he told

me he so much admired, though some of them were
 honestly dull, and I have very carefully read twice
 over those he lent me, though the same might have
 been in the house years and I should not have dreamed
 of looking into one of them: but now I can talk with
 him about them, and of course shall say I admire them
 very much, because he told me only the last time I
 saw him, let me see, it was when he brought them, that
 Emma did not appreciate them. He shall know or think
 he knows, I do. As she stood before the glass adjusting
 her dress exactly in accordance with Mr Newton's taste,
 and was imagining the sensation the beauty of her
 person and fascinating grace of her manners would
 produce, she started suddenly, for she almost fancied
 a whisper in her ear saying in a reproachful tone,
 "Do you love George Newton?" and her heart would answer
 "No" but "I am proud and unyielding, he is rich and
 honored, Emma Grant is the object of my envy and
 the cause I will snatch from her. He shall marry me.
 I have will'd it and it must be so, or there is no
 efficacy in art, no power in beauty. I am sorry he is
 to be a minister, but I care little about it; he will
 not be one long, I'll answer for it: I can't imagine
 what he should wish to do any thing for: he has an
 ample fortune and that ought to be sufficient. He does
 not seem avaricious, but what else can prompt him to
 learn a profession. But I'll not care for that till he's
 mine, I must charm him to my will, and by every
 possible allurement urge him on to the final step."

By this time she was dress'd and walk'd down to the parlor to look at herself in the large mirror. It was a splendid picture as she stood there reflected in the glass, nobleness in repose was on each lineament and if you would say from the countenance, the character was one not easily defied, you would find your eye riveted, and your thoughts absorbed long upon the beautiful vision. Thus did she look long and admiringly upon herself; thus had she look'd ever since Aunt Deborah used to lift her to the table to see the very beautiful little girl in the glass, and then after she had kiss'd and become almost enraptured with it, taken her down and told her it was herself. Mary was not vain but she was proud and ambitious. Naturally, Correcting principles had not early been inculcated in her heart, and it was very long since she would have allow'd them a place there. "This old furniture", said she looking around contemptuously, has been here ever since I remember and I will have my way in this too, I will have new. It ought to be so, my father is able, and I am a young lady just entering society, my first party is to come off soon and before that there must be an entire renovation here. My step mother would of course prefer waiting till Lottie was a few years older, but that shall not be; this english carpet I was always ashamed of, I will have a nice brussels, these hair seats shall give place to rich damask or velvet, and this old sofa shall find its self superseded by two cosy chairs. I will have rich ornaments in

Peruvian marble, and no metal baser than ^{gold} shall grace our shelves. But I must without ^{delay} see to have an object ascertain somebody's taste respecting parlor fixings. We must have the walls new papered too, and our hall lamp is certainly very old and unfashionable, a new hall ~~and~~ stair carpet too would not come amiss. Yes I must look round and see what is wanting, to give an adrelect charm, where Mr Newton said all is charming. He would not have thought so though if somebody I know had been absent. Yes I must speak to father upon this subject of furniture, he may demur at first, but he'll know as he always does, that he must yield to me in the end I must see him when my step mother and Lottie are not by, and I will be for a few days more ceaselessly amiable to them all. When I am Mrs George Newton there shall be nothing wanting that can increase my pleasure and influence. George Newton shall be subject to me then, as the wheels of yonder boat are to the waters that move them. But they are coming and now, said she looking in the mirror, again,

Come semblances of every grace,
Ye know your part, assume your place,
To every virtue be the artist true,
Make the resemblance real to the view,
Work well your witchery, let it seize the soul,
Enchain the eye, the thoughts, the words control,
And what you make me all ye arts combined,
He'll think the pure sweet influence of the mind.

In a moment Mr Newton and Emma were ^{over} the door, and in a moment more Mary had ^{gotten} a hand of each in the most gently fascinating manner, and welcomed them in that low sweet ^{earnest} tone that never fails to reach the heart. How often did she contrive to walk across the room to display the beauty of her dress and person, and with what easy and unstudied grace seemingly all unconscious that any eye beheld her, did she move before them. How feelingly did she inquire of Emma's health and speak of her mother. How sweetly she alluded to her own sweet Lottie as she call'd her, and how affectionately of her step mother! Emma admired a fresh boquet, laying on the table "Take it if you please to your kind mother," said Mary "I often think of her thoughtful love towards me and her excellent advice when I was a wayward girl, selfishly thinking only of how I might best enjoy the precious hours that were given me, rather than how I should employ them most usefully. You will recollect how I used to refer all my troubles to her, and you will recollect too that I was any thing but a well trained child, spoiled actually spoiled till that benevolent excellent Miss Barlow took me under her direction," "It is not Miss Barlow alone however ^{said Mr Newton} whom you would thank for the happy change," "No oh no," said Mary, judging from the reverential manner his reverence, "all was directed by a higher than human hand, and to Him alone all the praise is due." "How delightful it must be," said Emma to your dear friends to have you with them again: to Lottie partic-

early after your long absence it must be an ^{invaluable} ~~invaluable~~ pleasure. "Where is she? Not at home?" "Oh yes she is somewhere about and if you will ^{excuse} me a moment I will speak to her." Certainly—certainly said both and Mary with one of her most winning smiles left them. "Oh perfect grace and wondrous beauty joined" said George as she closed the door behind her.

Reflections of a rich and noble mind, said Emma smiling. Ah said George that matches nicely, Suppose we sometimes amuse ourselves in a similar way, I will make one line and you shall match it. I will not promise said Emma I had little skill in rhyming, but that seemed to suggest its self as being so applicable to our friend, I never saw so great a change mentally and morally in any person. She is truly one whom I delight to call my friend. But let us look at this consolidation of all excellence and all beauty as she goes to seek Lottie. "Here" said she as she opened abruptly the door of her mother's room, "Mr Newton and Emma Grant are in the parlour and inquired for you, it will take you an hour now, to make yourself decent, to be seen, and I'd advise you to say you've a violent headache, and are too much indisposed to see company." That would be telling a falsehood" said Lottie and besides this Calie's does not look bad, it's clean, and bright, Emma is a neighbor and particular friend she surely will excuse me. "I don't care a fig for Emma Grant or fifty just like her said Mary sneeringly, but Mr Newton is comparatively a stranger and it is always best to give strangers as favorable opinions of ourselves as we can." "I do not wish," said Lottie

to deceive any one, particularly respecting my own character, but I would much rather the opinions formed of me were somewhat unfavorable than too favorable. The dress I have on represents me far better than a rich silk would," "Dehaw" said Mary, "you are regarded as my sister and I do not choose you should appear before my company in that dress; it is only obstinacy that prompts the wish to do so." "Oh," said Lottie, "if you so much wish it I will change it immediately, though it may require some time to fit myself as you desire." "Go," said Mary and the less you say in the parlor when you do appear, the better opinion every body'll have of you." Then with all the blandishments possible she entered the parlor, saying, "Lottie has been indulging in an afternoon nap and just waked ~~up~~ as I entered her room; but she will be down as soon as possible." Emma began to feel a little uneasy as Lottie opened the door, somewhat more silently and timidly than usual, and in a half shrinking manner extended her hand to each. Her eyes were red and one would have said there were unmistakable traces of tears on her pale face, but the recollection that she had just been roused from sleep dispelled the idea of grief and seemed to account for her singular appearance.

In a few moments Mr Newton and Emma were walking down the avenue on their way back. "Lottie does not appear to advantage in the presence of her brilliant sister" said George, "No," said Emma "there are few that would."

Mr Newton thought the accompanying sigh, was for her own lack of personal attractions, and that she divined his feelings, and he was therefore silent, for the contrast was

but too evident. But he was mistaken; envy
in part in Emma's character, she never desired a
thing that God had seen fit to deny her, but inter-
-ded to improve every thing He had given her. The
sigh was for Lottie; she knew not why but an indefin-
-ible feeling of pity took possession of her, as she look'd
on her pale, timid countenance, and she knew she had
never seen her appear so before. "No," said Mr Newton
at length, she can never equal her sister and from her
appearance I think she feels it too. Did you not notice
how reserved and sad she look'd and how her eye follow'd
Mary's every movement? "Yes," said Emma "but I cannot a
moment admit the thought that Lottie could envy Mary
the gifts which God alone can withhold or bestow." "I do not
know," said George, there are few if any who would not be like
her if an earnest wish could make them so. We do not al-
ways know ourselves". Emma wondered at the tone
and manner in which this was said, but there was
something in both that repel'd an answer, and a
chord of feeling had been touch'd too harshly, a thing
George never before had done. But she knew better than he
did the purity of her own heart, and hasten'd to change
the conversation. Mrs Grant received the boquet saying
it was very lovely and the arrangement display'd much
taste as did every thing from Mary's hand. "She's an
artist," said she with emphasis. "Yes," said George, "every
thing she wears, and every thing she arranges, shows that."
"Did you see Mrs Winslow," said her mother, "No we did not."
Mary said she was suffering from a violent headache.
I believe she is troubled with it a great deal of late.

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she is always indisposed when I go there. I really know when I have been her. Come Emma find some faintly give us some of your favorite tunes on the piano. "Oh I am ashamed to play," said she, after such music as we have just heard from Mary. "Oh well," said he, "you cannot expect to equal her, but you do very well, and if you do your best we will not complain." Mrs Grant looked up suddenly from her sewing as the least expression fell upon her ear, and though she said nothing, an indescribable look of pity was cast towards her daughter, as she mechanically rose and seated herself at the piano. "Let me sing plaintive songs," said she, "I scarce know why, but my heart is to-night in accordance with them".

"Anything you please," said he, and in low soft tones she sang "Farewell to Summer hours." "That is plaintive indeed," said he. "Come now give us one a little less melancholy, after a few minutes she commenced,

"He who dwelleth in light and in glory." &c. "Al I see said he laughing you're in a mood for music, but let us have a game of chess, you will forget your sombre feelings in the absorbing amusement." "I think it would be pleasant," said she smiling, "but I have wasted too much time with you of late in this way, but here are the board and box." "Wasted too much time" he repeated, "Not a bit - not a bit, chess never did any body any harm yet, it's a good discipline for the mind." "How easy it is," said Emma smiling to find a reason for doing what we like, even when we know we may be wrong. "Why Emma do you think playing chess wrong?" "No not absolutely wrong," said she, "unless we give the time to it that other

things demand." "But do you see Emma how you have
moved? It's a new way to move a knight first." "Never
mind," said she, "you know I never retract." "What not
when you have done wrong?" "Oh then I confess the wrong; but
where there is nothing morally wrong as in this case I
neither confess nor retract; indeed I know not but I
may have done the very best thing possible. Oh very
well, I have not your queen to fear at present, there she must
stand an idle spectator, but mine said he bring his
out with earnestness will come forth his more success-
ful rival, as I shall soon show you. There" said he shortly
after, "two pawns and ^{and a king} your knight taken, why I believe
you do not play half as well as usual. I wish I could
have a game with Mary Winslow, she is a splendid play-
er." "Oh," said Emma "you know I never profess to play chess
well, I believe the game is too deep for me to understand,
much about." "Perhaps so," said he carelessly as his queen
took the place of hers. "There," said he laughing, "mine has
laid her rival low." "Oh how careless I was, no I cannot
play to night; I cannot interest myself in it and I know
it cannot be pleasant for you to play with me." "Look-
look-check mate," said George. "Oh well I should like to
beat Mary Winslow," and he shut the board without
inquiring if she would play again. "Well I am sorry,"
said Emma smiling, "that I play it so badly, but really
I could not help it." "About as well as usual I thought,"
said he. The half contemptuous look that accompanied
this was too much for her, she felt the tears would come
and had started, and unable to make an apology she
suddenly left the room. In her chamber she tried to

reason herself into the belief that she was absurdly silly, but her heart would tell her he was absurdly strange. Before she went down she sought and where alone and could be found, and with much compo-
sure descended to the parlor. Her excitement occasioned a violent headache and Mr Newton took leave of them much earlier than usual.

The next day as Mr Winslow was preparing to ride a few miles out of town, Mary very pleasantly ~~asked~~ ~~to have~~ asked him to allow her to accompany him. "Oh certainly with pleasure my daughter," said he "and I will wait your convenience." "I am ready any moment," replied she. "Very well, the carriage will be at the door in ten minutes." Mr Winslow as he assisted Mary to the carriage wondered what could have occurred to make her so amiable and interesting. Whenever she spoke it was in the gentlest manner he ever heard her, and she smiled so sweetly as she turned her face towards him that in his heart he freely forgave her all the trouble she had cost him, nay, not only forgave but actually forgot it all. She observed every thing that was observable and admired every thing that was admirable, and he wished he could always have her for a traveling companion if she would make herself as interesting as then. For several days she took every opportunity of pleasing her father and seemingly without any other object than affording him pleasure: at length one day she asked him into the long parlor to show him something she had arranged she thought, she said, in secret.

stance with his taste. "It is very pretty," said he, "Yes, and hardly I think compares with the furniture. Father what do you say to having this room refitted?" "In what respect, my daughter?" said he. "Let us have new paper hangings and perhaps if you think best new furniture. This is really quite out of date now and we should not like you to be considered parsimonious, Mr. Oh no," he said, "but I believe this is inferior to none of our neighbors." "It may not be so, but father you know you rather stand at the head of the social class here." "If so, then our example should be best," said he, "and extravagance surely would be a bad way to exert influence." "Oh no - it would not be extravagance, it would be living nearer to our means, and as my education is now completed we shall probably have more genteel company from abroad and they would consider a room furnished like this as decidedly vulgar." "And what," asked Mrs. Winslow smiling, "would they be likely to think decidedly genteel?" "Oh father," said she, "there is a style of furniture that tells its own story of gentility at first sight; it could never, if ever so old, look common place." "Oh yes it would," said he, "when all our neighbors had the same." "Well they never would have it," said Mary, quickly, "the coverings are light and delicate and we could have everything compare so well. Carpet, chairs, divans, everything should correspond." "Well I will talk with your mother about it, have you said any thing to her on the subject?" "Oh no - it's but just now that I thought of it, and it seems to me that I cannot give it up now." As they

passed through the hall she said, "And this hall and
stair carpet, how odd that I never noticed before how
old and faded they look." "I fear you are looking at
the faded side of things to-day," said her father, "we can-
not help it sometimes," said she, "for our eye cannot see
colors where none exist." "What do you think," said he as
he entered the room where his wife was sitting, "of having
new furniture for the parlor? Mary seems to think it
one of our chief necessities." "It is something I have not thought
of," said she but anything that is agreeable to yourself and
Mary will meet my approbation. "What say you Lottie?" said
he. "Oh father you know if it would give you pleasure, it
would me." "It really seems to me like a useless
expenditure," said Mr Winslow, but Mary desires it so
much that I should be extremely glad to gratify her.
The conquest was complete when as Mr Winslow carelessly
dropped a paper from his hand Mary sprang forward
and with her most gracious manner and fascinating
smile, handed it to him. "Well Mary I think we will have
it," said he a moment after. "Oh thank you - thank you" - said
she, "and may it not be done immediately? May I
choose the articles of father and the paper hangings? Yes I
guess so, if your mother does not object." "I - no indeed,"
said Mrs Winslow, "I would be very glad, as, for responsi-
bilities of that kind I have not the least fancy!"

In due time the long parlor was dressed magnificently
in ~~new~~ ^{new} crimson seats, and drapery and tapestry
carpet to correspond; the hall and the stairs too
were fitted precisely as she wished. "The out lay," said

Mr Winslow has been more than double what I thought possible, and certainly I feel as though one might say we were spring prizes. I am truly ashamed of it. Mary my dear you have too much pride, and I fear too much ambition; 'twill be. But Mary cared not for that, she had accomplished her plans in one thing, and saw her designs rapidly producing the desired effects in another which was seldom absent from her thoughts. - George Newton's attachment to Emma Grant was rapidly being transferred to herself. In a few days he would be there again and then for the first time the newly decorated rooms were to be thrown open to company, and then the conquest so long purposed, she trusted, would be complete. George Newton came, and almost his first inquiries were for Mr Winslow's family. His calls there were very frequent, whenever he was in the place and now he came alone, and lingered long. Mary one evening received her company. She had studied every means to please Mr Newton ~~in~~ her dress, and that evening, he said, looked too magnificently angelic to be called mortal. Emma was silent and sad; a dark shadow was coming over her heart, and a chilly dampness foreboded its advancement; she was very pale and by Mr Newton very much neglected, the charmer had not labored in vain. The eye, the thought, the reason were all chained, the whole being absorbed in the beauty the fascinations, the apparent goodness that moved with grace inimitable before him. Emma had not till that evening suspected Mary of playing the part

she was: she had thought her all she seemed, but then the chilling dreadful truth came suddenly to her, that she whom she had thought a dear confidential friend was truly her bitterest enemy: that by her art she had lured from her, him whom she loved next to her God, she had snatched assunder the sweet ties that bound them, and in triumph not in love had drawn him wholly to herself. Emma became faint, complained of indisposition, and Mr Winslow's carriage was summoned to take her home. The next day George went back to his studies, his thoughts fill'd with one object and that Mary Winslow. In a few days Emma received a cold letter from him, he spoke of the folly of early attachments, and the rashness of hasty engagements, he had till lately thought them congenial spirits, but a more thorough acquaintance had shown him too late that they were wholly unsuited to each other. He had an idea however he said of being unjust to her, he considered his engagement binding and could never stand in the sacred desk and feel that had deserted one whom he was bound to love and cherish. "What shall I do?" said Emma as alone in her room she read and reread this letter, "And yet it is what I have expected; have I not had sufficient warning to prepare me for the crisis? Have not portentous clouds long been gathering? But how is he deceived! How has he been lured by the Syren's song on to his destruction! Oh I pity him I pity him!" And not for herself but him did she weep long and earnestly ere she left her chamber, and thence

herself upon her mother's neck and told her all. It was long before Mrs Grant could reply, and then in soft low accents she told her where she must now alone look for aid and who alone was able to help her bear this heavy sorrow. She very soon informed him he was free, but her letter to him was long, sympathizing and every line breathed a love that could not grow cold; pure, unselfish, heavenly. "Mother," said Emma a few days after, "I have long thought of this, and I have a partial remedy provided, if you approve it." Tell it me my daughter," said she, "I think it cannot be a thing I should disapprove, if it interests you." "I should like to leave home again a year to be at school, and cannot you for that time be with me? I should think very much and feel very anxious about you here at home alone with no one but Bridget for company. We could board or take a few rooms and keep house for the time, and it might be a pleasant change for us both." That is just what for your sake, I hoped you were going to propose, said her mother, and as soon as we can arrange matters we will go. Emma had for a time attended school in the vicinity of Boston, - had there many associates and friends she valued, and teachers to whom she was much attached. She wrote them and they were not long in finishing agreeable accommodations for them, and in a few weeks Mrs Grant and Emma were pleasantly located there. Emma entered upon a more advanced course of study than she had ever attended to, and endeavored as much as possible to pursue it with absorbing interest. In time she succeeded, but great was the struggle

and long continued, ere she could seat herself at her desk or table and not meet there the smiling face of George Newton. When she found the vision had once absented itself great was her joy, and thankfulness. Mrs Brant did every thing in her power to divert her mind from thoughts of him, and with a rejoicing heart she saw her returning gradually to her former happiness and health.

Chapter 19th

Oh buried hopes are ye not yet decay'd?
Rise ye again the phoenix of my heart,
Do give me back the sunshine for the shade,
And a fresh coloring to my life impart!
Is it a dream? Oh may it not be so,
It is reality I feel, I know.

Since Emma's visit at Glenoaken she had regularly corresponded with Miss Barlow, but never until her engagement was given up did she tell her that George Newton was other than he had been to her, and then there was no intimation that another had stolen his affections; but the whole truth flash'd on her mind, for Emma had often written her the happy change in Mary, how interesting she was, and how happy she made every one around her, but of late her name was not mention'd in her communications.

Miss Barlow had earnestly hoped she might be all Emma thought her, but strongly doubted if she were not still the same Mary Winslow, disguised

as she had often seen her in the habit of excellence. She sorrowed deeply for Emma, she was sincerely her friend and she blamed herself not a little that she had not in some way managed to show George Newton her true character. "He will marry her," she said and when too late see his folly and receive his reward. She highly approved Emma's resolution of resorting to literary pursuits to absorb her disappointment, and she greatly rejoiced to find by her communications that she was rapidly becoming reconciled to the event. The studies she had chosen were so entirely engrossing that she by degrees lost the habit of ~~thinking~~ thinking of George Newton, linking thoughts of George Newton with every thing she did. It was not study alone but prayer and a firm reliance on the wisdom, goodness, and grace of God that enabled her before the close of the year to say "I am happy." No one to have seen her could have imagined such an event could have occurred to her, so cheerful and sunny was her face, and so overflowing with innocent pleasure her heart. God ordereth all things, and He can not do wrong she would say, and in a letter to Miss Barlow she wrote, - Mine must henceforth be a life of active usefulness, I shall I know require constant employment that my mind may remain tranquil, and my heart light and cheerful. I must have something that shall occupy me mentally, and have a useful object. Teaching is what I have chosen, but my friends may tell me there is an

necessity, and in a pecuniary point of view there is not but a demand still more urgent calls me to the absorbing duty."

About the time that Emma left home, Lottie Winslow became a pupil at Glenoaken. Mr Winslow had been so much pleased with the arrangement of every thing there that he was unwilling her education should be completed elsewhere. Miss Barlow felt that in Lottie's excellence she was more than compensated for Mary's annoyances. They had together spent the long summer vacation at Rose Valley, and Mr Benson's family had in that short period become much attached to Lottie and strongly regret that she should spend all her leisure weeks with them, that she did not at home.

George Newton had engaged himself to Mary Winslow so soon as he found himself free to do so. She had conquered, and with proud consciousness she accepted the heart he gave her, while her own was all too selfish and too dark to yield the pleasant fragrance of affection for any, not even for him whom she professed to love better than life.

Mr Winslow was for some time firm in his opposition and unreserved in his conversation with Mr Newton both in respect to the wrong he was doing Emma Grant ^{and} ~~but~~ also regarding the faults of his daughter. Mr Newton would not marry without her father's consent, and after long delay, as they thought, it was reluctantly obtained.

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A pressing invitation from Aunt Deborah about that time to visit her, induced her together with the opposition at home to have the marriage ceremony performed at Mr Quirell's notwithstanding her estimate of the Quirell family, and Aunt Deborah rejoiced not only at the good fortune of her niece in forming such an eligible match, but also in the thought that her overpowering attractions had broken a long standing engagement, and for aught she knew the heart of its victim.

She jested Mr Newton about his old love, and commended his good taste in choosing the "new." But Mary in sooner assumed her new name than she began to throw off by degrees her old disguise, and show something of the Mary Winslow.

Lottie was spared the pain of being present at her sister's marriage, as it occurred during her school term. Mr Newton was immediately established as pastor of a large congregation in the vicinity of New York. One evening about the close of Emma's year at school, Miss Barlow invited Lottie to her room to read a letter she had just received from her, Ruth-bica suddenly made her appearance saying there was a gentleman in the parlor wished to see Miss Barlow and added, "a very queer gentleman, very, he looked as if his life depended upon your being here and when I told him you was he whist'nt give me his card nor tell me his name, but really I think, but I couldnt say certain, that he was very pale for I know there wasnt no color in his face."

and he walk'd right into the parlor and ⁹⁰⁶
took a seat there, and as I look'd behind he was
leaning his head on his hand. "I'm afraid he's ei-
ther crazy or else come to tell her bad news," said
she to Lottie as Miss Barlow went out. As she enter'd
the room she stopp'd suddenly before the gentle-
man who rose immediately, and both were like
marble statues in the presence of each other.
"Lucy" said he at length, and with an effort mov'd
towards her. But conquering the deep emotion that
almost overpowered her she waved him from her with
her hand and saying, "Clarence why is this?" With-
out answering he resumed his chair, buried his
face in his hands and remain'd silent. "I thought
said she at length, "we were never to meet again
in this world, and why do you come here to call up
remembrances of the past and occasion so much
pain to both?" "I had hoped," said he, "a different
meeting"; And O Clarence have ever till this mo-
ment thought you a man of high moral and
religious ~~principles~~ principles. Could I have been mis-
taken? It seems to me if I were not, you never
could have presented yourself here, expecting a warmer
welcome, than you have received." With a sad,
honest, and severe expression he rais'd his eye to
hers. "Go there," said he, "any thing dishonorable in this
meeting? and are you so changed? I wish what dost
thou not do!" "Is there not one who has an entire
claim to your affection, and is it treating her honor-
ably and is it treating her to manifest such attach-

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bitterness. A great property had fallen to them
in England, for years it had lain unacknowl-
edged and indeed unknown, and now the right-
ful heirs were discovered, and Clarence Gore's
father was one of the principal recipients. It was
necessary some one should go and Clarence was the
one chosen. In the same ship with him there sailed
the beautiful Mary Manchester and her brother. They
had the means and spent much of their time in vis-
iting foreign countries: they interested Clarence
and he spent much of his time in their society.
They traveled together in England and Mr Manches-
ter assisted him in the accomplishment of his business.
He had frequent letters from home for a time, till at
length Lucy alone failed to reply to his commu-
nications. After writing her repeatedly and receiv-
ing in answer a letter came bearing her father's
signature saying that she had died suddenly of fever,
and giving particulars of the shocking event. He was
inconsolable; he could not then return to his native
home, he could not bear to meet his friends and hers,
to be again where he had so often seen her, and know
that he could see her no more. His friends at home
too were anxious he should travel, and wrote earnestly
desiring that he should improve the present opportunity
of making himself acquainted with the principal
European cities in company with Mr Manchester and
his sister. His business was soon accomplished and
an ample fortune secured to his father. He very
readily complied with Mr Manchester's earnest re-

request that he would join them in their travels, for he felt life had little more to offer him. Miss Manchester made herself his constant companion, as she averred to dispel his melancholy. She tried every means to make him forget Lucy Barlow, and would often carelessly insinuate that he might fancy herself Lucy. "My heart must always be hers," he would sometimes say, "it would be wrong for me to think of another." "Not said," said Manchester if it could contribute to your happiness. "But how," said he "can I impose upon any lady this hand without this heart?" "There may be one," said Manchester whom you esteem and who knowing this story of your changeless attachment for a object which is now no more, would still willingly marry you, and find her highest delight in contributing to your happiness. She would in time bring you to acknowledge her merits, and give her that affection which now you would bestow upon the dead.

Clarence understood him as referring to his sister. She did esteem her very much, and as she talked earnestly of returning home, and leaving her brother to travel alone with him he thought he should be very lonely and very much miss her society. It was no difficult matter to speak to her upon a subject which she had so often averred upon, and which her brother had no scruples about insinuating, and which his parents and sisters had in their letters often alluded to, as the happiest possible event. He told her she must not expect his love if she married him, still they might be pleasant companions for each other.

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He esteemed and admired her, but his hearts first
affection were in the grave with Lucy Barlow. Her
society was pleasant, and her absence would occasion
a loss he should feel deeply. After many allusions
to duty and self sacrifice she consented, doubting
not but she should soon be mistress of his entire af-
fections. She did not then think it proper that she
should travel in his society except as his wife; she
said, and should consequently immediately return
to America. That would not do. Mr Gordon decided
upon an immediate union, and found he very willing
to consent, and in a few days they were married.
They traveled from place to place; Mr Manchester re-
turned home, and Mr Gordon would often ^{have} been glad
to do so, but his wife always said she was not quite
satisfied with seeing. They remained in Southern
Europe two years after their marriage, and these
two years had by no means cemented the bonds of
affection between them. Devotion to him, formed
no part of her character, and the failure of her fa-
ther, and many subsequent events made it evident
that she had married wholly from mercenary
motives. He found himself entirely uncared for,
neglected always, and she who before her marriage gave
her society to him alone, now gave him less of it than
others. It one day happened that he met at a hotel,
a gentleman, a classmate of his from his own state, and
an acquaintance of Lucy Barlow's. This gentleman was
at first disposed to be uncommunicative and dis-
tant, but by degrees Gordon drew him into conversation

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lost its charm for you." "Say no more said Gordon
or you will drive me mad I must see you here to-
morrow;" and without another word he left abruptly
and hurried home to his wife. Without a moment's
consideration he told her all, and vexed and jealous at
his manner, she said, "I knew all about it and
wrote the letter to you of her death." Gladly in an in-
stant would she have recalled his words, but it was
truth and it was too late. His own family had formed
the plan and the artful Miss Manchester instigated
by her brother wrote the letter which was forwarded to
America to be mailed and sent back. He again
saw his friend; he wished Miss Barlow to understand
so much of it as would exonerate him from blame,
but nothing more; he could not rest easy a moment
he said while she thought him a villain.

On the gentleman's return to America he wrote Miss
Barlow a long letter giving an account of his interview
with Mr Gordon saying his home would henceforth be
England where he hoped to be able to forget as he hoped
he was now forgotten. Since then she had heard nothing
from him it was more than ten years, and was it
strange there were pale faces palpitating hearts and
trembling forms at the meeting! The ceaseless round of
giddy pleasures in which his wife had indulged and
her total disregard to the laws of health, had
given her an early grave in the land of strangers. He
had remained a few months there subsequently and
and now his heart once more vibrating with hope and
and conflicting in the still unwavering faithfulness of

Suey, he came to claim the hand which years ago ²¹⁸ had been pledged to him and never to another. It is needless to say that he sued not in vain. The past was as a troubled dream; the present and the future was life rich with blessings.

When she returned to her room Lottie was still there and as she entered asked involuntarily what had occurred, for she thought Miss Barlow scarcely look it like herself or appear so. "I cannot tell you to-night" Lottie said she with emotion, but soon I will. "Will you tell me," said Lottie timidly that it is nothing unpleasant, nothing shocking. "No - no" said she, "nothing is unpleasant or shocking, I have just seen a friend that for many years I have not heard from, I can tell you ~~the more now~~ and must for the remainder of the evening ask my Lottie to leave me alone."

"Excuse me, - excuse me" said Lottie "I should have done so during your absence, but I confess curiosity prompted me to remain". Mr Gordon located himself for a few weeks near Glenoaken, and was a daily visitor there. It was soon known that Miss Barlow was to resign her charge to the great grief of her pupils and the infinite delight of all acquainted with her history. Her parents had long since died and being an only child she was comparatively alone. Alone - no she had friends, true and devoted friends for she was a friend to many, very many, there were too, stronger bonds of attachment existing between herself and her pupils than often find near relatives. It was often said,

Who will take her place - who will perform
her duties here as she has performed them? 214

Chapter 20th

This turning world is always turning something -
No overture old plans and turn up new;
And every turn brings somebody a blessing,
And somebody it brings a sorrow too.

"Well I don't stay another hour after Miss
Barlow goes," said Rudibian to Grisey when the
important truth became known in the kitchen that
there was to be a change of teachers. "Martin's been
teasing me a whole year, and I've been puttin'
him off and now I won't do it no longer. I'll tell
him the very next time he comes I'm ready.
You and Tracey may stay as long as you please
but you won't get another Miss Barlow I can tell you."
"Oshaw!" said Tracey, coming in at this moment,
"I wonder you haven't frightened Martin out of
liking you long before this you are so eras-
able in your temperance." "Well I don't know
what you mean by your big words and I don't
believe you do, but any way I think they'd scare
any body enough sight further than my temper."
"Well Rudie I am aware you have never received
the disadvantages what I have, and no one should"

be censur'd for his ignorance. I should think ²¹⁵
through by this time you might've learned the
depositions of some words, and not so often say you
you don't apprehend me: but if you're going to marry
Martin my superstitions are that learning would
do you no manner of good." "I was talking to
Grisey, not to you," said Rudi tossing her head
angrily. "and I know enough to know it is im-
possible for one person to answer when another's spoken to!"
"Oshan", said Tracey "no one troubles themselves to be
polite to scoundrelinates". Rudi took no notice of
the last expression, but turning to Grisey ~~repeated~~,
inquired. "Will you stay Grisey?" "Well I guess si,"
said she with a yawn. "It's my way to take things
easy and never borrow trouble a fore hand. Some
folks makes it where there is'nt none, but I makes
none for myself nor any body else." "No" said
Tracey people in the sub-rebulous state have such
obstinate senses they never wake to any thing: for my
part I shall remain here for I think it would be
down right creditability to go away and leave them. They
might as well give up the school at once, ~~as to have~~
if Miss Barlow and were both to go away."

"It must be a pleasant feeling to think so well of one's
self," said Rudi, "I'm ashamed to boast but I be-
lieve now Miss Barlow thinks the most of me. But if
here is'nt Aunt Judy and she looks dreadfully pleas'd
about something. How do you do Judy?" "Oh I've come
to show you the present I've had," said she displaying
a roll of black silk. "The first silk dress I ever had

in my life, and who do you think it's from?"

"Well, I cannot conjecture," said Tracey, looking evidently not a little envious, "it's a superfluous thing isn't it?" "That it is," said Griskey. "Well I don't know nothing about your superfluous," said Pucki but one thing I know, I wish somebody'd make me a present just like it, or a little lighter may be." "I'm real glad you've got it," said Griskey, "I shan't have no less for't and I'm always had enough and isn't afraid but I shall." "Enough to eat and to drink is all some people discern them selves for," said Tracey. "I am more perspiring I suppose than most people Miss Barlow told me one day when I ask'd her for a common terror one day to the Bible that I had a perspiring mind." "Well, but we haven't found out yet," said Pucki who gave you the dress. "Why who should it be but Mr. Gordon," said Judy, and what's best of all I'm going to live with them. You know I took care of Lucy when she was a baby, and know'd all about the family, and used to see Clarence Gordon when he went there and I always loved them both, and I thought I should a died with joy when I heard his wife would'nt be in the way no more, and he'd come back again to marry Lucy Barlow." "I had to hear his wife was dead," said Tracey "do you know Judy it's very wicked to be glad any body dies?" "Well," said Judy, "we ought to be thankful for all things that makes folks happy. If she was prepared to die she's better off, because she did'nt love her husband, and he did'nt her, and never did."

She married him for his money. She made him think that Lucy was dead when she was not, and I say I'm glad she'd through with this world. I'm not so much of a hypocrite as to say I'm sorry; but I'm going up to see Miss Barlow and ask her how it's best to have it made, you know she always sees me any time if she hasnt company. Miss Barlow had just received a letter from Emma Grant and was about breaking the seal as Judy knocked at the door. She rose and opened it, and extended her hand to Judy as an old and welcome friend. She requested her to be seated and threw the letter upon the table unopened. The manner of making the new dress was discussed, the state of Judy's wardrobe inquired into, and several little articles transferred from Miss Barlow's drawers to Aunt Judy's pockets before she curtesied her good bye, and left Miss Barlow to read her letter. It was Emma's acceptance of the situation offered her as principal of Glenoaken Seminary, when Miss Barlow should resign. The responsibility she felt would be great and the duties arduous, but if she could discharge them in an acceptable manner she knew she should neither find the former weighty or the latter oppressive. Constant mental labor she needed, her mother would make her home with her and she trusted they should be very happy.

Lottie had known nothing of the invitation extended to Emma to take Miss Barlow's place, but she had often, though she said it not, wish'd it might be

Miss Barlow sent for her immediately and gave her the letter to read. "Just what I wish'd," said she as she wiped a tear from her eye, and cried and laugh'd by turns as she thought of Miss Barlow's leaving and Emma's coming. "I thought—I should leave Glenora—Ken but now I shall not," said she "But oh Miss Barlow I have another sorrow. brother George is going to be dismiss'd from his situation; the people don't like Mary. There has been dissension throughout the parish ever since she went there. You know I cannot tell you any thing new. How totally unfitted she is for the place she occupies." "I am not disappointed," said Miss Barlow "George had better I think resign all thoughts of the ministry for with his marriage his usefulness, as such, I am convinced ended. Mary was my pupil so long," she added, "and I labored so earnestly to overcome her faults, and another the sweet Emma Benson labored so earnestly too, to bring her to a sense of her own wrong doings, that almost without knowing it I loved her, and she seem'd to me like a dear erring sister. I pity her deeply, and the account she is yet to render to her God must be a fearful one. Perverted talents, wasted opportunities, unparalel'd deceptions. No not for the wealth of the world and the talents of an angel would I have that resting on my soul that weighs hers down. Forgive me if I have wounded your feelings Lottie," said she, "you never seem'd like sisters, have never been much to-gether, and there is so little congeniality between you, that I speak

my thoughts to you perhaps more freely than I should." You cannot tell me more than my own thoughts tell me; said Lottie sighing, "and I have often told you, you know that you are the only person who can speak thus to me without giving me pain. My mother never alludes to the subject, if she did it would be unpleasant to us both: my father too looks so sad when it is named that I never refer to it in his presence." They will come to his father's I suppose; said Miss Barlow. Yes to-morrow I understand, and we shall see them probably in a few days."

Two days passed and Miss Barlow proposed to Lottie calling at Mr Newton's. Lottie would gladly have been excused from doing so, for she well knew the feeling of Mr Newton's family in reference to his marriage, but there was no prospect that Mary intended to call upon them. Mr Gordon was privileged to call at Glenoaken whenever he liked and was present to accompany them generally whenever they chose to go. Sometimes it was Miss Barlow alone, and sometimes a half dozen or a dozen young ladies on a rambling excursion, and they all thought him the most agreeable and attentive gentleman in the world. He was always ready for any thing and nothing ever happened that he wasn't prepared for, so of course when he called that evening he was prepared to walk with Miss Barlow, and Lottie over to the Newtons.

They were very cordially received by the ladies of the family for they knew and loved Miss Barlow and Lottie

and had the highest respect for Mr Gordon. After a time George made his appearance, but what a change! He was like one whose energies had all been eaten out by some secret poison: he did not smile though he often tried to, and seemed ~~both to join in~~ not disposed to join much in conversation. Lottie inquired for Mary. He said she would be down soon, and a slight color and expression of pain crossed his face as he said so. He went up stairs soon and after awhile they came down together. She was dressed in the richest ~~manner~~ ^{style} and received them in the most haughty manner, "George shall never preach again", said she, "I have decreed it and it shall stand: See how haggard and thin he looks, and such ungrateful people too as we've been among. I don't care if they never have any one preach to them again, it wouldn't do them any good if an angel came down among them to preach. But what on earth he ever wanted to preach for I never could imagine, but he has a strange idea of duty. For my part I think my duties consist in trying to make myself happy, and devote myself to it diligently as I can I can't reach it, and when one has the happiness of half the world to look after he must be miserable beyond conjecture". Her husband colored deeply but half smiling he said, "You forget Mary we are happiest when we are least selfish." "Oh yes" said she that was always your theory, but it's not mine, it's not reasonable, and you know I always listen to reason rather than to you or any body

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else. He would be glad, said she turning to Mr
Gorden, to have me look up all the miserable poor
low people for miles around and spend my time
teaching them and trying to improve my plebeian
brothers and sisters. You see before our marriage I
thought I'd joke him a little, so I spent a whole week
distributing tracts and ingratiating myself into the
good opinion of all the paupers I could find, and really,
I think he thought me a second Mrs Grey. But I shall
soon laugh all his sober notions out of him or I work
more in vain than I ever did yet. A shudder
passed through Miss Barlow's frame and poor Lottie
look'd terribly pale. Mr Gorden twisted uneasily
in his seat and for the first time since his return
to America seemed totally unprepared for what
he encountered. Mr Newton rose hurriedly, as if stung
to the soul by her ~~thoughtless~~ ~~words~~ heartless words,
and the company rose also and immediately took
their leave. Mr Gorden did not know Mrs Newton,
was Lottie's sister and as they walk'd away he
said in a sad, musing manner, Oh marriage!
marriage! how horrible are sometimes thy bonds,
the living bound to the dead, and doomed to
live on, on, on till the heart shall break or by
slow degrees become cold and corrupted like that
to which it can impart its own
life and warmth. Oh Newton - Newton! how art
thou fallen, - thou the self sacrificing the devoted,
giving thyself thy all to God, and being drawn
back by the fascinations of an artful woman to

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would be gay and social with those around me, it absorbs my thoughts and makes me silent, and I almost wish it gone; but I cannot— I cannot but rejoice in its possession, It has been the sweetest solace of my lonely life; it draws me from myself, and the world and completely engulfs me in the drapery of angels. But think me not speaking boastfully of the gift; its remembrance always makes me humble, for it shows me my dependence on a higher power. I know, I feel, that it is all beyond me, and could weep to hear myself praised for what not even seems a part of myself. I can only say
 How great, how good, how glorious,

How wonderful our God
 How lovingly he leadeth us
 The paths by angels trod.

"Yes yes," said Mr Borden. He does indeed, if we will suffer Him to, lead us, in a path, trodden by angels. But oh if we will not suffer Him to lead us, into what errors and follies we wander! And henceforth let our trust be perfect and He will give us perfect peace.

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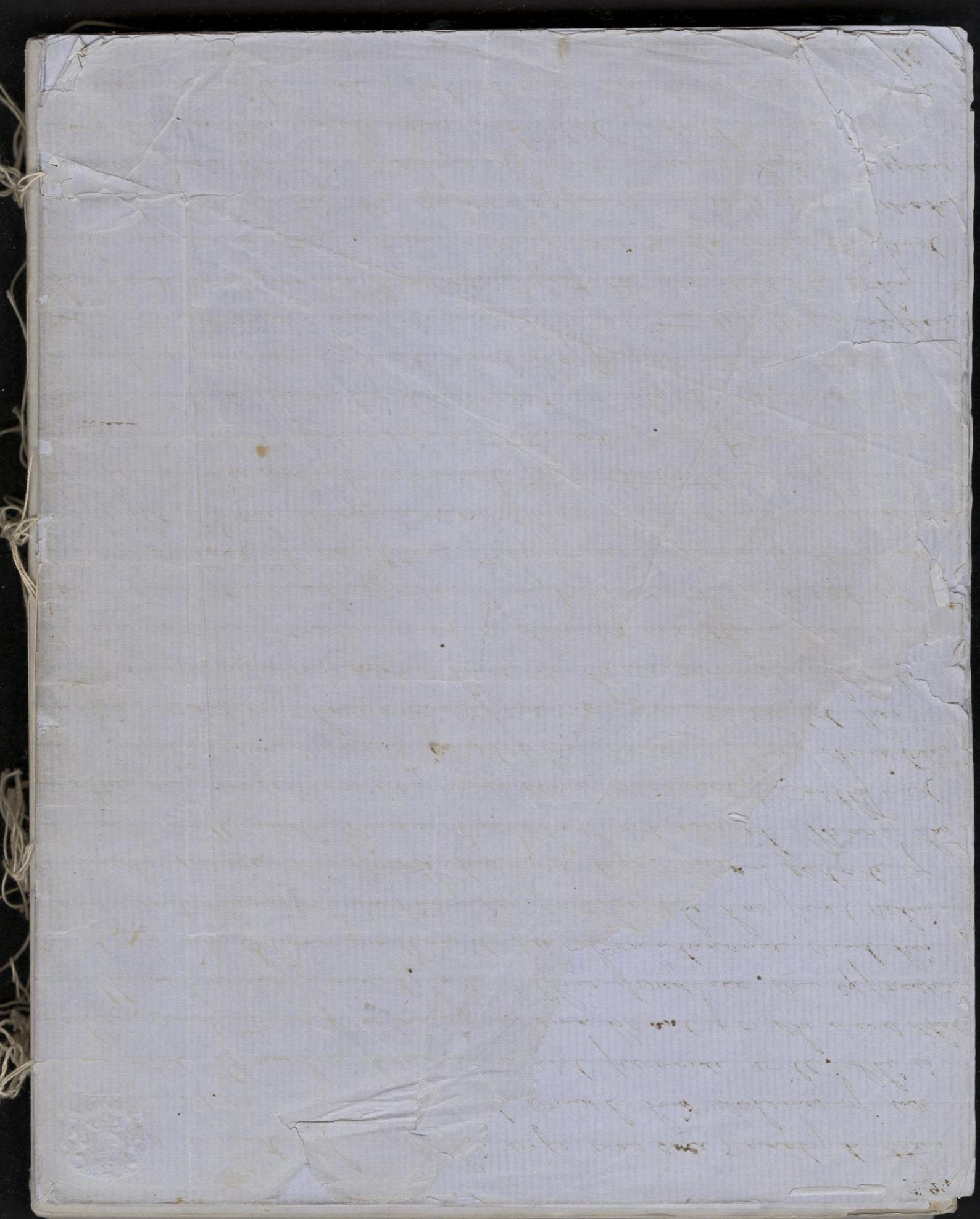
alone consisted, but his wife was ever ready to throw
poison in every cup, and crush his schemes of use-
fulness with her obstinate and perverse will. She is
jealous of the name of Emma Grant for she sees that
whenever it is mentioned in his presence, an expression
of pain flits palely over his countenance, and his
lips never pronounce it. In despair he has just relinquish'd
preaching and has settled on an estate of
his father's not far from Glenoaken, which Mary has
caused to be furnished in the ~~the~~ most costly and
elegant manner, and where she is at once mistress
and tyrant of her servants: and I might add her
husband for he finds there can be no peace where he
will is not law, and the prospect is that yielding
by degrees he will at last yield even his hope of peace
to her unprincipled, unbridled will.

Mr and Mrs Gordon occupy a neat, stone cottage in
the vicinity too of Glenoaken it is shut in almost en-
tirely from the view by the tall luxuriant trees that
surround it. So then the whirlwind and the storm
are past, and they strong and unblighted rejoice
in the bright sunshine and calm serene atmosphere
that succeeds it. Yes they are happy; and why
should they not be? But it is not the beauty and
the wealth by which they are surrounded that make
them so, nor is it their reunion after so many years
separation though that adds very greatly to their
enjoyment, but it is their humble and firm reliance
on a higher than earthly power, and doing in all

things what they know
His Sight.

Lottie Winslow became a
Valley, and Frank Strange ad-
mally showing himself at home
and at its close follow'd her
was not long in asking her father to
herself under his protection for life. Mr
Frank well and knew too that whoever
Lottie his wife would never do it regretful-
ted willingly. To Mrs ~~and~~ Mrs Benson Lottie
seem'd nearer than a common acquaintance,
often spoke of her resemblance to their own daughter.
It was a new pleasure and a sweeter one than they had
ever hoped to realize when Frank laid the subject of
his marriage before them. They are looking with eager
delight to the hour when their home shall be gladden'd
by her smile, and almost feel that their lost Emma
is again to be restored to their arms. Emma ^{Grant} is now
making a beautiful present for the bride, and Mrs
Winslow is busy quiet and happy in seeing that
every thing is arranged nicely and tastefully about
the house and having every thing just the way that she
will please Lottie. How proud and sullen in her eleg-
ance envies Lottie the quiet happiness she will not at-
herself, and declares sh will not present herself as
wedding. Mrs Gordon has a bridal wreath ready and
under we will just steal it from her to crown our store

Writing continues
on page versos,
from back of book
to front.



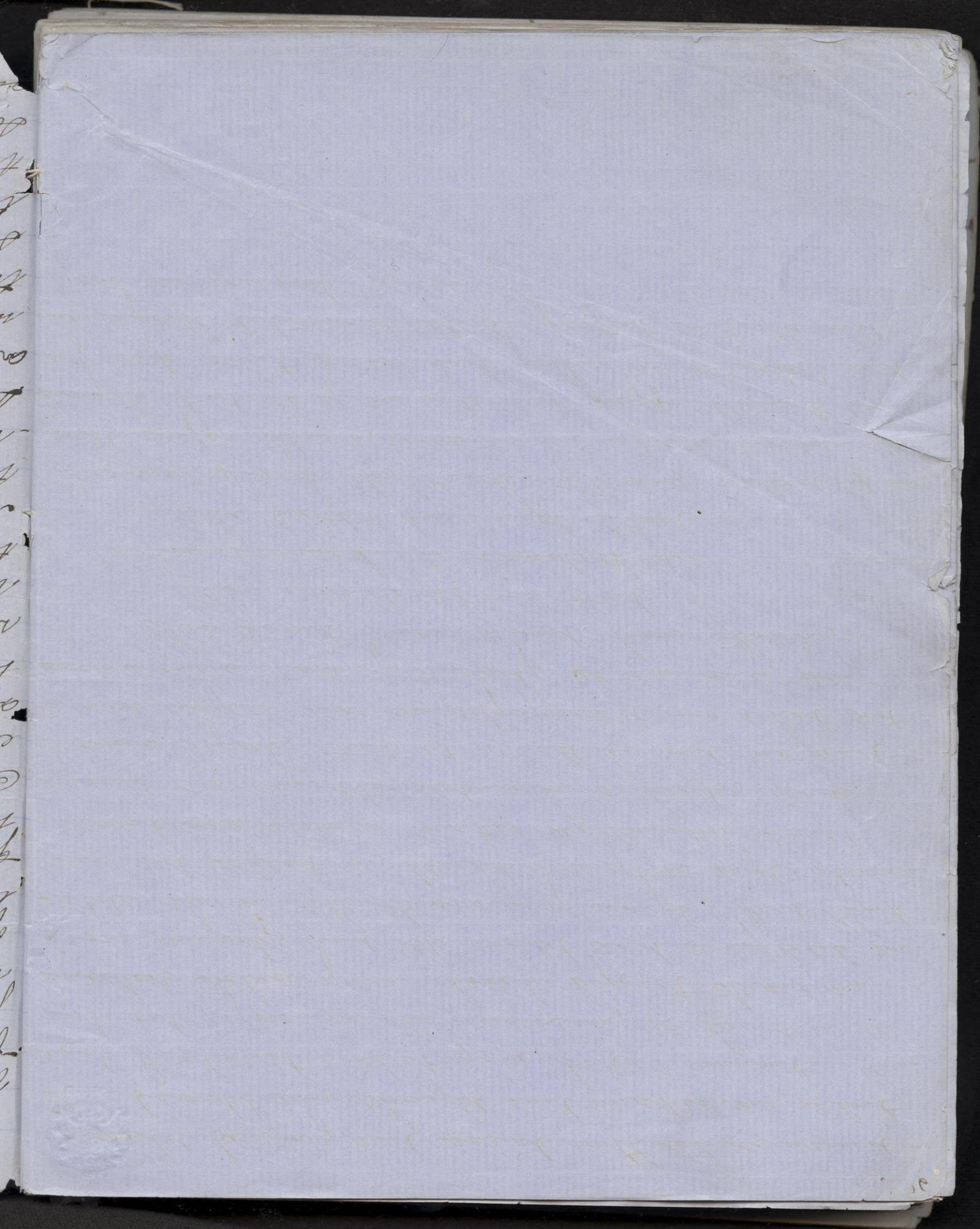
Handwritten notes in the left margin, including names and dates such as "Mr. [unclear]", "1840", and "1841".

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Rebecca

Out west in old colonial times

Means ^{only} a few hours ~~journey~~ ^{now} ~~to do it~~ ^{it is}

They were brave pioneers who shouldered

And cut through the forest a way

Rebecca

Out West in the old colonial days
Means only a few hours journey to day
They were brave pioneers both brave and strong
Who cut through the desert unknown a way

2

There were natives lurking along the way
And beasts of prey to fear and fight
But they worked on and watched through these hours
Some slept and some watched by their eyes all night

B

Only a narrow foot path first was made
And after many days of wear and toil
They reached a river broad upon whose banks

And all adjacent lands was fertile soil
4

Where several cabins of rough log were built,
With fish from the water and game from the land

with berries and escent roots ^{and} and the like
they hunted and rested, explored and planned
A few white ⁵ settlers on the river banks

instead of the Indians. purchased tracts of land
And farms and gardens stock and poultry
Beneath the farmer's careful ^{glaze} eye and
hand.

The same dead worms draped in
leaves of pine

were frequent near the river and beyond
Reachable and friendly were the Indians

And thus between them grew a friendly bond
for the homeward

journey. They went a broad, smooth road ^{labor} made
for travel from the river to the sea

And one step toward the mighty west ^{made} was

6 Connecticut river
On the banks of
Sway from the pleasures of life
Came the God fearing preacher ^{John} Thayer

With Ganette, the devoted his & wife

They believed they were called to their duty

And fearing no evil but sin

The log cabin was builded securely

And really without and within

Rebecca,

No. The banks of Connecticut River

1
To the pioneers of colonial days
We cannot cancel the debt we owe,
Suffering privations, working in fear
For man and beast were alike their foe

2
To the banks of Connecticut River
Far from the social enjoyments of life
Came the god fearing preacher John Williams
With Ganette ~~the~~ devoted, his wife
his ³ help mate and
They believed they were called to their duty
And fearing no evil like sin
They obeyed their convictions preparing

4
Their manifold work to begin
Some labors at once

Below, on both sides of the River

Lived people from over the sea (welcome

And among them they found a kind
They were thrifty, nice, social and free

Until
5
Till their own log cabin was builded
They abode with their ^{friends} they found
new friends here
For the stranger's face of a white one
Gave them neither distrust or fear

In a leafy valley
On the high ^{rough} stony lands there were clustered
Pleasant and picturesque dwellings though
Habitations of logs rude and rough.

Where the red men in social enjoyment
In their freedom ^{of all things} were happy enough.

The chief of the Attonons ^{soon found}
Hunkallah

He ^{heart} welcomed them with smile and hand
And without ^{dalliance} ~~parting~~ for one dollar sold them
Ten acres of their wooded fertile land,

The charge for a days work was one pipe
And ten strong young Indians a week long
Were felling and ^{hauling} ~~moving~~ the logs into shape
And clearing the land where the cabin should stand

8. - Table

The charge for a day's work was one ^{picanne} band
And ten strong ~~young~~ Indians, a work ^{band} ~~young~~ ^{band}
Were soon felling and hewing the logs into shape
And clearing the land where the cabin should stand

Then came more ~~skillful~~ laborers

Then came the more skillful laborers

And ~~then~~ ^{the} work of construction began

And the ^{Cabin} log house was builded securely
And not very much waste of ~~time~~ ^{time}

And neatly without and within
Was ~~followed~~ ^{followed} on the log house plan

There were several pleasant apartments

Very pleasant indeed for those

Who lived not for ease or promotion

But the light giving work they chose.

A study and a "library" combined (best
whose shelves held books the choicest and the
Was from all others chosen as the place
For quiet study, reading and for rest
Their pastime with ¹² 14 the ancients of they lived

Studying the ¹³ curious and the men of old,
Comparing natures and advantages
With those ^{to them at} ~~to~~ ~~in~~ ~~their~~ greater light ^{may hold}
I shut out from all the world they backward
unrolled turned.

But not for reminiscence, seeds for thought
And for instruction deeper lay than that
And the best course to follow them was ^{sought} ~~rough~~

The bible for the ¹⁶ Godmans that gave
what old apostle whom the Lord had sent,
To spread his glorious gospel to the race
And thus in Godly work his life was spent

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The Indians closely ¹⁸ watched their pastor's life
And ever in the strait and narrow way
He moved us swerving onward in his work,
And they revered him more from day to day

A school house near ¹⁹ the church was builded soon

~~Heathallah~~ ^{to all who} wished to learn was English taught
Mothola led the way and sports and games
Had ~~books~~ ^{for rivals} and more little sought,

The land was cleared ²⁰ and agriculture taught

And every wigwam had its garden ground,
And fields outstretching with abundant grain

And round some dwellings luscious fruits were found
Whatever Mr Williams ²¹ had they sought,

For what he had and what he did was right

And in good time cattle and poultry
Came

And Indian hopes and promises grew bright
new

2 2 1/2

From time to time their friends in Boston
Remitted funds and books and pleasant things
To whom they looked for every needed aid,
Remitted funds and books and pleasant things

To help and steer these dwellers in the shade,
years passed and changes came, welcome and sad

2 3

And silently into the night they rolled
And children came to them for love and care
Till six were numbered in the cabin's fold,

2 4

There's was a frugal, self denying life
But happy in the consciousness of right
Peace and prosperity their household crowned
They treasured up and tried to spread the
light

25
One morning when their plain repast was served
A hasty step was heard and then a knock,
Then at the opened door a frightened voice
I said "Fly! fly! no good in 'bott or lock"

26
Strange Indians come; they scalp, they bury ^{kill they}
When rushed in others with a cry of fear;
And catching up the children with a leap
Entered a winding path in thick wood near.

Onome clasped Rebecca to her heart

The little two years old loved as her own,

Wassema swinging the baby to her back

In her warm bed; and quickly all had flown

28
To Chief ^{Glumalput} ~~Thoholuh~~ settlement they fled,

For there was safety back of his strong doors

And warriors with their weapons ready ^{lay}

About their chief who numbered them by
scores.

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33

glunger, at length called loudly for a hatt
And all were seated on the soft green grass
They feasted on their late ill gotten gains
Nor did Onoma or Rebecca pass.

34

Rebecca had awaked without a cry
She saw her nurse and then returned the smile
Of the much beaded chieftain standing by
Who stroked her hair and played ^{with} her

his head adorned with ⁵ feathers of all hues
He asked her name she answered Becca Be
Onoma then dared to the chieftain say
Kind heart thou been to little child and me
Will thou protect ³⁶ as thou wouldst thine own
And can I trust thee as this child trusts me
Then the Great Spirit whom we love will ^{help}
The household whom thou lovest best and
thine

37
I was much to ask of Savage Joe like him
And from her heart went up an earnest prayer,
For help in this, her darkest hour of life
When dangers lurked around them every where.
Thou shalt be safe. 38

Mind the pappoose he said in Indian tongue,
She knew the treachery of her race, and faith
In the Great God alone dispelled alarm.

39
The meal was over, they resumed their route
And by the midnight reached the Hudson's shore,
The full moon shone upon the river path
On which they travelled for a few hours more.
Then they suddenly came to the wigwam,
Where the savage greetings were loud,
And Rebecca duncy close to Omona
The delight of the joyless crowd.

The chief saluted Rena as he led
Inoma and Rebecca to her side
Your purpose Rena this and this your
And she the gift received with joy and pride

A woman good was ⁴² Wallawalla's Rena
Gentle and kind and wise in ^{the} ^{household} ^{comforts} prepared,
Careful for household ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{preparation} ^{of} ^{the} ^{meal}

A nice meal for the hungry from her store.

A festival followed ⁴³ the Chief's return,

And numerous gifts to him were brought.

They crowned him with laurels and sang as they
Of the noble achievements his valor had ^{danced} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{circles}

Of the beasts he had ⁴⁴ slaughtered, the battles

Of the feuds of the tribe he had settled in peace
How the sick and the poor of his people he helped
And their love to their chieftain could never

decrease

For Rena and her ⁴⁵ white pappoose they called
for young Alneg and for Rena's maid,
But Rena wisely kept them all within
And Walkawalla's previous wish obeyed

⁴⁶
The tribe was decked with feathers horns and teeth
fish scales and antlers of the deer and birds
With squirrel's tails and bears and panthers,
and other trophies taken from the herds,

⁴⁷
When came the feast the men had well prepared
spread on the grass within the pine tree's shade
Hot venison, corn cakes and river ^{made} fish
Berries and nuts with various drinks they

⁴⁸
When they were surfeited with luxuries,
they threw themselves on beds of leaves and slept
Till Walkawalla blew his hunting horn
Which all obeyed and from their chambers
stepped.

I Wm

A boat race ended the sport of the day
 With a dance at the way wam a song and a cheer
 And chief Wallawulla much flattered and pleased
 Regarded himself to his tribe great and dear

50

Unhappy Onoma! no tear filled her eye
~~But too deep for words was the sorrow she~~
 But her soul had its sorrows to others unknown
 And the sight of Rebecca for kindred and home
 Brought a grief her heart kept in its chambers alone

51

Pena and Wallawulla's only son
 Always named, was five years old and more
 And they were teaching him their Indian ways
 And how to use the tomahawk and war

52

Hearing Onoma's tribe might unawares day
 Upon them deal and take their prize some
 In up the Hudson many miles they moved
 And far from river banks a league away

On the western slope of the Hudson River
And far away from the foe they feared
They encamped and worked with an ear
As an acre of goodly land was cleared

Here not the ancient trees of the forest
From cold storms their wigwams they
No invaders they feared but builded secure
And the aim of the arrow was true and sure
Of prey

Ohoma, until now had hoped this life
Was but a clouded sky and that the sun
Would gleam again into a perfect day
And friends again would clasp their

But for Rebecca Long lost one
The little child that weeping on the night
Would speak her name to know that she
When closer clung to her till it was light

2. of 1st part

Who can tell us the names they bore
Their annals are hidden behind the years,
But this we know they were brave and strong,
But courage and duty can know no fears,

10
There was less thought of ease and of
Than the great good they hoped to attain
But when neither detracts from the other
Both may find a helpful, substantial gain

11
They had rooms enough for their comfort
And ^{some more} ~~at that~~ their home ^{really} required

When secure from the wind and the snow
Their new dwelling was all they desired

22
They taught the natives English as they learned
The Indian language and then began
Teaching the useful sciences and all
With reference to the love of God to man

Rebecca

Part 2^d

1 We were again to find the friends we left
And learn of them their sorrows and their joys
Their hopes and fears their strivings and success
The upward progress of their girls and boys

2 John Williams, with his bible and his gun
Was last to leave the ^{consecrated} cottage, place

Backward he looked; it was the look of one
Who sees for the last time a dear dead face

3 His people, with their tomahawks and knives
Closed up the way behind him as they went
I into the winding path whose pine leaf floor
Made noiseless stepping to Mohola's tent
Mohola was the chief of all the tribe, ^{been}
John Williams called his people, he had
Converted by his ministrations to the truth
And tried to live a life exempt from sin,

of hundreds of Indians in Mohola's
Glad gathered to protect from savage strife
The people God had sent to give them light
Pledged for their safety to give even life

Late from Mohola's wigwam two were missed
Omona and Rebecca were not there,
They knew Omona hurried first away,
With the dear babe who was her joy and care
They searched the forest far and near but ^{heard}
No sound but of the singing bird and bee
When to the cabin turned where smouldering ^{fire}
gloriously lighted soon extinct they see
Nothing was taken but the household stores
All else they left to the consuming flame
Which mercifully stayed all its rage
And yielded back again the God's claim

Back to the cabin they returned to mourn
No search, to wait to hope then to despair
Until at last they gave up all to God
Resigned unto His will they work and bear
(heaven

10
The years passed on and no prayer rode to
Within the cabin walls that did not bear

The loved Rebecca's and Onoma's name
And yet no by day, come, ^{the prayer} no answer to

Mohola, chief of the Oloromies Lord,
For whom John Williams labored in the home
Moved up his wigwams near his pasture
Clearing a space of forest long and broad

12
Sorrow had taught them one thing of no more
That useful labor dulls the edge of grief
And folded in the duties of our life
We find a comfort and a sure relief.

John Williams ³ tilled his acres, ^{prayed} preached and
And though no tyelings came of the lost one
With truezful and submissive hearts they said
We know He knows and let His will be done,

Two sons had they ¹⁴ Robert and Lemuel
Who worked and studied ^{care} with their father;
The buzzing wheel and busy loom were there
And furnished garments for them all to wear.

¹⁵
All household industries of anette had taught
Her sable sisters whom she came to bless
And soon the blanket and the moccasin
Were laid aside for more artistic dress.

¹⁶
Sometimes a traveler from an eastern town
John Williams's hospitable cabin shared
And they with willing hearts and ^{stores} plentiful
A cordial welcome for their friends prepared

17
A few there may be far away from friends
From civilization, books and social life
Who hail a stranger from a distant port
As one who marks an era in his life

18
When work is not remembered thought goes
And life is happy in the old home still
And there are changes and improvements
And many sorrows, much of good and ill.

19
None came to them who did not hear
Of their lost child and her devoted friend
All promised search, but every effort made
Had one result, one miserable end

20
Her name was never spoken but a grief
Unspeaking passed the heart of each
To know that she was dead would bring
But all relief was far beyond their reach

21

Oh many a night fanette in a false ^{dream}
Clasped her lost child again unto her
When waking all the fearful truth ^{breast} returned
Then soon to Him she turned who ^{best} knoweth

But John rejoined ^{2 2} fanette she is in Heaven
Cared for by Angels better than we could,
She hears the golden harps the silver bells
They teach her only what is ^{(good} pure and

We have been prospered in this wilderness ^{2 3}
And many a darkened soul ^{the light} has found
Perhaps we loved this world of ours too well
And this is sent to turn our hearts aright
The heart that ^{2 4} cannot trust in God
Who knoweth all things even the sparrow's fall
Can find no consolation, no high tower
No sheltering roof no sheltering wall

25
"I'll try to think her safe in Heaven" she said,
By angels through the flowery vallies led
And taught by angels holiness and truth
And only on celestial manna fed

26
Alas! Ganette God's purposes and ours
Are all so different; His reaching on
Into the windings of Eternity (gone
Where ne'er a mortal thought has ever

27
The friendly Guehans in their hunting tours
Onoma and Rebecca ne'er forgot
But searched the distant worlds ^{the tales} and told
To learn no tidings of their hapless lot.

28
Ganette looked not into her children's faces
But that the lost one came before her sight,
Until she queried with herself and asked
If this o'er shadowing of their lives was

I will not mourn²⁹ for what, I cannot help,
The sorrow in my heart still there shall
Her name unspoken in our home must be
And I will trust in Him who knoweth best

30
John Williams was rejoiced to see Fanette
Wearing again the old time cheerful face
With her thoughts present and her love and care
And in each heart she won a larger place

34 37
From the far east came settlers to abide
Much land was cleared and many ^{rose} buildings
Such as the growing town of Boston bore
And all felt more secure from savage foes

35
John a good teacher ~~32~~ was; helped by Fanette
The children grew to scholars loving books
They were their comrades shared with nature's
Of bees and flowers, of rocks and running
brooks.

31

~~33~~ Canette had laid away
The garments that
Worn by Rebecca and by her alone,
She took from out their place and sent
To one who needed them to her unknown

34

We have our gloomy pleasures and Canette
For many years in leisure hours would take
These garments on her lap and weep and weep
Although she knew twos adding ache to ache

35

Too full our lives are to be wept away
Or thrown in Reminiscence to the past,
No satisfaction in it all we find
Only a cup of bitterness at last.

36

Robod and Lemuel loving well took lore
And a shottars of the woodland, longed to see
The great town Boston and to feel its pulse
With broader views of what man's life must

John seemed to have forgotten that he left
38
In Boston town some money and some friends
to gratify his children was delight
So to the holder of his funds he sends,

38. Gluntallah's
A faithful Indian of Mohola's tribe
concealed the letter in his quill strong
By asking another with him they began
By the journey all thought perilous and long
39
back

'I was many days before Willotto came
The wisest Indian in the world, he said,
He brought the letter and John's eager eye
With bounding, dark and faltering accent read,

40
Your notes are all outlawed all come to me
When they run out I put them for a gain
Where best and safest profits would be made
And in your name they are and shall

John Williams 41 did not plan a splendid
Nor did Janette to throw her what ^{considerable}
if they had five children to be ^{filled}
for life's activities and duties wide

42

John boated down the river with ^(boys)
And there a vessel at the wharf they found
With unfurled sails and ready for the sea
A goodly company for Boston bound,

43
Full long it seemed before the port was reached
For oft becalmed upon the waves they lay
Some fished, some read, some fretted and some

While others gladly spent the time in play
At last the spires of 44 Boston town were seen
Where were not many for the place was small
But then the farms were large and stores were
Beneath the spreading trees soft shadows fall.

There is a joy ⁴⁵ in looking on ^{the face}
Of one whom we long years ago have ^{known}
And we forget oft times how changed and old
Our friends and we in the long time have

'Tis sad to see the ravages of time it makes ⁴⁶
But good to mark the betterment
And when at last the old shall pass away
Time will replace things better than it takes.

John's Boston ⁴⁶
They took his friends were truly friends indeed
And in the school and then the college ranks
They too of social circles formed a part

Not only one but many friends he had
Fayette's and his, who hastened to prepare
Presents of books and pictures, dress goods
And things acceptable but unknown there

M. M. M.

We want your daughters one by one & they said
 they must see life here ~~instead of Indian~~ ^{there} ~~and~~ ^{of the world}
 And so he promised, if Ganette approved
 to send one daughter when a chance was good

50

The Williams fund was found to be enough
 to educate the children one and all
 And leave a balance for another need

Or for philanthropy's abiding call
 Robert and 51

Lemuel were left at school
 With home love training and the best of care
 Echoed their wishes that Ganette was there
 Ganette had borne the parting with his boys
 With courage and with hope and John returned
 To brighten up their lives with pleasant talks
 Of friends and things of interest he had
 learned.

53

Louise with friends one day to Boston went

A tall and handsome girl she was and wore

A new dress patterned from her mother's (made)

No grace her wedding twenty years before

John had his ⁵⁴ many duties; and Fanelle

With busy hands, to card, to spin, to weave,

To help bear other's burdens and their own

And all the mysteries with the father leave

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[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Rebecca, 3^d Part.

Far onward towards Niagara's bounding ^{water} ~~course~~
Chief Wallawulla with his prisoners went
No sound was heard save the wild ^{rustling} ~~beating~~
Voices of men and songs of birds were blent,

2
For long time Rebecca piteously moaned

For the dear faces and the voices ^{well} ~~loved~~ so

And Rena with a generous Indian heart

Soothed and petted her and oft the child would

3
That when they came for her she should go home ^{with them} ~~with~~

And so she watched and hoped, and years went by

4
With the sweet vision faded in oblivion's night,
And time obscured

her memory's ear and eye.

5
She loved to lean ^{her} ~~her~~ over the water's edge and see
The pretty, smiling face she knew not as her own

6
And then a vision faint would pass before
What in the shadowy part ^{her mind} ~~her~~ such faces she

had known.

The name the Indians called her by was *Pecece*
 The name by which she called herself long time before
 With her still went the vision half extinct
 Of happy faces she had known to know no
 more

Pena's slightest wish Onoma heeded,
 Most quick obedience and Wallawalla's wife
 Was kindly natured, loving harmony,
 And warding from the wigwam ^{and strife} discordant tones

Under Mr Williams had Onoma been converted,
 Where too the English language she had learned
 Many a comforting text she remembered,
 And often for solace to memory she turned

She sang all the hymns she had learned at the ^{Cabin} ~~the~~
 And her voice had a charm for the ^{savage} ~~the~~ ^{frigid} ~~the~~ ^{breast}
 And unconsciously led she to holier ground
 Where the sorrowing and suffering ever find
 rest

So softened were Chief Wallawulla's people
No longer sought they victims out for death,
The white and red men had the same great ^{Father,}
Who gave them immortality and breath.

Rena's son who was the little boy Alnigo,
Was with Rebecca in Onoma's care
She taught them what she knew herself of ^(Love Bible)
And then the lessons she had learned most
useful every where.

Of Rebecca's home ¹¹ Onoma dared not tell her
Her father, mother, sisters all dear friends
So different were they from her present home
Where love with heathen rites and customs blends

Rena and Wallawulla were her ¹² ^{here} parents,
They petted her and loved her, she was beautiful
And she returned the love they lavishly bestowed
And was obedient and kind and dutiful.

Her clothing was of 13 skins, the choicest, ^{fur} brightest
That Wallawalla in his hunting ^{Town} journey found
Were fashioned into garments for her wearing
Her slender waist a bead wrought girth

The rarest, brightest ¹⁴ feathers from the forest ^{bound}
Adorned her grotesque cap with beads ^{birds}
Her moccasins Onoma made and ornamented
With scales of fish and beads arranged with care-
ful thought.

Fine baskets and ¹⁵ bead cushions were Onoma's
And Rebecca's little fingers learned to link the
And the damnest baskets came from her fair hands ^{reeds}
With the many other things her needle wrought with
beads.

16

At times would Wallawalla don his best attire
And through the lakes and rivers his canoes
Laden with the products of his household ^{would glide} toil
And looked upon by him with reasonable
pride.

Quite a sum was offered for Rebecca's ransom
 And no less for Onoma, her faithful loving friend,
 And the chief in his dealings with the people
 What aid he had he promised ^{whom he met} willingly to lend.
 'Twas Wakkawalla's practice to instead

And so a party for the far North bound
 Glad in their company a child of the white
 That somewhere in the forest they had

19
 Chief of a large and a much dreaded ^{Race} tribe
 With courtesy the people met him and distrust
 And watched his doubtful ways and sly de-
 Seemingly humble, generous and just

20
 A ready market found he for his wares
 Over the ocean they were in the first shy, sent
 The chief bought lavishly of ribbons, ^{and} beads,
 And other things, until his means was nearly spent.

Coolly but kindly treated had he been
And when he with his escort ^{took} took his leave
The city freed breathed, his flat received
Such guests they did not willingly receive,
2 2

With Indian songs and shouts and prances
Against the current they passed slowly on their way
They did not fear the white man his threatenings or
And the white man's mortal terror was to him a play
2 3

The farms that on the river banks were few,
By them were visited and fear forbade defence,
They pillaged garden, poultry yard and house
Then homeward turned and made no delay
2 4

They stopped to cook and feast on their ill gotten gain,
Where once they had a home and here Rebecca brought
And here again they danced and sang their savage song
And nuts and berries through the wood land sought
sought.

25
A week was spent after they left Manhattan

In loitering on the river and the plain
An Indian's time had little or no value

And mischief is the product of an idle brain
In Wallawalla's house 26 there was rejoicing

Rejoicing there was in the wayward of the chief
for his coming no so much as the things he brought.
Both for his coming and the things he brought.

The first choice fell to Rena for Rebecca and herself
There was something for Anoma who the best of all
had wrought.

27
Rena felt like a queen and Rebecca a princess
Dressed out in their finery of ribbons and brass
Nor knew they that what Wallawalla called diamonds
Were only some settings of very poor glass

28
Another festival and painted faces came
To greet the chieftain on his safe return
Bonfires they made round which they
danced and leaped
And sung and shouted as they saw them
burn.

Alhego had a trumpet a banjo and a knife
And Onoma sadly smiling received a lovely
Although Wallawalla was cruel, fierce and sly,
At home his evil nature he forsook.

Onoma, with Rebecca ³⁰ and Alhego hours
Under some sable guide would search for
For the Arbutus and Glyceria

the snow drop violet and other flowers,
And

31
they rowed along the lakes for fragrant lily
the pure white lily that Alhego often said
was like Rebecca and should be Rebecca's flower
Onoma's was the brilliant Cardinal,

32
the blue fringed gentian that so loves the sun
Unless it looks into its face its petals hide
Under its thick green calyx and no mortal
Can see its face till the sun open it wide

33

They sought the berries as their seasons came
With its delicious flavor there the strawberry grew,
The strawberry as beautiful as it is good,
The raspberry red and whortleberry blue

34

(gave

And when the summer fair its place to autumn
The myrtle, bittersweet and berries of the thorn
Were taken from the woodland or the rocky vales
With which for winter cheer the wigwam to adorn

35

And when October brought its warning shells
They rowed the river down to where the chestnuts
The walnut, glazed nut and other things were found
The butter nut, the back nut were reared ^{they refer} _{to some}

36

In pensive mild mid autumn with its branches
This for the natives was the happy hunting moon
And through the pleasant days they chatted
The deer, the bear the panther and the coon,

37

Indian Summer

The welcome and delightful
 Letting aside the chilly, rough November days
 Making the gorgeous forest scenery stand
 A lovely, silent picture wrapped in silvery haze

38

Transient Indian Summer

Oh! ~~the~~ mellow, melting, transient Indian Summer
 I dare not call you fickle but you do not always come
 All nature bids you welcome with greeting, ^{long} and
 From the brain that works for nations to the little
 bees that hum

Sometimes Rebecca and Alhego wandered off

To hear the wild birds sing their songs to them

And search for flowers and fruit and often find

The crystal quartz and tiny garnet eyes

Often above a lake ^{they} leaned together

Wondering why so unlike the Lord had made the two
 When all their lives was one unbroken bond of love

In the bliss of spirit union was a joy they knew

41
Rena and Wallawalla watched the two with gladness
for when he kidnapped her the plan was laid
that when his son Alhego came to take a wife,
his choice should fall upon this lovely little maiden

42
So Rena planned to bring them up together
Under the good Onoma's kind and willing hand
No books had she but hers was moral worth
And Christian faith that the best ways command

43
"Father, said Alhego, how came Rebecca here?
She cannot be my sister although she seems my own
There is no other in our tribe so white and fair
She has no equal here in that she is alone

44
I found her with Onoma in a woodland path,
Her pretty face was like the lily and the rose
While she was on Onoma's shoulder sleeping
I for your wife this little maiden chose.

45
I was a rough and wicked Indian then
I killed the whites, I stole their goods ^{homes I burned.} their

But now Ahago I shall be their friend
though your Rebecca shall not be returned

46
She is our wigwam's sun, we cannot let her
We better think and better live and better do,
Since good Omona and Rebecca came
And told us the great Spirit's ^{Book} she knew
was true

47
My scalping Knife shall not again touch white
Nor shall my torch again destroy his dwelling place.
And when securely yours and ours Rebecca is
We'll smoke the pipe of peace with the whole
race

48
I am not well Ahago, help me home to Omona
She will have medicines enough to make me well
'Tis not a common thing for me to be so ill
And call our doctor the white headed Oromel,

49
Alhigo's arm was strong; on that ^{his father} ^{learned}
And reached the wigwam struggling with his pain
Rena had roots and herbs of Indian renown
Yet all her efforts to afford relief were vain

Then came the doctor with his unknown nostrum
And he was famous for medicinal skill
But all his efforts for his patient failed well.
And death, he said was the Great Spirit's

41
When Wallawalla bade the world good bye
And lamentations that were loud and long,
They praised his virtues and his noble deeds ^{exalted,}
But spoke not of his deeds so dark and wrong

42
The day of ^{burial} mourning came and the whole mourning ^{tribe}
Marched in procession to the hill where lay
The chiefs of many generations all unnamed
Who lived as did their ancestors and passed
away

In Wallawalla's ^{5' 3} coffin they had placed
his tomahawk, his battle axe and Knife
Like him to moulder slowly into dust
Like him no more to share the spot or ^{strip}

The next day to the wigwam came ^{again} the tribe
With every sign of gladness, none of grief
With dancing, feasting shouting and the ^{songs} merry
Of their great tribe they make Alhey's head ^{feel} tingled

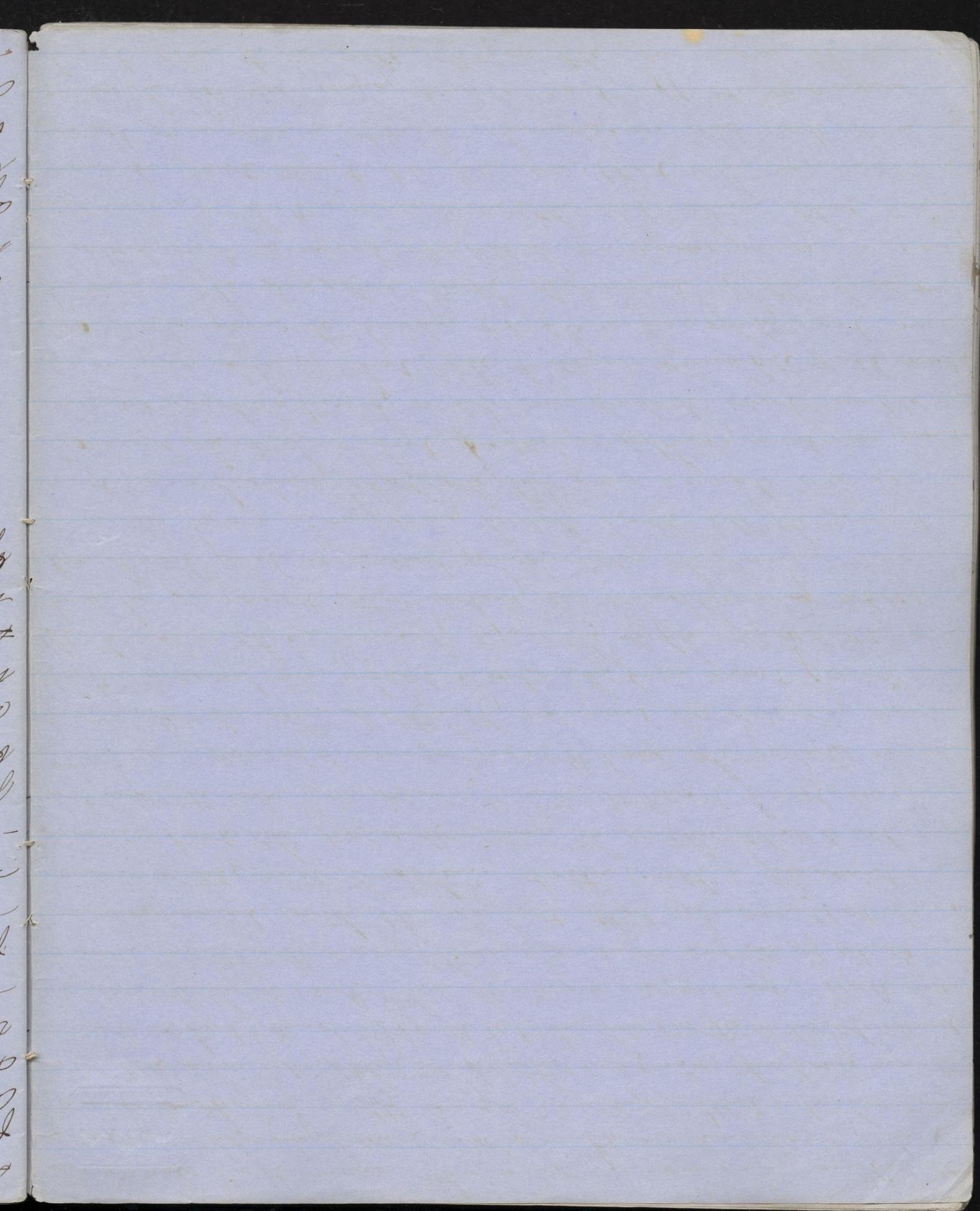
The most important ^{5' 5} thing the tribe had known
I am sure but a few weeks later when Rebecca
Under the fragrant pine trees stood and there
Was made Alhey's wife by old Seneca,

He had performed ^{5' 6} for half a century
The marriage rites for their expansive tribe
His brilliant costume and peerless words
One can imagine better than describe.

5



Then came the ⁵ ⁷ greetings, marriage songs
Congratulatory each to each and praise
Pena with old Genecca danced and said
This was the happiest of her happy days.



Rebecca. Part 4.

Again we turn to find the Williams Cabin
It is not there but in its place we see
A modern cottage; it was modern then
And near it blossomed many a shrub and ^{tree}
It had a gambol² roof and ample ell,
That overlooked the pleasant garden ground
And poultry yard and farther on were seen
The cattle yard and where the sheep abound
Under the branches³ of the spreading trees,
The cows were chewing peacefully and slow
While the dog Faithful from a higher point
Watched cows and sheep and poultry yard
The house too had its living room ^{study} and
Its library opening from them lined with
books.

9th parlor neatly furnished, seldom used,
And every thing both changed and lovely looks,

5.

This pretty cottage in its coat of white
With blinds a restful green that suits the eye,
And the white fence protecting all from harm
A pleasant sight to every passer by.

It was the most ⁶welcome gift of many friends
Some had sojourned with them through summer's ^{heat,}
Some were the always known and always loved
And all once there the pair rejoiced to greet,

And this was right, for while their incomes large,
Allowed them to accumulate and store
Satisfied not the heart and they desired
A greater good than they had known before
Showing appreciation of the life
That labors for an untaught, unloved race,
Or for the poor, and ignorant of his own,
Who lives on pittance small nor seeks a higher
place

By the little church upon the hill ^{place} ~~was~~ gone
And one much more commotion filled its
Many white faces mingled with the red
And there was no exception as to race,
White settlers ¹⁰ had increased a store was built
A store of all varieties and here
A saw mill by the gristmill on the banks
Giving them paying work throughout the year
11

In his snug study find we Reverend John
On Tuesday morn and Sunday's work ^{begin}
His work was better loved by him than money
And the best thing for him his friends had done,
Was filling up his ¹² library shelves with books
By the new church built, and sent to teach
In his large school, a young and faith-
ful man.
By he might have his time to study and to preach ^{more}
Ganette, not quite so sad but care worn
Than when we saw her last, some grey had
grown.

And wore her spectacles, ^{but} and at the wheel
And in the shuttle work she held her own

14

Omona's sister was her helping ^{ways,} ^{weave,}
Wife and good Allen learned the
Of these her Indian friends and did her ^{best} best
No please those she could only love and ^{praise} praise

15

An Indian working man relieved from care
Of his reverend master who did not complain
If sometimes he was ^{lax} lax at his work,
Or asked for a day off for some old ^{again} sport

16

Many an Indian woman had her wheel
And some had looms and cherished a just
In interior cleanliness and nicety
And in the shawbery that adorned the
outer side

Where are the children once so happy ^{here?}
 Who cheered the house with merriment and song
 Ruth the tall blond with the deep ^{eye} bright blue
 In Boston town she had been married ^{long}

Of stature less and figure not fine (eye
 Ruth with broad brow and the dark hair)
 Even then the curriculum of college bore,
 She mastered well and thirsted still for more

She to a school room went of high degree,
 And taught the classics that she loved so well
 Her pupils sought in many ways to find
 Her faults; but what and where could never

The little Eunice youngest of them all
 With winning face and sweet attractive voice
 Became the wife of a rich merchants son,
 And he her father's friend; a welcome choice

Robert was like his father; books to him
Were more than worldly gain; little cared he
Little cared he for precedence, nor tried to
push himself,
Above his height for all the world to see,

A theologian by nature he
Studied the word and works of God drew
Into his upright life and purpose high
An inspiration that is given to few

Under the sway of his expounding words
And the inspiring fervor of his soul
Charmed into silence by his eloquence
They bowed beneath his masterly control

Not the same gifts had Lemuel, and he knew
But little of theology or Greek
His life was mercantile; he gathered much
For he was quick to think and slow to speak

25

His was a generous soul and as he saved
From his accumulating wealth each year,
Lifting the burdens of the poor and weak
And pushing want away as it came near
They married both and both established

Robert a christian woman, who to him ^{was} would
A helper in his work, intelligent discreet
And such a rare and lovely wife ^{found} he
^{chose}

27

Lemuel, one wedded who well suited him,
They both observed the formulas of social life
And made the world in which they moved ^{(better} the
The model husband he, and she the model ^{wife} model

28

And these all thought of their poor ^{sister} captives
As with the angels in the glorious land,
And any doubt of that brought on ^{the} re-
Living! Oh, never with a ^{spouses,} savage band.

gluntalla 29

Atakota and his people tried to follow
yhisir pastor and his wife in all their ways
They laid aside their blankets and their
Were only used in the best wintery days

30
By they cleared ^{and} the land for tillage and for
their fowls and their ^{homes} yards,
Their cattle, sheep and ample fowls,
They had framed houses, books and some
things more
They learned to work and ample profits reap

31
The Indians had their festivals and sports,
And hunting seasons and went far away
To find the panther, bear, and harmless deer
And often carried many and many a day

32
And now the hunting season came again
And further north each year they went for game
And now a region all to them unknown
Far up the Hudson River was their aim

Between Connecticut and Hudson rivers
 A party gathering nuts they chanced, to
 And one a woman young and beautiful
 Weariedly resting on a mossy seat,

The women white ³⁴ and fair grew pale with ^{fear}
 The bold intruders who advanced so near
 But when Omona quietly toward them turned
 It was joyful recognition without fear.

One was her well remembered brother Jacob
 Who then discerned her as the sister lost.
 The young man's dress betrayed his rank, as
 And then aside their Indian caps were tossed

A whistle from Alhago brought his men
 Twelve strong and fearless ^{their chief} men stood by
 When to his guests a cordial welcome gave
 In Indian language courteous but brief.

"By his," said Alhego is my wife
 Dearest to me than all the world beside,
 What living friends hath she? fear not to say
 What are their names and where do they abide

All needed information he was given
 He promised soon to visit them in peace,
 And all invasions by himself or people
 Against Rebecca's friends or race should

When this important conference was ended
 Each party went its way the one to tell
 What they supposed would be the happiest
 Rebecca lived and they had found her well

And when with radiant faces they returned
 To find their pastor and his wife alone
 "Gleazing the news to see her swoon away
 While he received the tidings with a groan

In Quack's great disappointment he sought out
Attena and to her the news he told,
Onoma she remembered instinctively,
And answered "He must terribly old

Droasted turned the news bearers away
And sought Onoma's mother Allerie,
She clapped her hands with joy "My
Oh! child she said
Oh! will she - will she come again to me

The old Allerie laughed and cried by
Onoma was her first born and much loved
Whom she had mourned as dead, now given
The solace of her reopened eye to be

And when the pastor and his wife arose
From this than death the far severer blow
They sent for Jackson and prepared to
All that they must, yet dreaded much to
Know

45

Onoma is no prisoner he said, hear
 none could
 But walked and talked with me where
 Rebecca is the wife of Chief Alhego, pra,
 And since the marriage she herself was
 They had been ⁴⁶ treated kindly always,
 Rebecca was the old Chief's ^{pride and pet} daughter
 And so his wife who always ^{called her}
 She had the best of all things they ^{could}

47

Next morning with six others brave and strong
 Their boats they took and to the Hudson ^{went}
 Two hundred miles above its mouth and there
 Upon the river's bank they pitched their tent.

48

Off to the left they saw the Indian village
 They raised their signal that betokened peace,
 And met Alhego with his chosen men
 His motto was "May brother love increase"

49

After the salutation Jackson gave him
 After the salutation Jackson gave him
 The letter Mr. Williams' careful hand

glad panned; inviting him Rebecca and Onoma
Under the escort of this trusty band
Go visit them ⁵⁰ and bring what men they ^{choose}
Alhego read the letter he had learned
from good Onoma how to read and write
then with them to his home Alhego turned

51

Onoma and Rebecca sat at work

Weaving their baskets of the slender reed
Talking of friends they fondly hoped to meet
When Jackson entered there was joy indeed,

All things were ⁵² soon arranged; at early dawn
When the sun promised by and by to rise
Their boats were gliding calmly down the river
With every prospect of auspicious skies

Rebecca dreaded ⁵³ much the coming meeting
Alhego feared that he might lose his bride
Onoma gleamed with joy and as they neared
And as they neared the dear old hour for ⁵⁴ very glad

54

54

Strange meeting of a mother with her daughter
Parted had they been more than twenty years
One knew no other than a savage life
The other looked on her with scalding tears

55

The father's greeting was with husky voice
Cylis daughter from their love and guidance
Into a life more dreadful far than death,
And to her friends at what a fearful cost,

56

Inoma had her share of blessing and of thanks
Rebecca and Alhego's teacher, friend
And better loved than all the world beside
Their life and hers were one until the end,

57

Next came Alhego's turn, with flashing eye
Met by Rebecca with her loving voice
My husband mother ^{as she said} of the world my choice
This my father is my dear Alhego

58

Chief of the tribe to which I now belong
Although courageous he was never war like
And will not do, nor will he bear a wrong.

59
A very handsome Indian was Alhego,
Proportioned well very erect and tall
His cap with brilliant feathers ^{blacked} and his
Covered his person like a heavy shield
Each gave a hand to him and welcomed him
With pleasant words but forced and said
While he bowed civilly but spoke no word
By the meeting long desired could not be glad

61
Allena called them to a fine ^{reparate} table
The long broad table with
And china dishes beautiful and rare
Was to the party a delightful sight.

62
Delicious bread with butter fresh and sweet
Fruit of the garden; roasted poultry, nice
With pies and cakes and many other things
Hot drinks and water with the cooling ice.

Alhego never at 63
And knew not justly what he ought to do
So watched the others with a keen observance
And noticed little else till they were through

Inoma felt ⁶⁴ the presence of past years,
And let the tears into her nostrils fall gone
With the old cabin and the children all
Where was a change she could not like at
They told her ⁵ where the children were and

But you shall see them all Inoma dear you,
You will not know them, they will all know
And give a most cordial welcome here.

⁶⁶
Now Mr. Williams tried to please, Alhego
And the next morning took him on his farm
I showed him his various stock and reopening fairs
Rebecca with them on her father's arm,

And with Alhego ⁶⁷ Mrs. Williams walked
She told him and explained what she could
They visited the church and then the school
And he repeating many a time "How good!"

⁶⁸
The after dinner walk was to the mill,
Where they ground corn and wheat and other grain
When to the saw mill where the logs went in,
But boards and shingled they came out again

Rebecca was delighted with the store
 Dry goods of every cheaper kind were there
 Beads of all sizes jewelry and silk
 And ornamental combs to dress the hair

When there was stationary, books and slabs
 Dishes and hard ware, wheelbarrows and
 Medicines, essences, green groceries and dry,
 And in a corner were the casks of corn and rye

"We want them all Alhego," said Rebecca
 The church, the school, the mills and then the store
 And I began to think "Alhego said
 "That we shall want a pretty cottage more"

Mrs. Wilkams, 72

Unoma and Allene
 Were making preparations for their guests,
 The cakes and pies with other luscious things
 With their rich odors filled the pantry chests

There are four people landing from the boat
 Whom host and hostess gladly come to meet, greet
 Robert and his wife with furtive glance
 I caught the strange pair they came so far to

Games and Fidd & Watson joined the party ^{now}
Their greetings, over together sad and slow
To meet their sister in her strange attire
And as a brother this tall Indian knew
Rebecca sighed, "Oh! if we were at home,
With mother Rena and Onome good
We should not fret for what we do not
Or bear the curious looks well understood."

"My dear Rebecca," ⁷⁵ send Alhego smiling
This is a wondrous treat to you and me
Go - gather let us stand and do our best
They are well laugh'd, and we perhaps may be

⁷⁶ There were no looks such as Rebecca feared,
Nor noticed they the fashion of their dress
Their darling little sister had returned
And that was cause for thankful joy
Indeed

77
by their pity for her sad unnatural state
Prompted to loving words and loving deeds
Alhego was her husband and he showed
The sympathy one sometimes so much needs
They were but children with continuous questions
And ready answers willing lips returned,
Of the great world which was to them a blank
thing which to them were very much they learned.
A few days more and they returned to Boston
Taking Alhego and Rebecca there
still in their grotesque
Which showed their Indian costume dress
Not much was Indian rank at Boston town
Knowledge stood higher than a first class chief
And though the curious came to see the pair
The feeling for her friends was only grief
With Robert & I and his wife were domiciled
The pair to whom the world was a strange new
Their eyes were feasting on delightful scenes,
Their questioning minds with knowledge
go daily grew (Huntalla wife Mercedes)

Rebecca's Indian costume to her friends
Was savage and in most uncomely taste
And Mrs Lennel with persuasive arts
Induced a change and the stringy garb
Displaced

After some consultation with their friends
The two by the figures, tall and straight were
Were clad by fashion's neat and tasty hand
Each in a suit they chose of modest grey
The transformation of 4 was a joy to all

Rebecca was their sister and more dear
For the sad history her life had known
Of deprivation, prison bonds and fear

Of pink and grey of 5 Onoma chose her dress
The good Onoma whose wise words and deeds
Had been the guide and helper of their
Their comfort and their joy in so best needs

Altho, with tub of 6 hair dressed a la mode
His snowy linen and his suit of grey
With polished boots, silk hat and gloves
Not much was left the Indian to betray

11. 11. 11. 11. 11. 11.

47

Rebecca in her dress of simple grey
With ribbons pink and laces soft and ^{new}
Bonnet and gloves that nicely harmonized
Admiring words from all spectators drew.

48

Ah! said Rebecca I am but a lie,
People will think me learned and Boston ^{great}
And talk to me of things I never knew,
When leave me in disgust for what I ^{said}

49

But with embracing her with loving ^{Kiss}
And tender words persuasively repeated
is no dishonor or discouragement
When cultivated life has been denied.
Stay here said I ^{to}
Well taught in every thing you wish to ^{know}
Welcome to both advantages and home
With means to travel if you wish to go.

Altho in his broken accents said
 At home, of my own tribe I am ^{chief} the
 It matters not if learned or ignorant
 And learning much might bring us more ^{grief} of
 school.

93

But then we want the preacher and the
 We want the industries, we want to be
 Not called a savage or a heathen tribe
 But christianized, enlightened brave and free.

93

I love the forest with its noble trees ^{well,}
 The hunting grounds my father loved so
 The hills, the valleys and the winding streams
 And the dear river on whose banks we dwell.

94

My mother Renee waits alone for me,
 We are her skeletons and her heart will break
 With fear and anguish if the time be long
 And we must soon return for Renee's sake

Dear

95

"O good and generous friends! Rebecca
 I from the wild woods dreaded you to meet
 Your loving greetings I shall not forget,
 And all that to my heart has been so sweet

96

love,

Brothers and sisters I have learned to
 But I am wedded to a different race
 The bond that by degrees grows stronger
 Time cannot weaken or can it displace.

97

O, we have learned so much! Mother Rene
 Could read and understand a letter sent,
 No anxious hours or troubled dreams she had,
 But know that all was well and rest content.
 We will not urge ^{of} [&]
 We aid you to ^{and} ^{learned} what you wish
 To accomplish; but we go
 No spend a social hour with other friends,
 Friends whom we value and want you to
 Know,

99
As the men they met were men of wealth ^{worth} and
As the women students of the broad world ^{needs}
Both worked together and were never tired
Doing and planning great ^{deeds} unselfish;
They put their ¹⁰⁰ guests at ease and learn
Their settlement's location, ^{aims} works and
And then the preacher and the teacher pledged
And what they needed they might rightly claim

101
Thanks for such noble generosity
For nothing; yet to all ^{yet} we have ^{nothing} to give
So said I then "The Great Spirit's eye
As marked the dead ^{to} "Heaven" wide open
A few more days ¹⁰²
And they with ⁹ social pleasure came
Just to the Williams mission where they knew
A joyful welcome from their friends ne'er failed

~~~~~  
11



*[The page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible handwriting in a cursive script, possibly from the 18th or 19th century. The ink is very light and the paper is aged and yellowed.]*

7

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Pages

143 verso - 142 verso

Missing

X

103

With much delight they hailed the <sup>of dress</sup> change  
 It reconciled them more to what must be,  
 When of their visit the result was known  
 All looked upon their future hopefully

104

The morning for their journey home arrived,  
 Alhego and Rebecca laid aside  
 The civil costume and assumed their own  
 Their own they looked upon with joy and pride

105

Rena was full of fears. "O! never more  
 Shall I see my Alhego and his wife  
 Rebecca! my husband stole Rebecca  
 And they hold him a prisoner <sup>for life</sup> ~~and a foe~~  
 And so from day to day would Rena mourn  
 Until the tidings came that was well <sup>come</sup>  
 And her most worthy son and her Rebecca  
 The wonders they had seen and heard to tell

106

107

and cried  
Rena was like a child she laughed  
And scarcely could articulate a word  
And long it was before her joy was calmed  
And what Althea had to tell was heard

108

He told her of Rebecca's friends and home  
And of Onoma's mother grey and old  
The church the school the mills and the large store  
The cattle, poultry and the great sheep fold.

109  
He told her of the ship with many sails  
Ploughing a river all so long and wide

That not a man on board had eyes to see  
The land or trees that bordered either side  
And though all <sup>went on</sup>

110  
They came at last through the night the boat  
And there were men and women rich and learned  
Who gave the city all its great renown

111

He told her of the church and <sup>house they</sup> ~~would know~~  
 were coming soon to build; then they sent  
 the preacher and the teacher; <sup>shall know</sup> and mother we  
 more of this great round world that has <sup>no end</sup>

112

No - no Alhego, that cannot be so  
 to out bring the teacher here to tell us lies  
 we know enough and what our fathers <sup>pleas</sup>  
 step in their tracks nor try to be too wise

113

Now said Alhego we will wait a while  
 and if men come to build, for us a mill  
 will be a sign and we shall know by that  
 they be doing only the Great Spirit's will

114

Soon came twelve men and on a fine broad  
 upon these banks was speedily begun  
 the mill that sawed the lumber they would  
 and spread it broadly to the lea-soning sun

115 out grains.  
When came the mill to grind the duff  
This, to the natives was a glad surprise,  
They danced, they feasted, sang their  
And watched their progress with admiring  
(approved)

116  
The school-house and the church ere long  
And then the store and grinds had stocked  
Which in good time with industry and thrift  
With careful saving would be wholly theirs

117  
When came the mission house roomy and large  
Where preacher, teacher and their people  
And all things took an onward, upward  
And the whole tribe a lifting influence felt

118  
Onoma with Rebecca spent her life  
Ever for some one doing kindly deeds  
Lending a helpful hand or helpful word  
Wherever there was either chance or need

Allego and Rebecca worked together  
 Seeking for Knowledge upon every hand  
 And daily finding some new truths to gain  
 And make the mind by slow degrees expand

And as they learned they laugh'd and <sup>found</sup> Pleased  
 A pastime and a pleasure all her own  
 Their savage customs soon were obsolete  
 And savage customs all aside were quish'd

121  
 Sometimes their Boston friends became  
 Rebecca's family too were often there  
 And sing with interest every step's advance  
 And every burden helping them to bear.

5 9  
 5 4  
 6 8  
 7 1  
 8 6  
 ---  
 3 3 6

29 9 2 all so far  
 1 verses.

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*[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

Lady Lu!

In a pleasant suburban location

Up and off from the dust and the crowd

Stood a granite and marble mansion

Exclusively cold and proud,

2 2  
On every side of the granite walls  
The English Goy had planted its feet

Cool fountains played on the spacious grounds,  
And beds of flowers that were <sup>sweet</sup> rare and

3 2 3  
The servants were twelve in the house and out

And a merry group with their jokes and fun

Their stories they told and songs they sung

Small was the work when the day was done

4 4  
Up and away from the sound of it all  
Whipped in a reverie's mythical charm

Like the ivy on her walls it clung,

~~While nothing grew from it but harm~~

While nothing grew from it but harm,  
No branches

Rare was the scene the windows overlooked  
 The distant hills the river rolled between  
 The steamboat's curling smoke the snowy sail  
 And many a mansion in the view was seen,

And winding round a curve a train appears  
 Distant enough an added charm to lend,  
 While in the west when I bid all "good night"  
 The richest hues about his covering blend.

The walls were lifted to a ceiling high,  
 Where costly frescoes and carvings met  
 Beneath, ancestral portraits hung at ease  
 Works of great masters one could not

forget,  
 The works of artists of undying fame  
 Were seen along the corridors and halls,  
 While portraits of great authors on their  
 Looked proudly from the spacious library  
 walls

The apartment in all its appointments,  
Was luxurious, rare and ornate  
And the lady alone in her splendor,  
Lamented her desolate fate.

And this was the home of the Lady Lu  
Who counted her riches by more and more  
And some times she looked on it all and asked  
What manner of fruit her life's <sup>bore</sup> tree

There is truly a joy in possessing  
But in acquiring there surely is more,  
We have something to work for and hope for  
That lyeth not close to our door.

But a still greater joy is in giving,  
As a smile is worth more than a tear  
Giving gladly the needy and helpless  
Who are ever abundantly near.

And the lady said as she looked abroad

One very beautiful summer's day

I will no longer be pinned to my coach she  
I will <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>said</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>say</sup> ~~say~~  
But walk and go wherever I may,

O, delightful! she said as she gained the street

And why have I never tried this before!

Alone in the street! how a new delight  
of her she sought a path she had never been

15  
I was the oldest and poorest part of the town

And the people she met were both and lean  
regged.

16  
She knocked at a door a voice called

A man she met with a colorless <sup>said</sup> ~~said~~  
Who answered her look with "I'm poor and

And now I must give up the dear old place

My eye he said does whatever she can  
She works by night and she works by day

17.  
But the place is mortgaged and almost gone.

And I worry and worry my time away

Who holds your mortgage? give me

18  
" My name is John Astley his name and yours  
Within a week he will pardon him 'ch,

No sorrow would move him on me  
No suffering would move the man an inch,

19  
I'll your wife to fulfil her engagements,

And no longer work out by the day

~~you may send to my market and give away~~  
my market man send all your orders

To be paid by the Lady Lu Gray

20  
your house is safe I will interview him 'ch

Here is money for what you may need

It is but my duty no loss but a gain

the reward always comes with the deed

21  
When she turned away to another door,

Where two old ladies were living alone  
Who needed clothing and fuel and food  
And the sad voices glided into a moan

22  
Here was another chance for investment  
And two poor old hearts were <sup>once more</sup> made happy

And hours were spent by the Lady Lu,

In her walks and works from door to door,

23  
At another house there were children nine

I hunk into the corners their heads to hide

While the sorrowful mother weary and pale

Spoke with a touch of bitterness and pride.

24  
I have known better days than these she said

With money enough for every need is gone

But times have changed and the money is gone

And now we are very poor indeed

M. M. M.

25  
"Are you a widow?" "good woman?" she said  
O, worse than that for he's brought disgrace  
And poverty's pinching hand on us all  
But he'll drink if we starve in this <sup>old place</sup> now

26  
With a quivering lip and tearful eye  
The lady retracing her homeward way

Said Oh! 'twas never my thought to see  
The squatter and want I have found <sup>to day</sup> needs

27  
~~And cancelled with pleasure the old ladies'~~  
The interwoven Clinch and mortgage <sup>made null</sup>  
And cancelled with pleasure the old ladies' needs  
The mother and children rejoiced with these deeds

28  
And took their large share of the  
The reached good lady's deeds  
her elegant home and thought  
As she rested herself in her easy chair  
How much she had left undone unsought,  
Which ought to have given her work and care

Lady Lu was pleased; she was happy 29  
A work for her money a work for her brain  
She had found in dark Alley where want  
And all the sad alleys that <sup>marsh</sup> <sup>train</sup> come in here

Although Dark Alley was ~~smokeless~~ and cold  
It was a pleasant thought to the Lady Lu,  
She could drive away want and ~~the~~ <sup>the door</sup> ~~train~~ from  
John Astor's place was his own again  
A new light beamed in John Astor's <sup>eye</sup>  
The place he loved was his own again  
His courage and hope and strength returned,  
And once more he stood with the working men

31

Each day on an errand of mercy

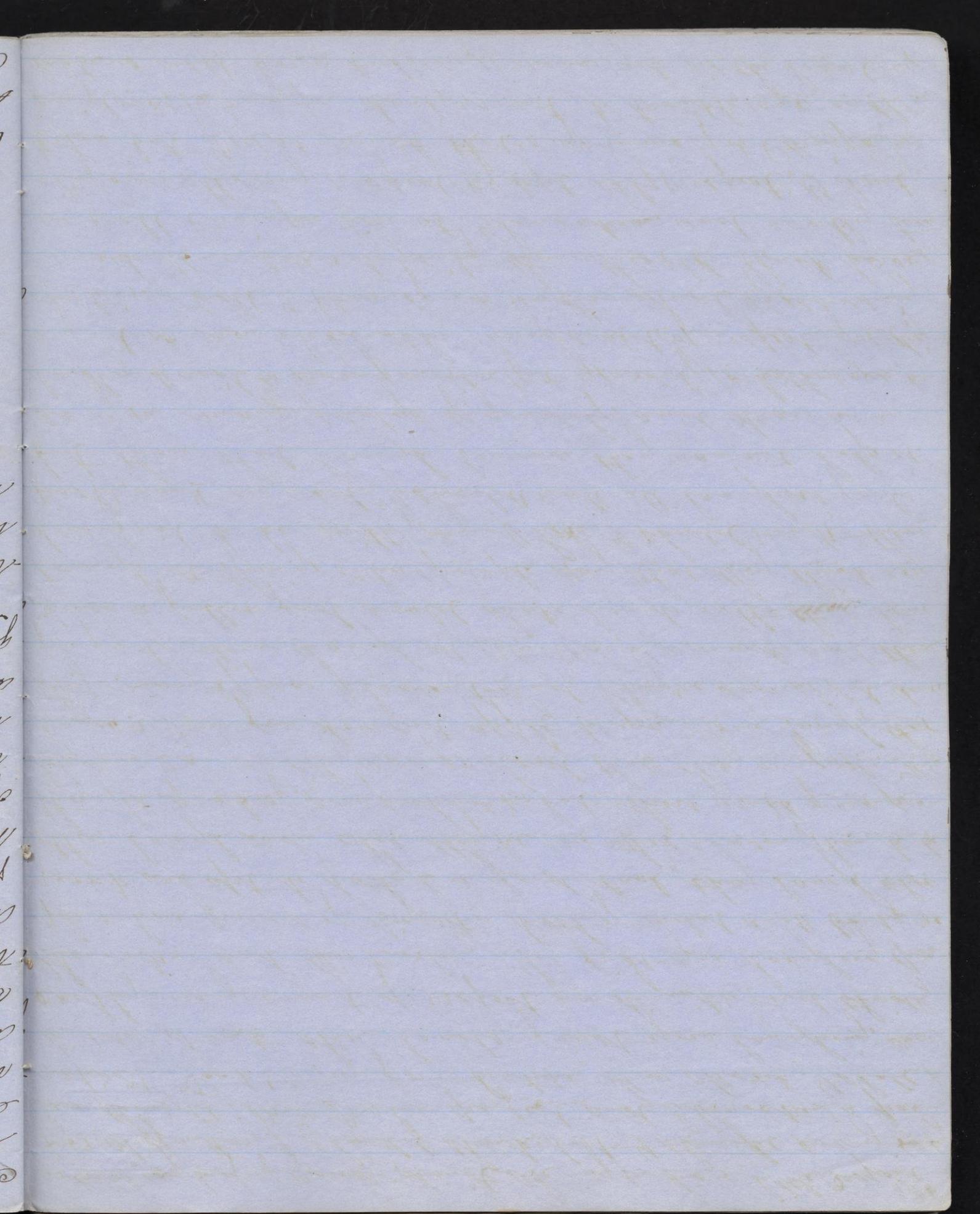
Every day she went to Dark Alley  
For her special mission was there  
She had taken the one dozen horses  
Under her provident care

So much the people loved her there that  
 could influence them to do <sup>whatever</sup> she thought best  
 And every drunkard cast his drink away  
 no longer felt himself a useless pest.

No longer time to Lady Len was long  
 No longer spent in reverie's idle dream  
 Grand issues sprung from what her thoughts had  
 Where darkness was the light began to gleam.

When they recounted all her noble deeds (orought  
 And the great change her thoughtful care had  
 I he smiling said, you too have done me good  
 And to my heart an all time pleasure brought.

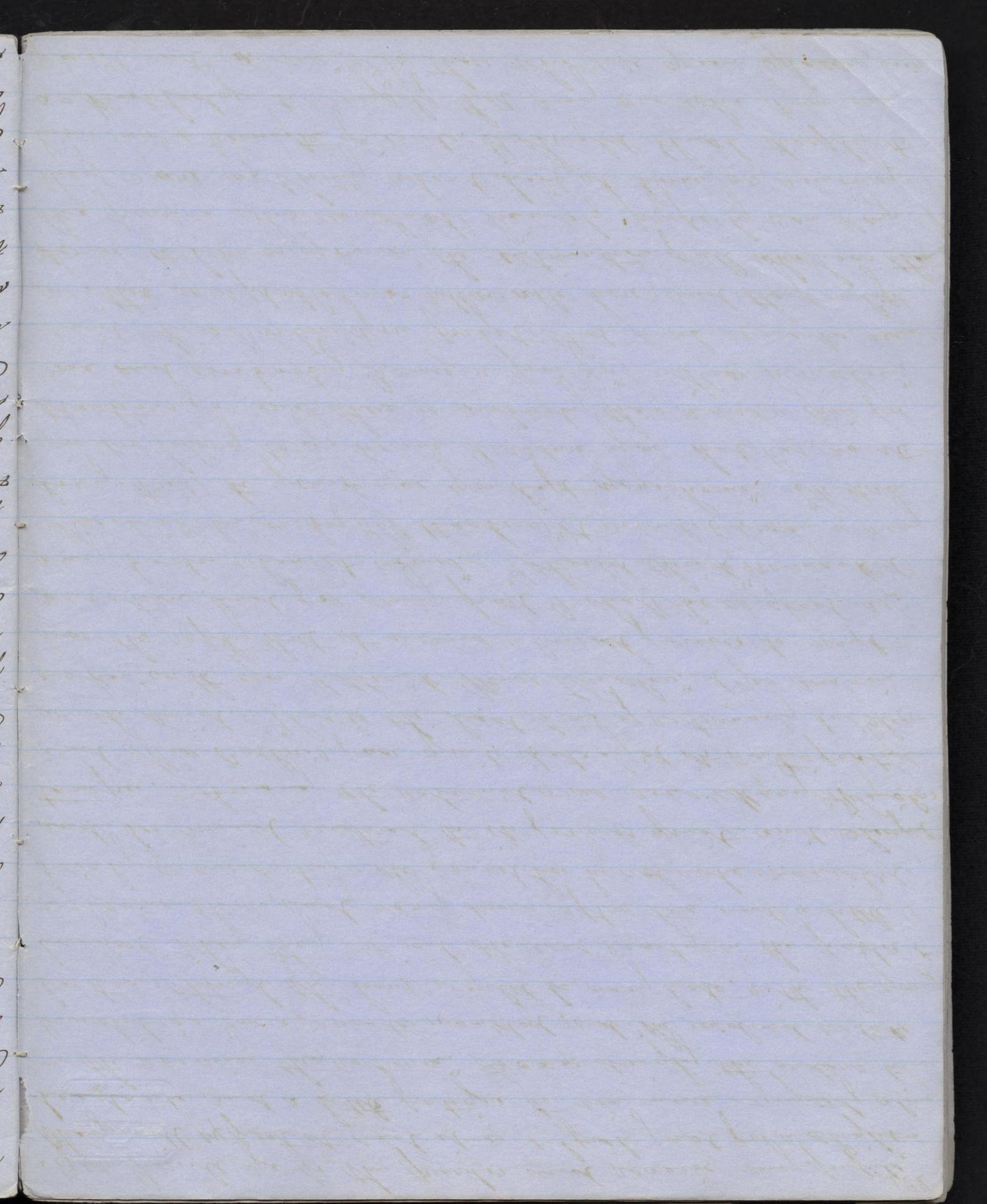


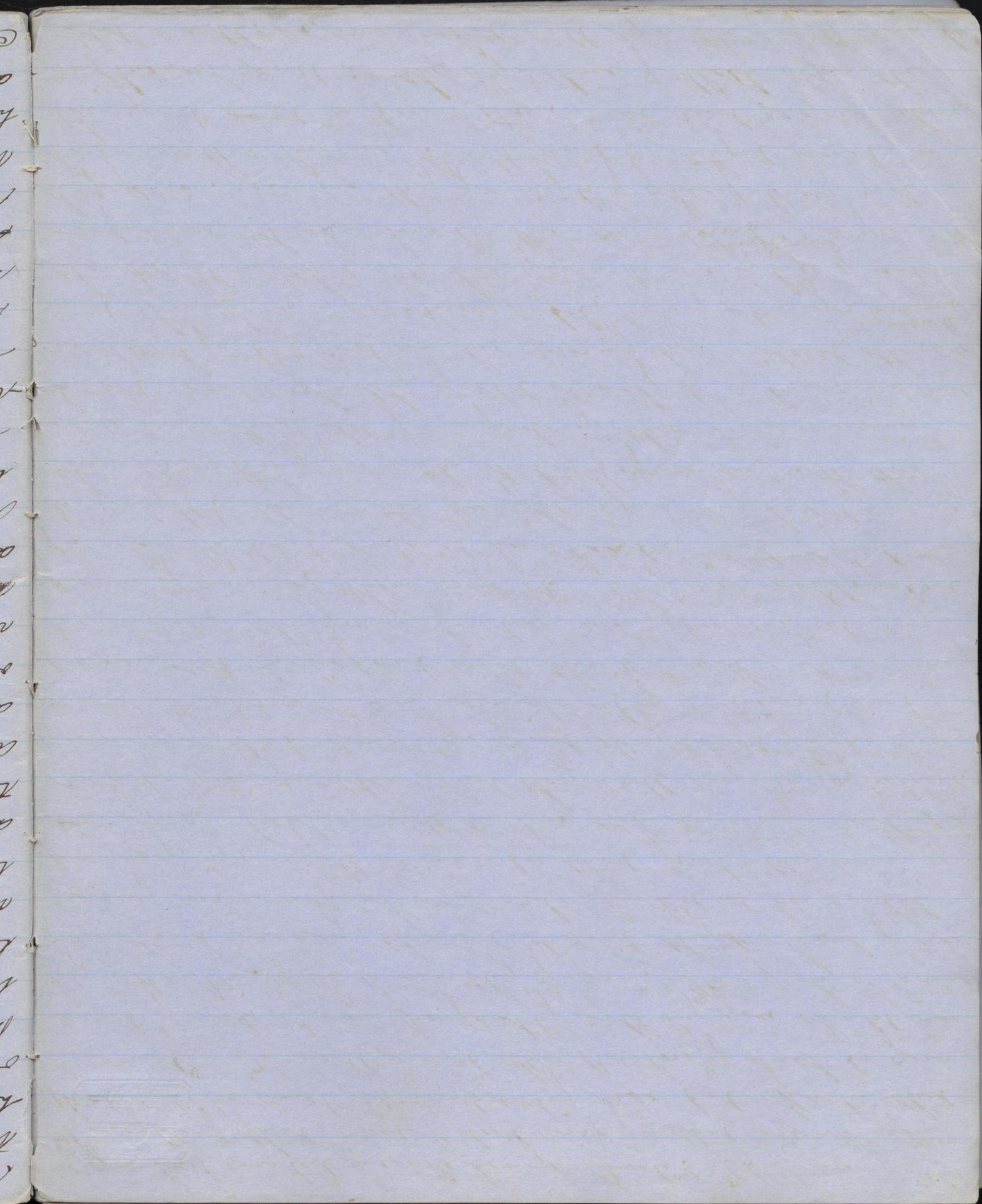


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him.

A quiet, unpretending, mature  
With nerves too finely strung for common

And jarring or discordant notes  
I should venture  
To thrust them to a sense of pain or strife

His loving heart knew naught of  
enmities

To all he was a helper and a friend

His kindly words and gentle ministrations

That sympathetic, Christian words attend

God gave him <sup>both good and great</sup> ~~diverse~~ talents that

And genius flashed throughout his

His words will live <sup>ready wit</sup>

Amid their fate when ours have

Wm. W. Murray 11/1



A quiet unassuming nature  
With nerves too finely wrought for common  
Where no discordant, jarring notes should  
You thrill them with a sense of pain or sting

His loving heart knew naught of enemies  
No all he was a helper and a friend  
His kindly words and gentle ministrations  
Gave the dark hour a bright and <sup>end.</sup> transfigured

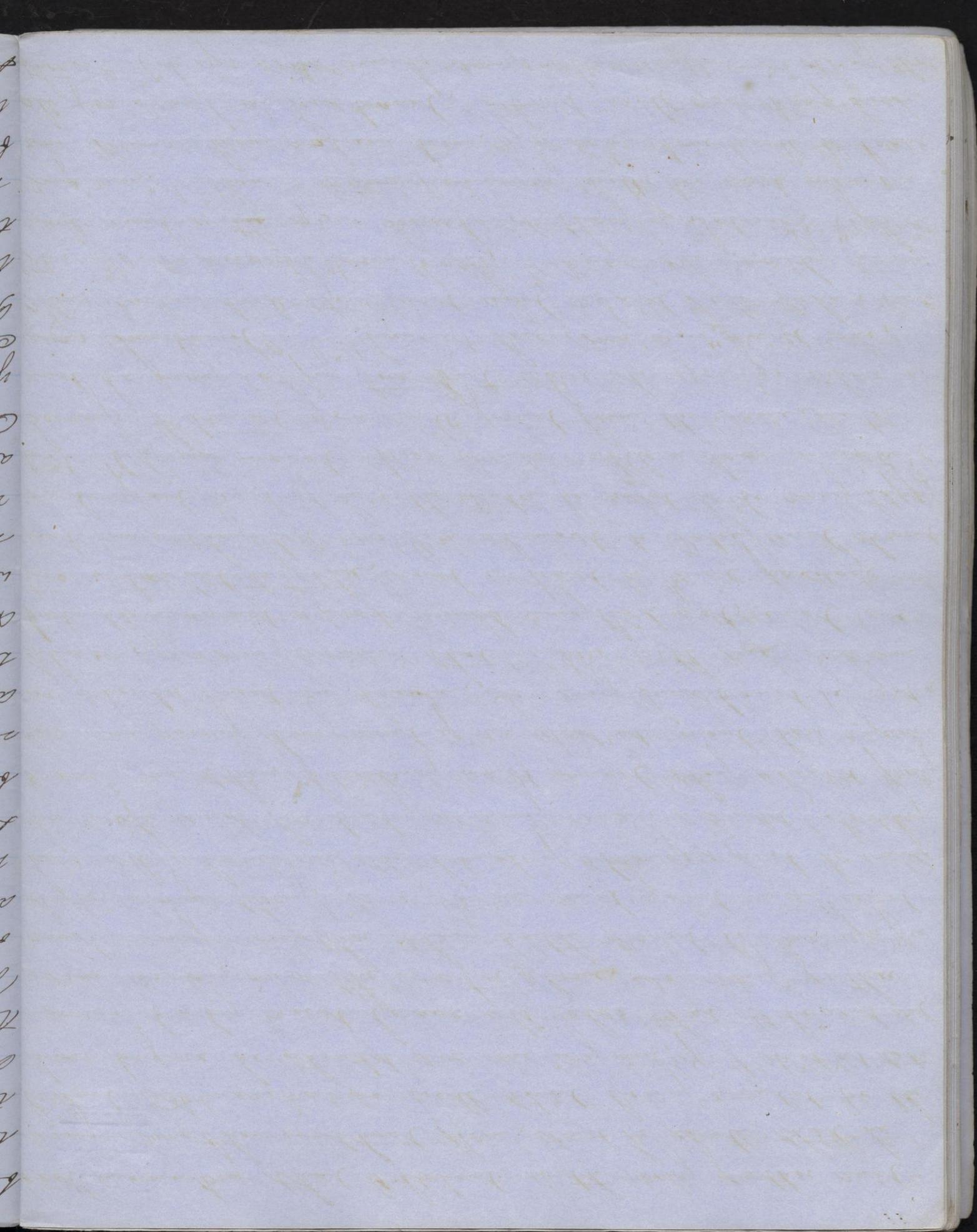
God gave him talents of great and rare  
And genius <sup>with</sup> her flashing fire  
Working in wit and humor where  
He finds expression and returns

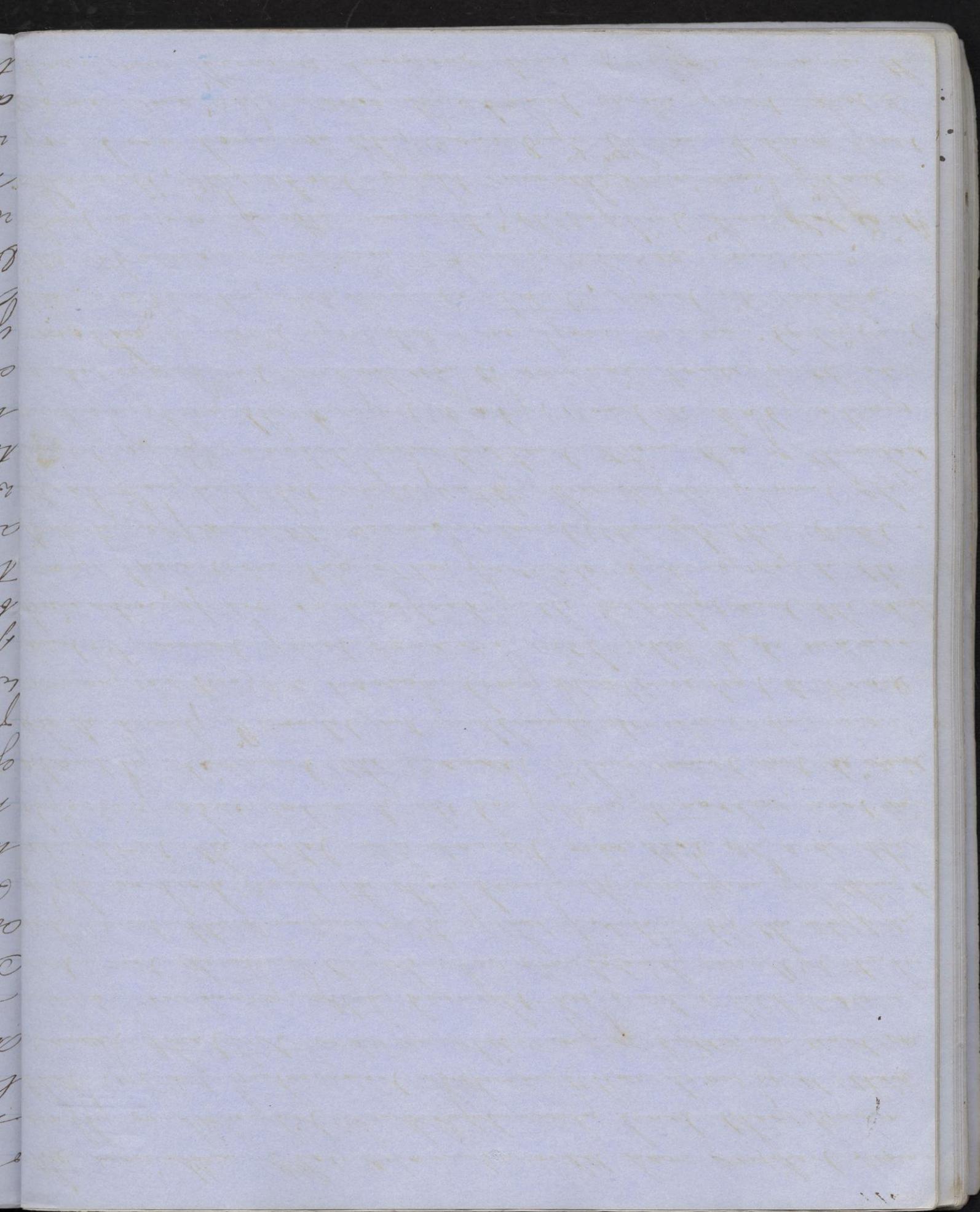
The multitude expectant <sup>held</sup> listened

When he <sup>held</sup> a <sup>flash</sup> of <sup>light</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>seen</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>eyes</sup>  
Even when <sup>his</sup> <sup>words</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>been</sup> <sup>spoken</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>gladness</sup>  
Had his halcyon day was done

My home the natural world was dear  
The woodland path the winding stream  
The hill top <sup>near</sup> seemed to Heaven <sup>more</sup>  
Offering some great inspiring theme  
The lofty tree the modest flower  
That nestles trusting <sup>neath</sup> its shade  
Were lessons of God's loving power  
In every thing His hand hath made  
By the good he did in life with love  
His sweet example <sup>can</sup> not die  
He left the best that he could give  
And in a cloud passed to his home  
And on <sup>the</sup> night <sup>we</sup> <sup>will</sup> <sup>miss</sup> <sup>him</sup>

Faint, illegible handwritten text covering the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The writing is in a cursive style and is mostly obscured by the texture and color of the paper.





*[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

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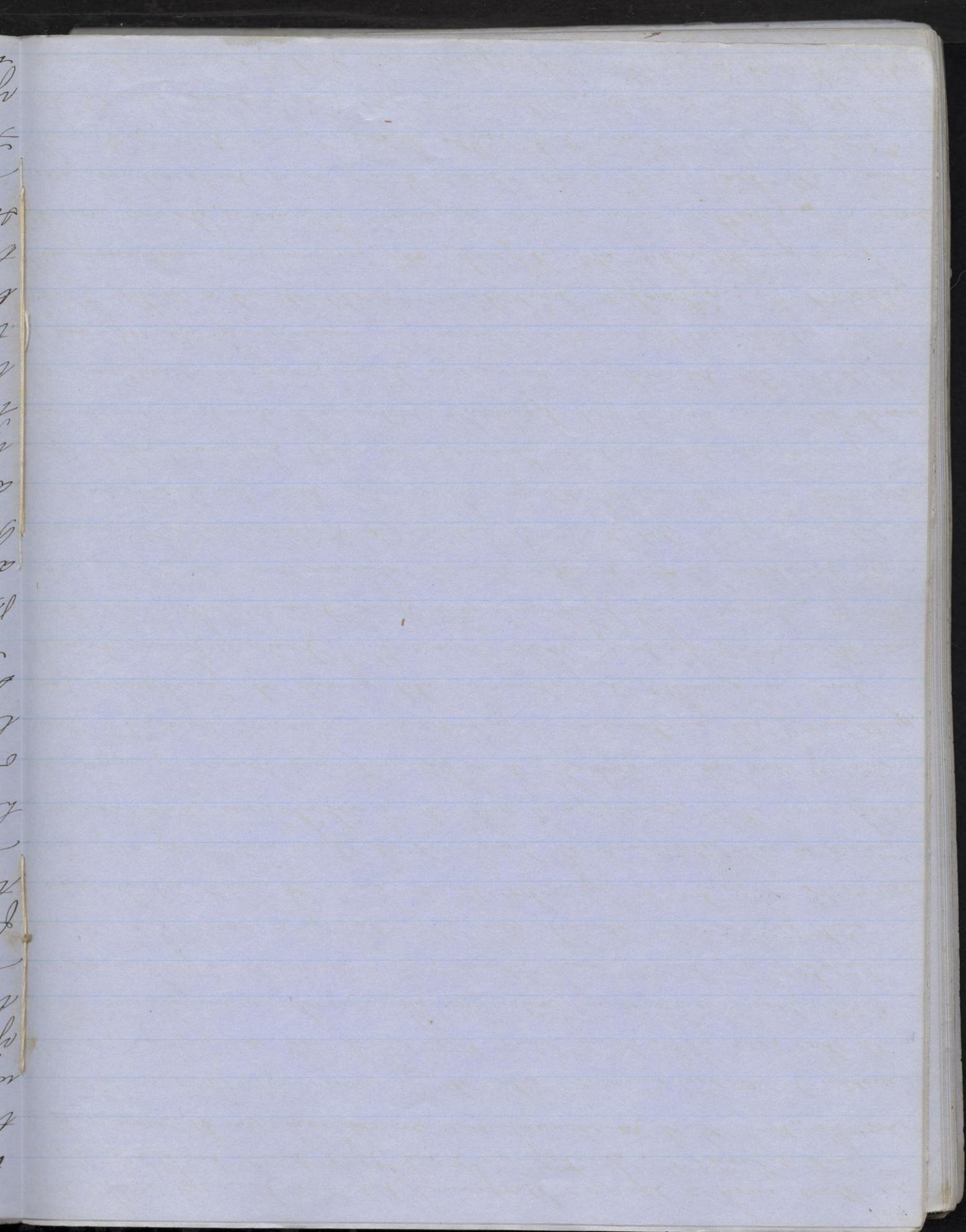
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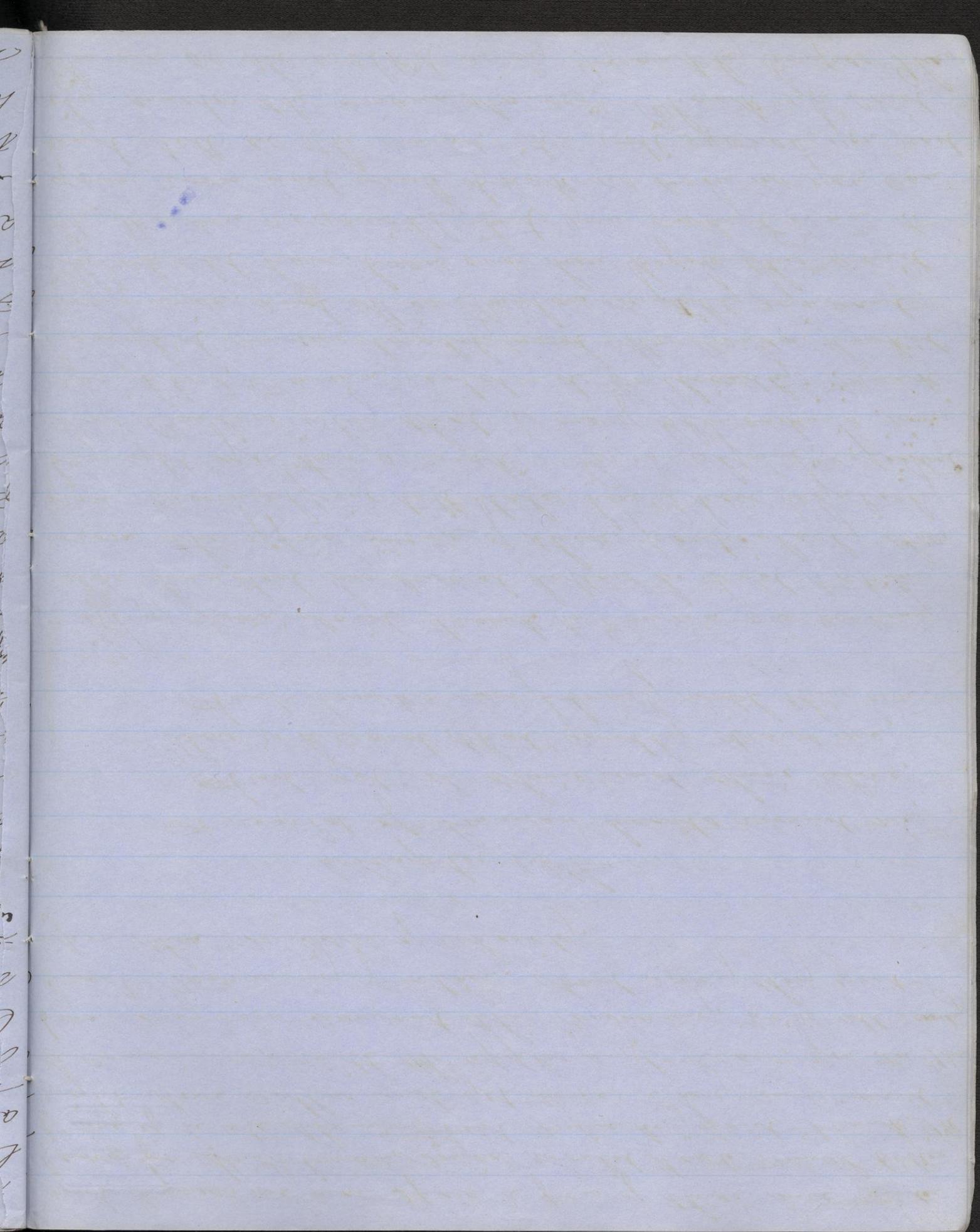
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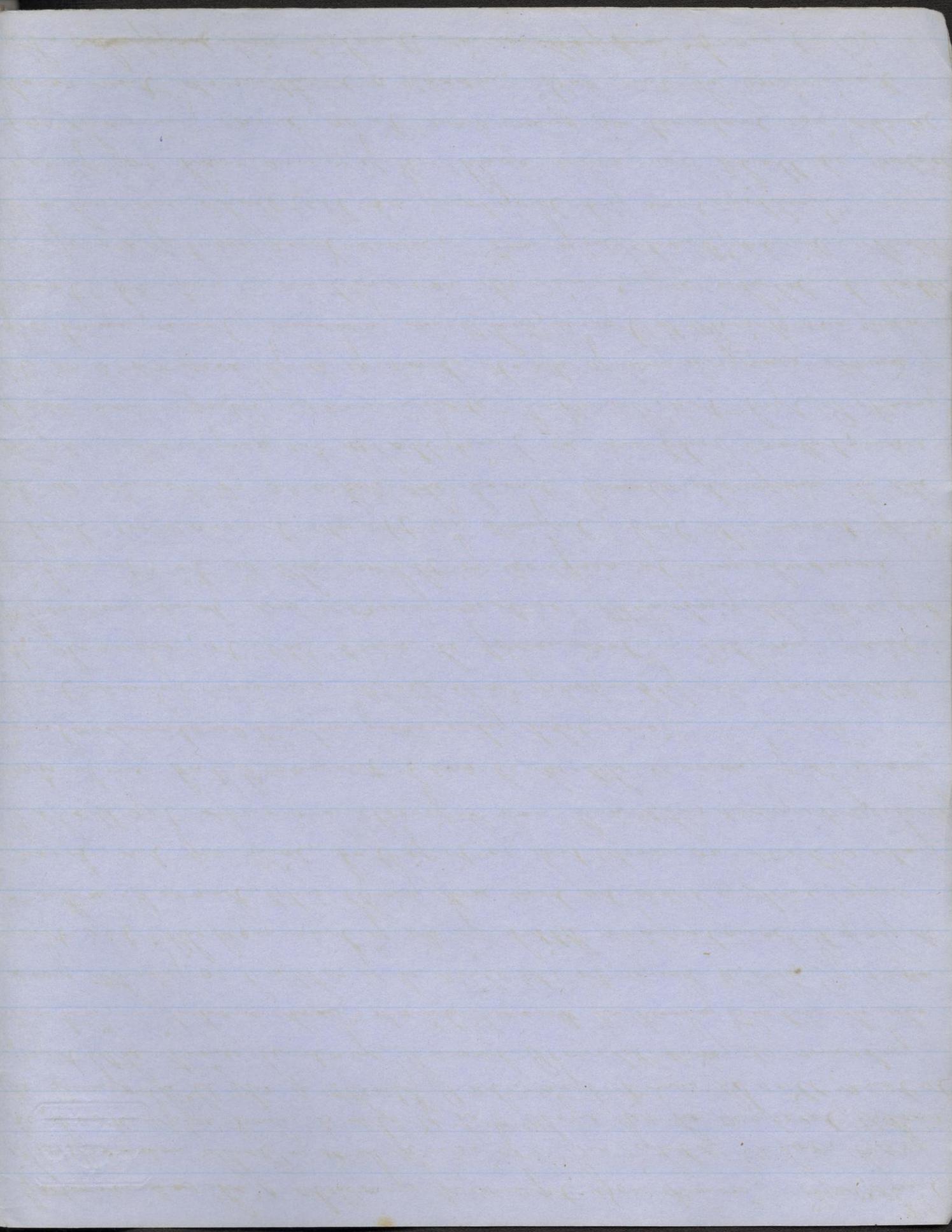




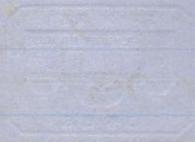
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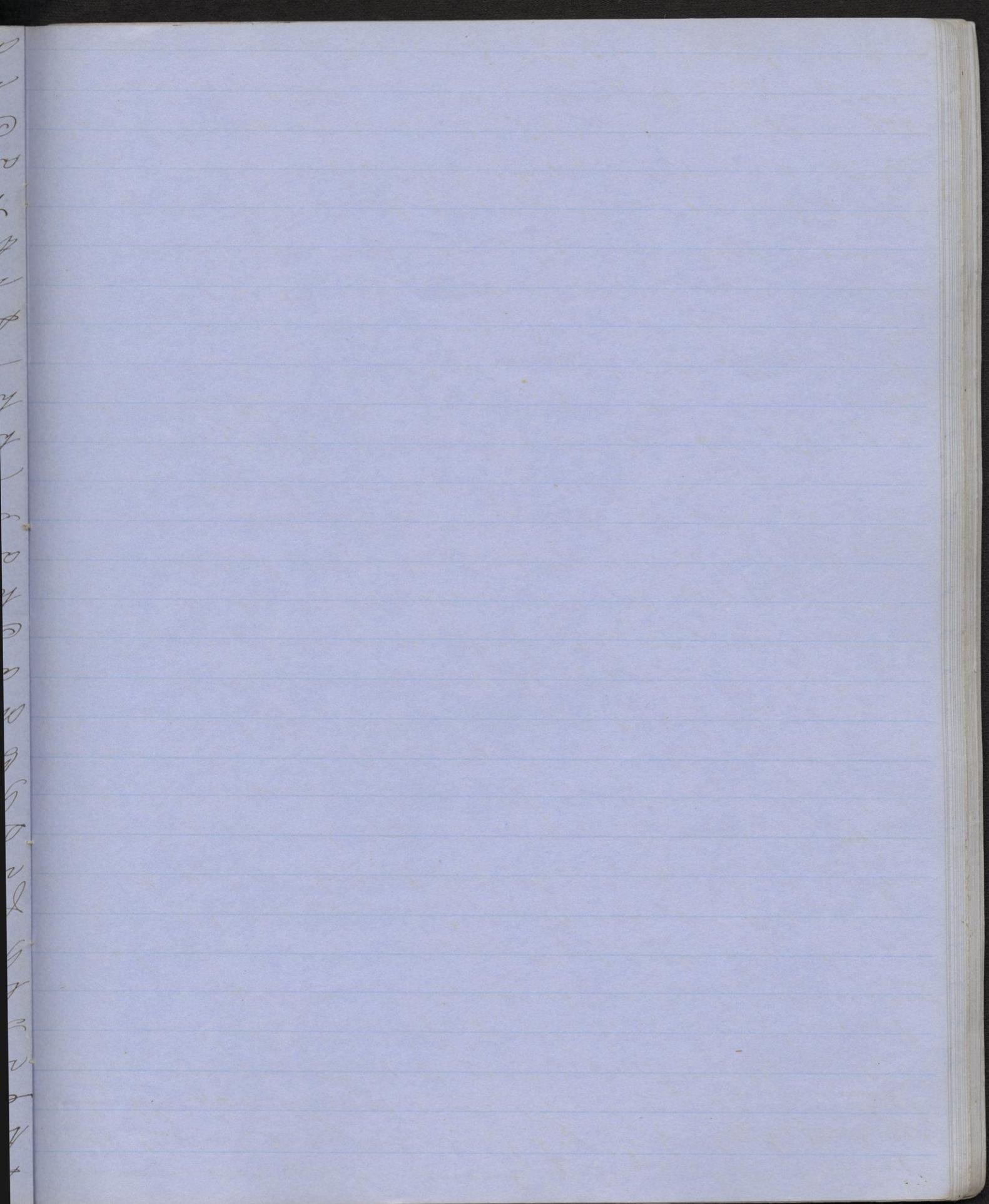
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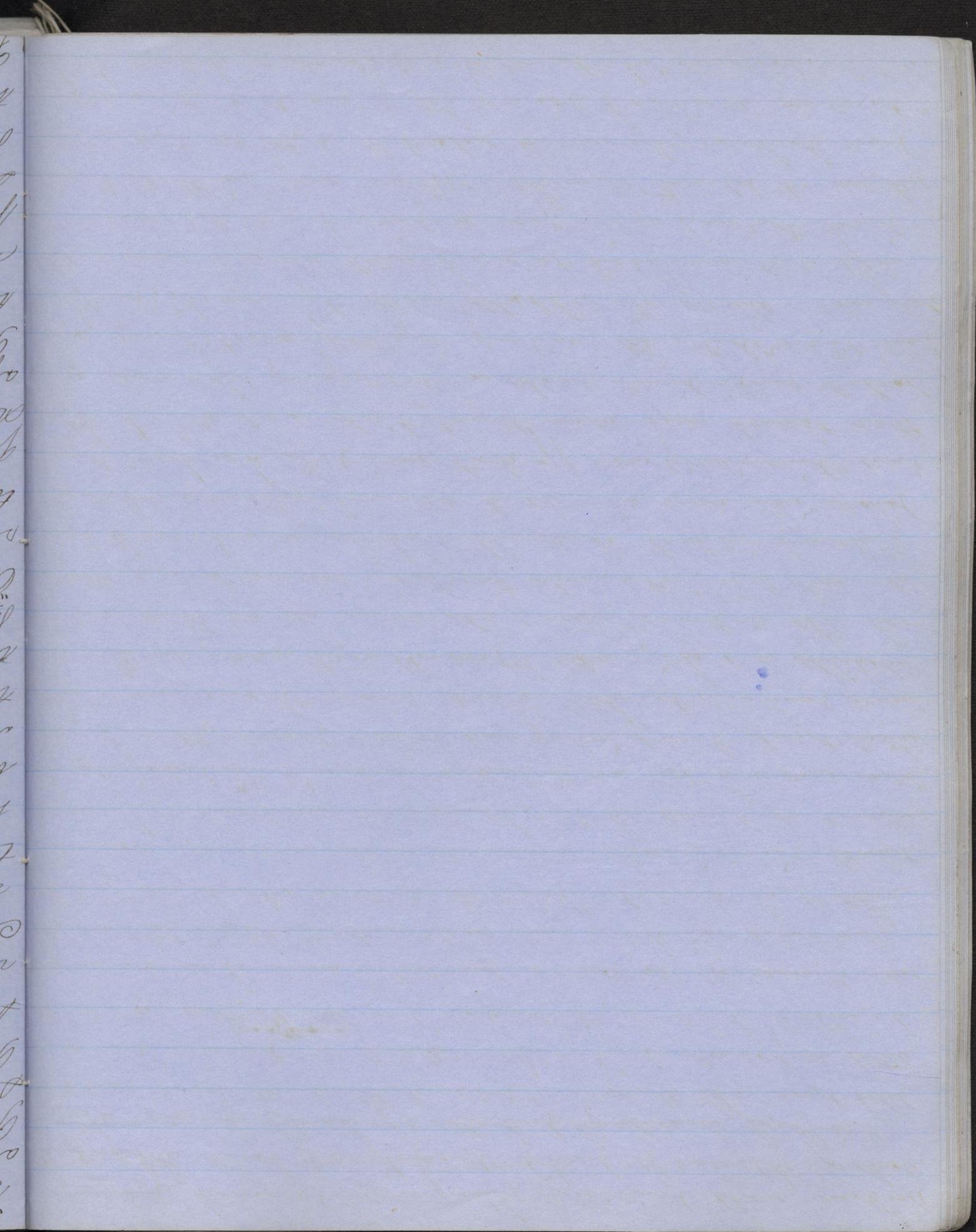
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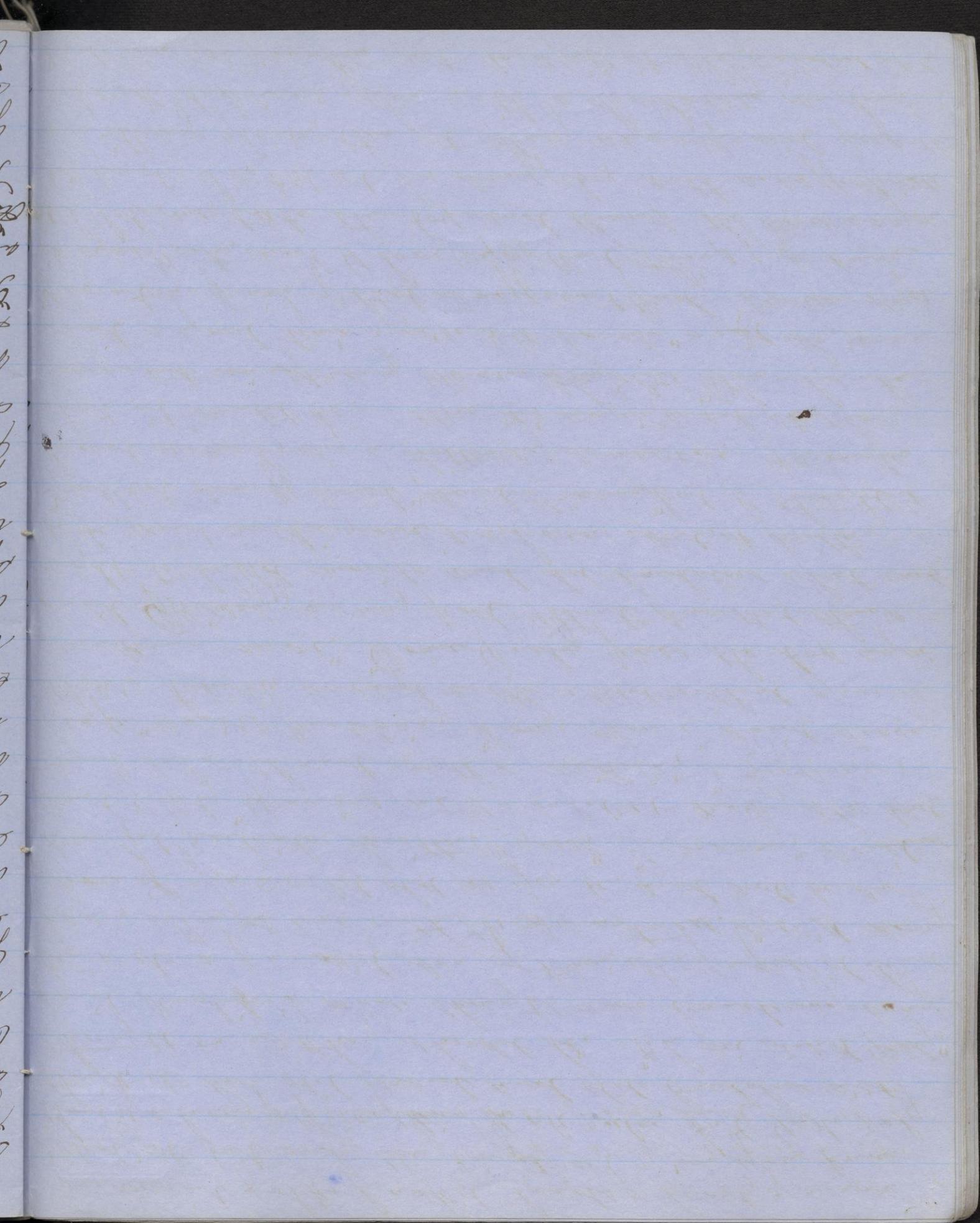


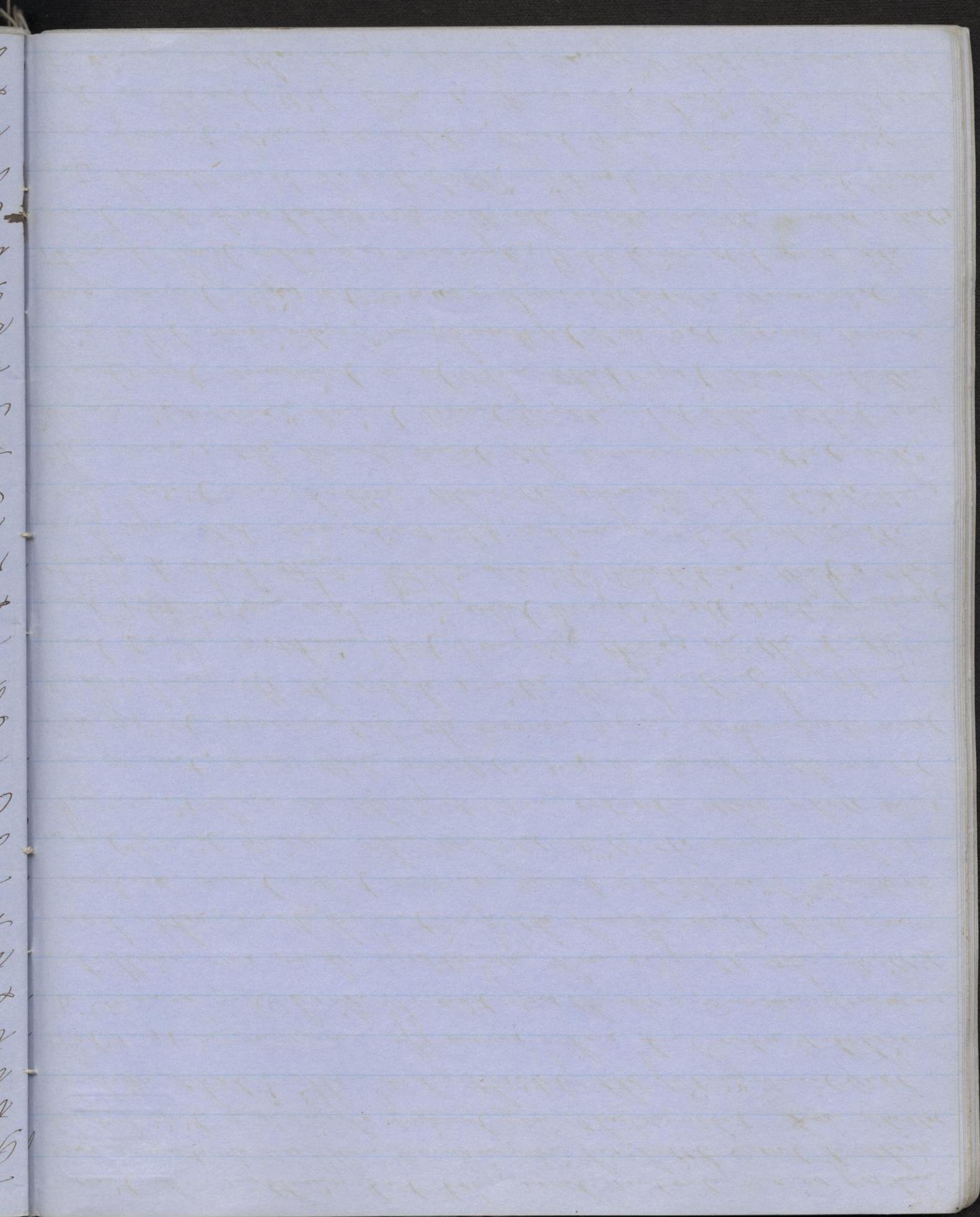
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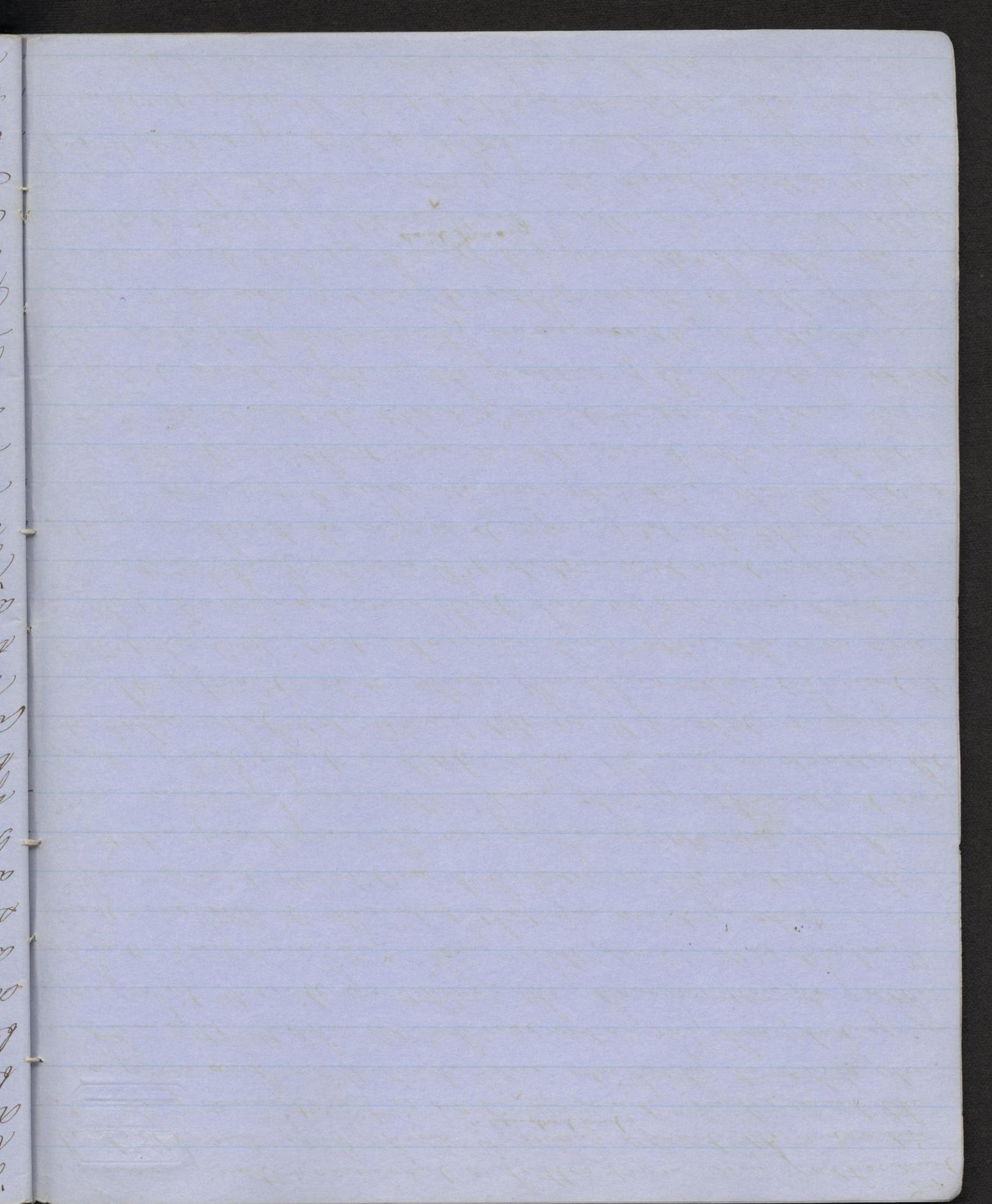
*[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the page]*





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Handwritten text on the left margin, including letters and numbers such as 'A', 'B', 'C', 'D', 'E', 'F', 'G', 'H', 'I', 'J', 'K', 'L', 'M', 'N', 'O', 'P', 'Q', 'R', 'S', 'T', 'U', 'V', 'W', 'X', 'Y', 'Z', '1', '2', '3', '4', '5', '6', '7', '8', '9', '0', and '10'.

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Handwritten notes in cursive script along the left margin, including characters such as 'A', 'W', 'V', 'U', 'O', 'N', 'B', 'Y', 'L', 'T', 'O', 'P', 'D', 'N', 'V', 'F', 'S', 'M', 'H', 'L', 'C'.

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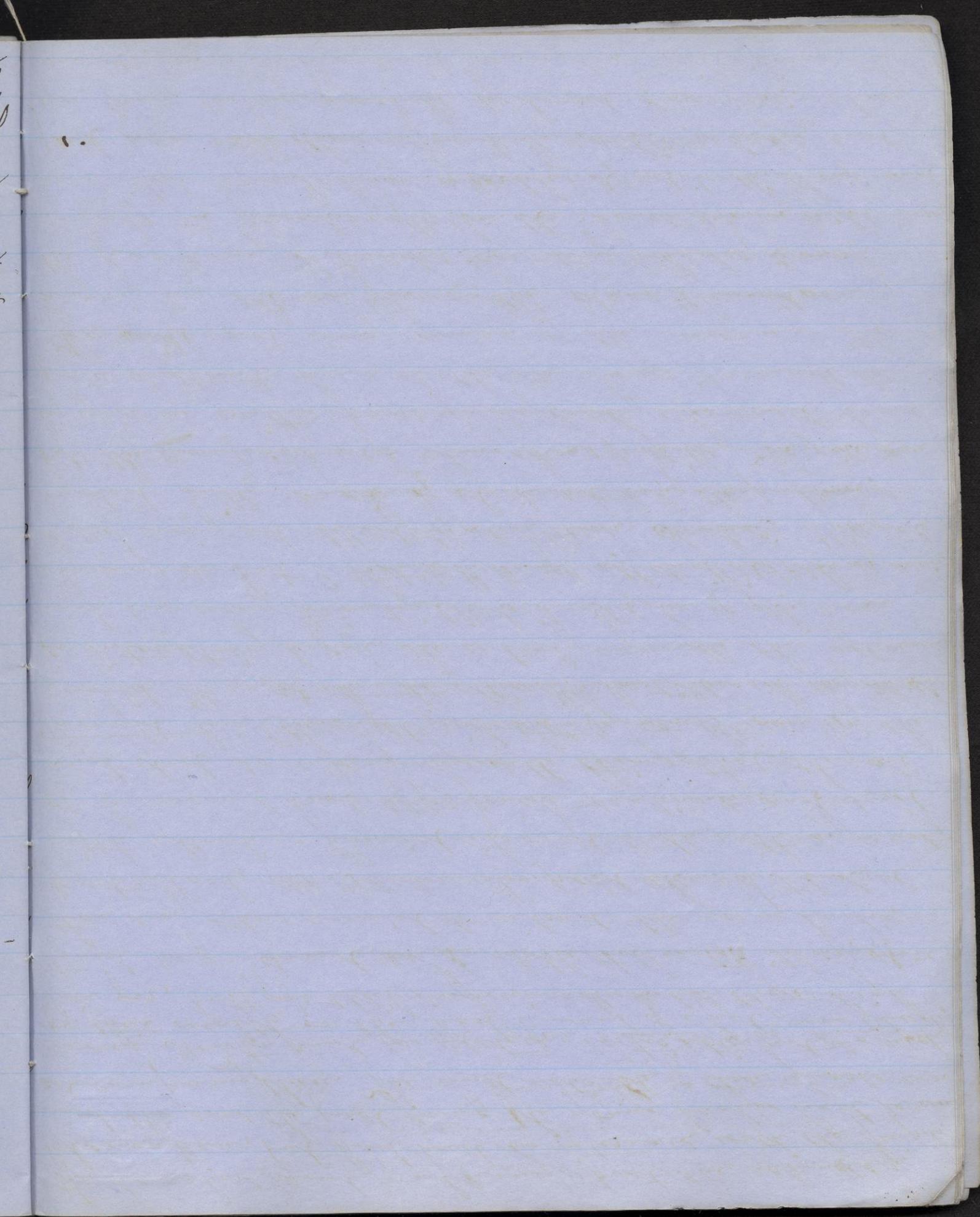
Handwritten notes in the left margin, including the number 22 at the bottom.

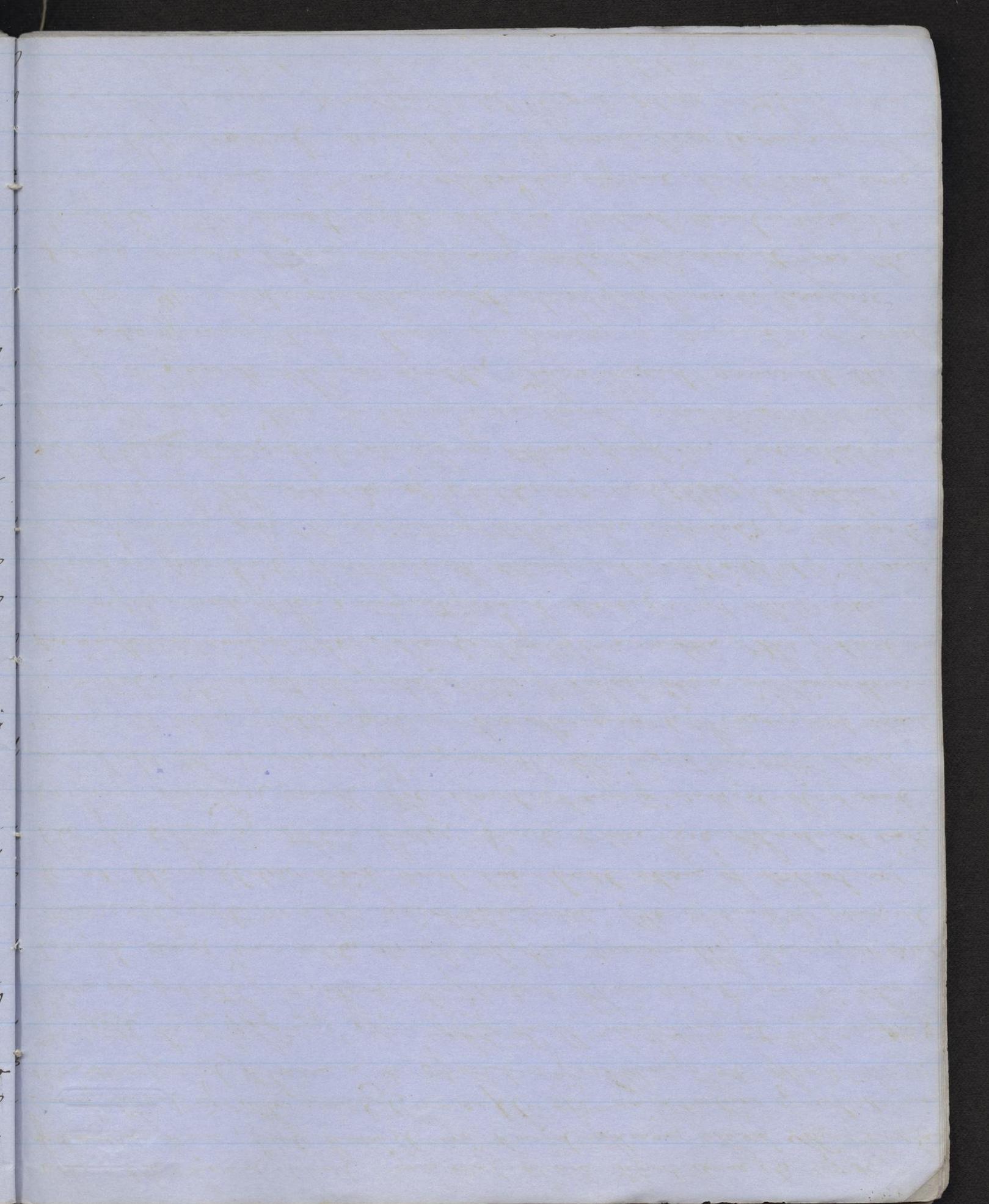
Main body of the page containing faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper.

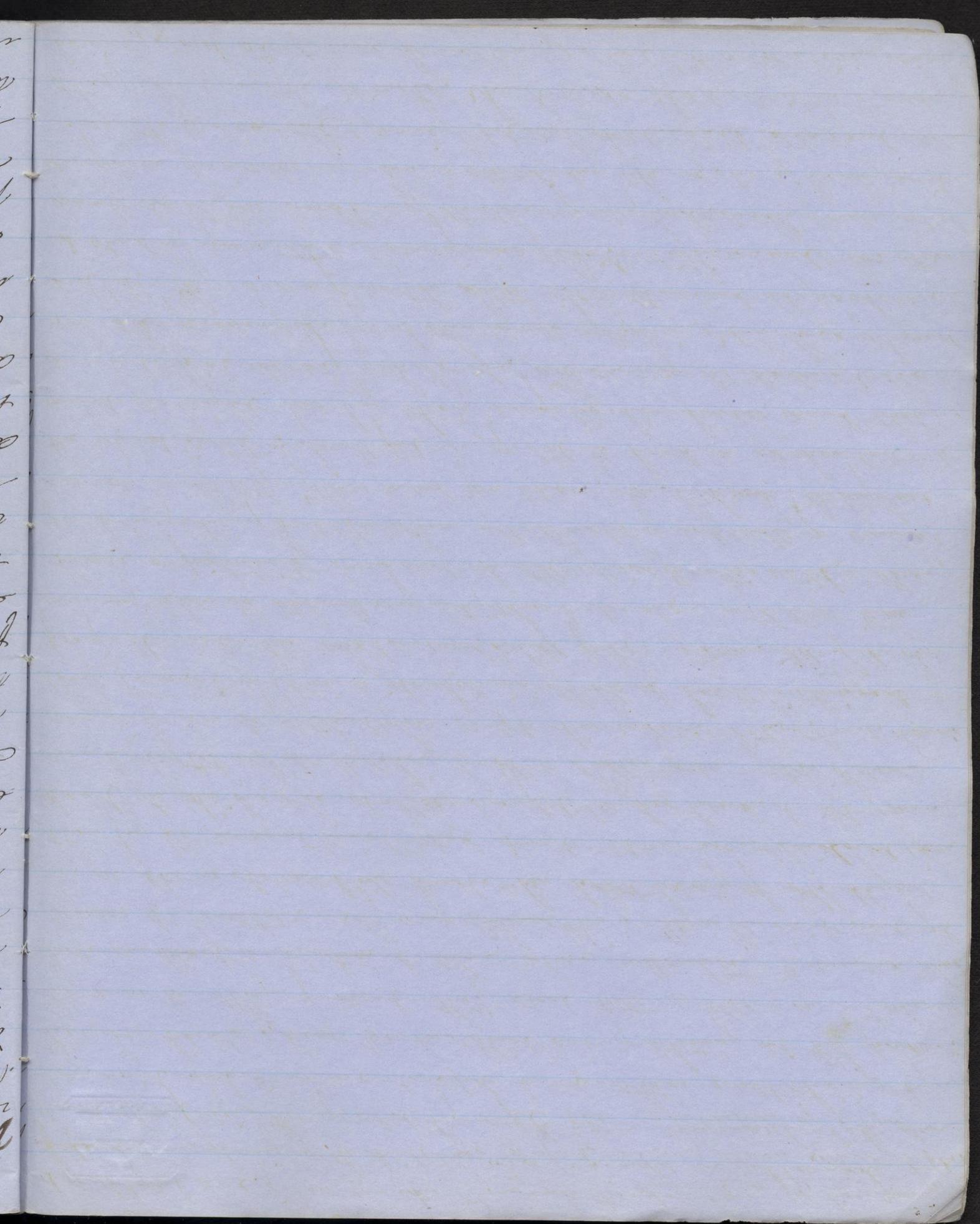
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Handwritten text visible in the left margin, including characters such as 'a', 'b', 'c', 'd', 'e', 'f', 'g', 'h', 'i', 'j', 'k', 'l', 'm', 'n', 'o', 'p', 'q', 'r', 's', 't', 'u', 'v', 'w', 'x', 'y', 'z'.

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Pages

42 verso - 37 verso

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*[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]*

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Handwritten notes in cursive script, partially visible on the left edge of the page. The text is mostly illegible due to being cut off.

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*[Faint, illegible handwriting visible through the paper from the reverse side. The text appears to be a list or series of entries, possibly names or numbers, written in cursive script.]*

Handwritten text in the left margin, including the word "The" at the top and "and" at the bottom. The text is partially obscured and appears to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

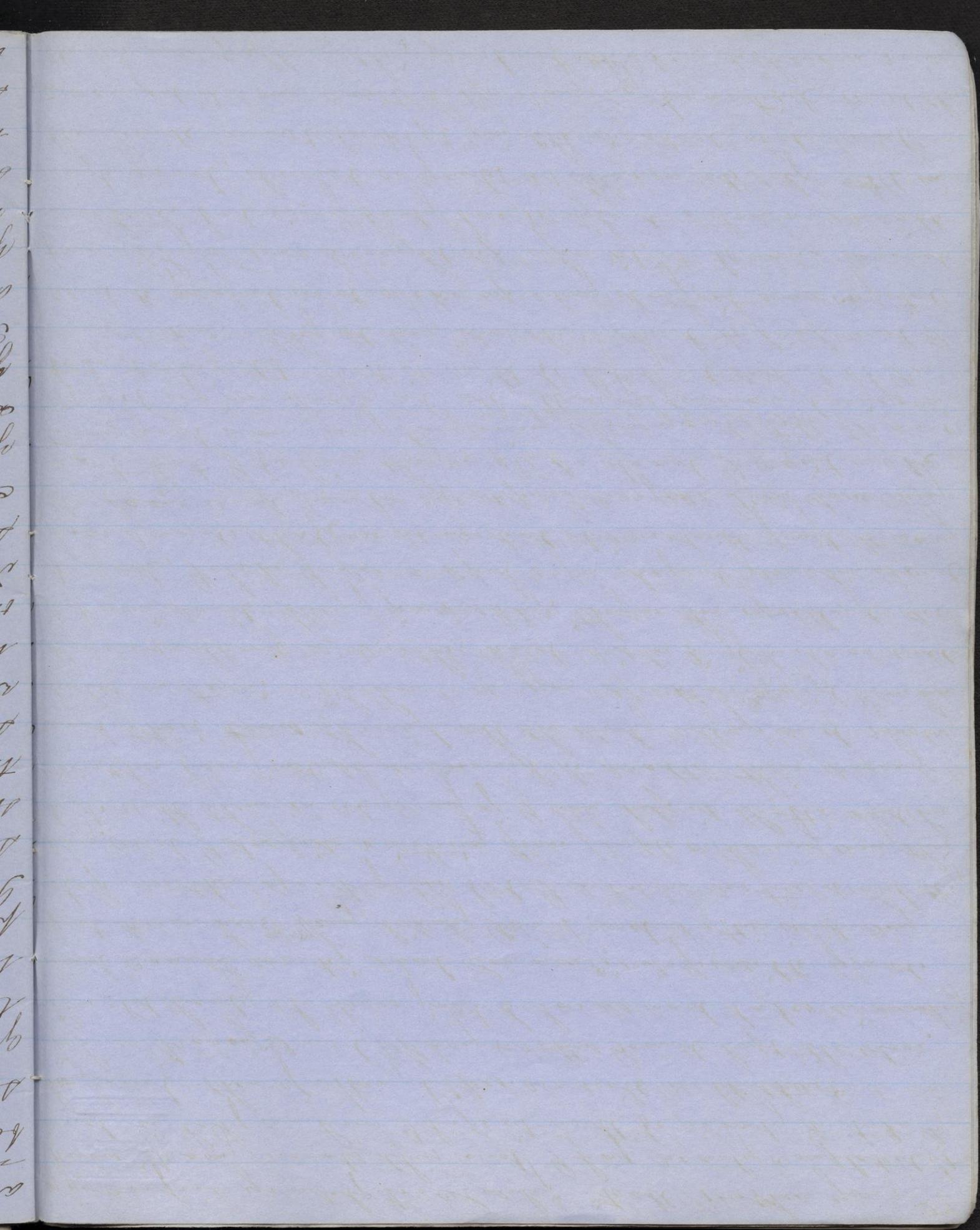
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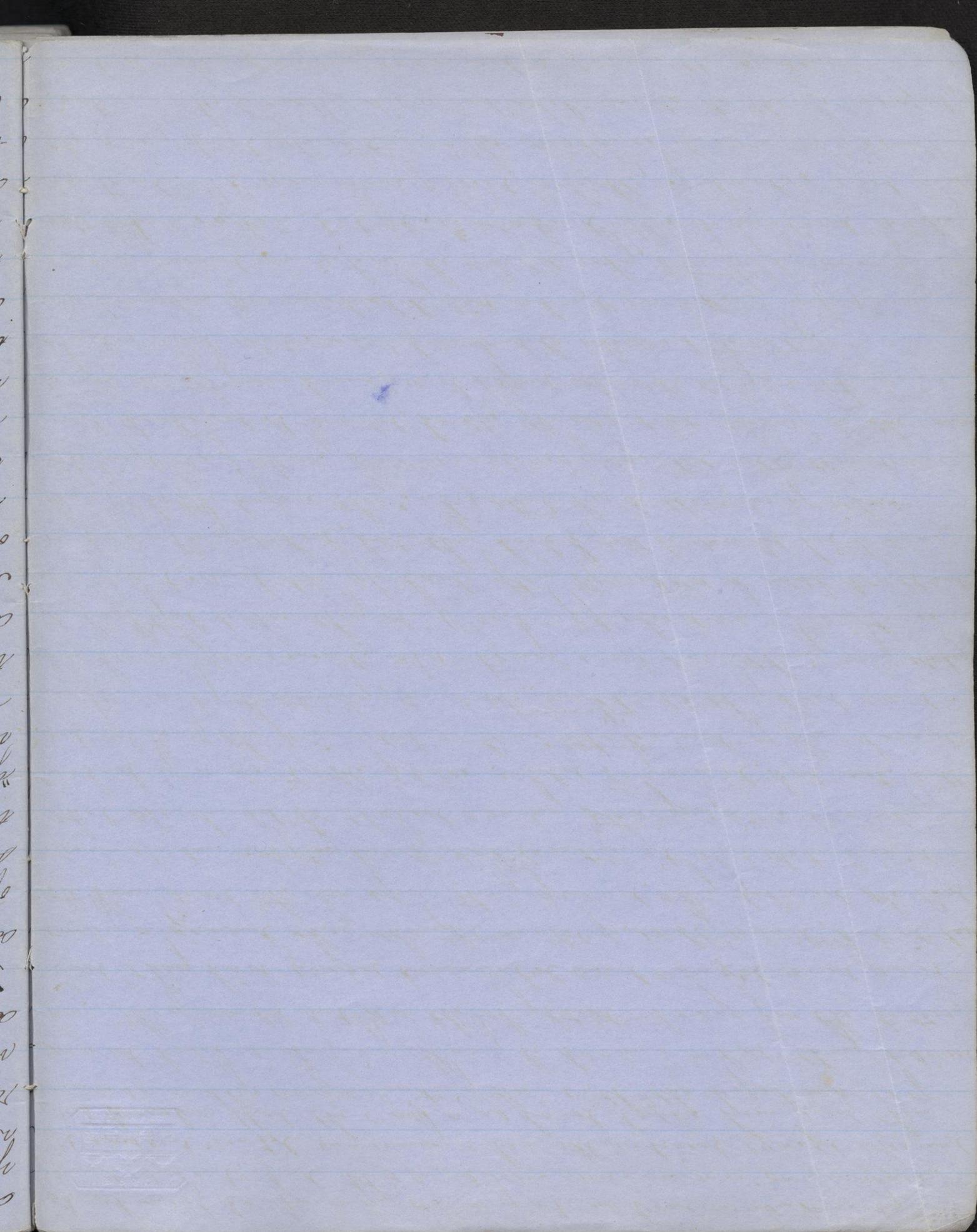
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[Faint, illegible handwritten notes covering the page]







Handwritten characters and symbols along the left margin, including letters like 'h', 'm', 'o', 'n', 'd', 'o', 'L', 'M', 'N', 'V', 'A', 'X', 'R', 'u', 'l', 'r', 'v', 'z', 'd', 'v', 'h'.

*[Faint handwritten notes visible along the left edge of the page]*

*[A large block of extremely faint handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The writing is illegible due to its light color.]*

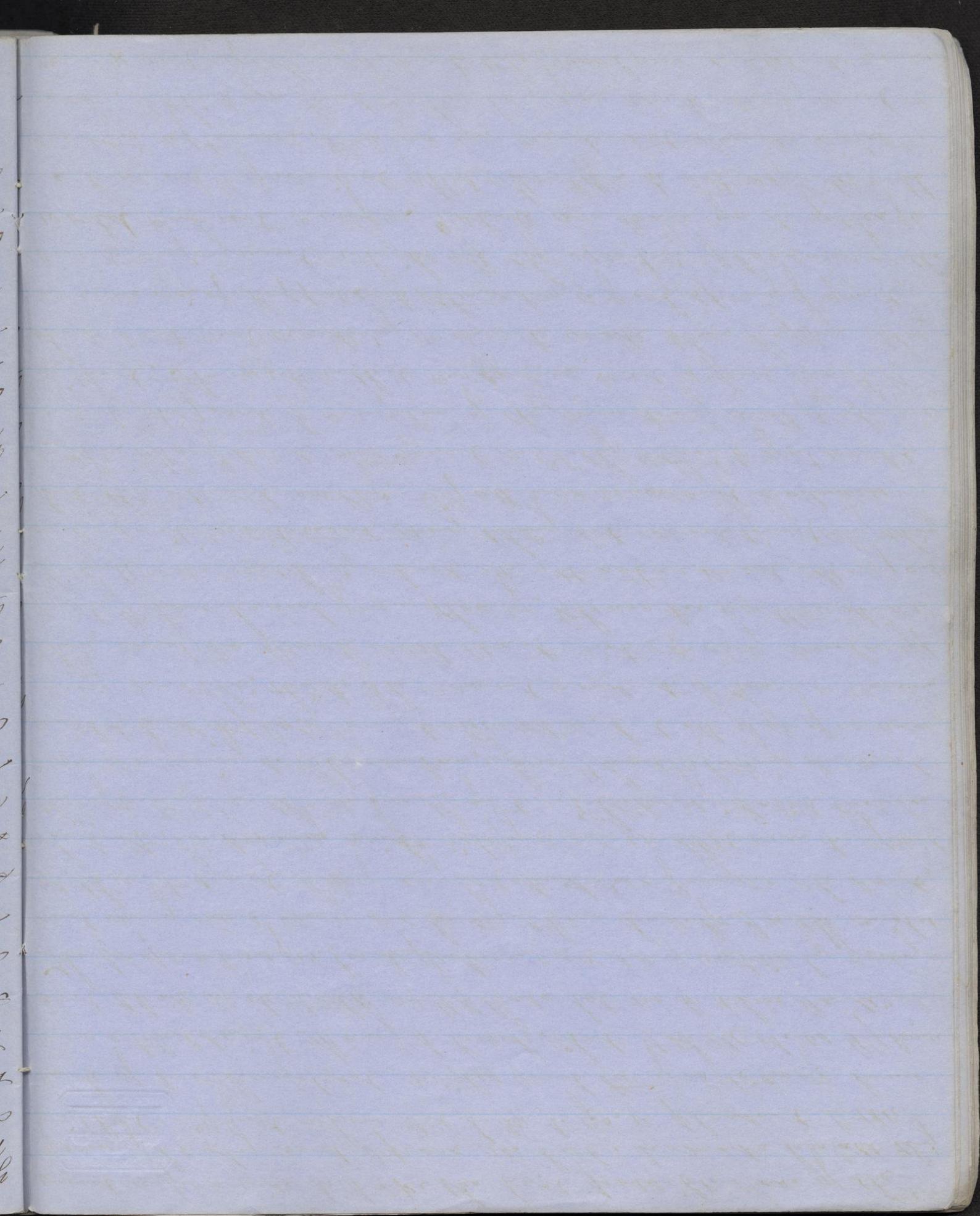
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*[Faint, illegible handwriting on a lined page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

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*[Faint, mirrored handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*





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Handwritten text in the left margin, including names and dates, such as "Mr. A. B.", "1871", and "1872".

Main body of the page containing dense handwritten notes or a list, written in cursive on lined paper.

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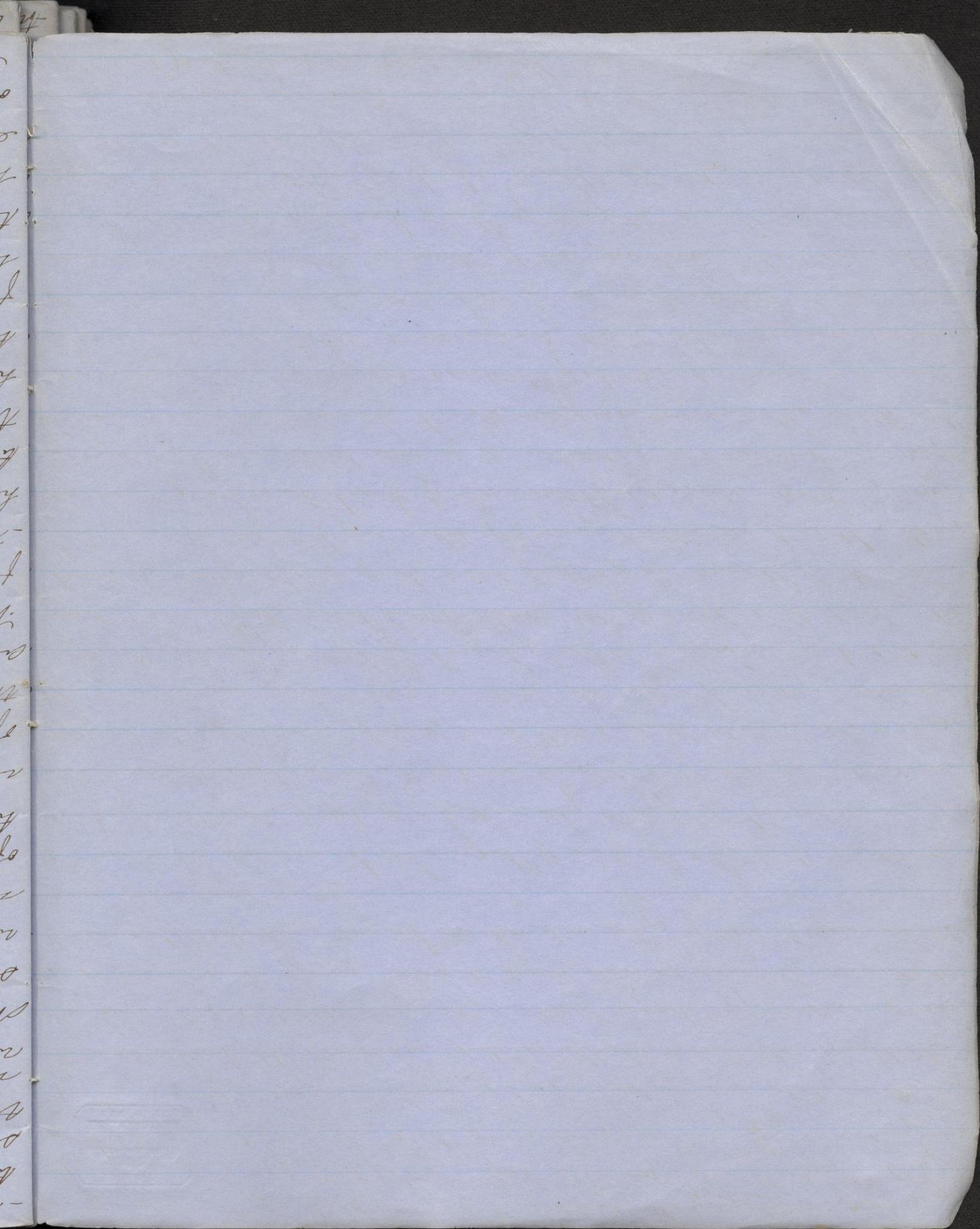
Handwritten text in the left margin, oriented vertically. The text is mirrored, appearing to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The characters are in a cursive script and include words such as 'to', 'the', 'and', 'for', 'in', 'of', 'with', 'at', 'on', 'from', 'by', 'to', 'the', 'and', 'for', 'in', 'of', 'with', 'at', 'on', 'from', 'by'.



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*(Faint, illegible handwritten text visible along the left margin of the page.)*



Handwritten text from the adjacent page, including the letters 'A', 'B', 'C', 'D', 'E', 'F', 'G', 'H', 'I', 'K', 'L', 'M', 'N', 'O', 'P', 'Q', 'R', 'S', 'T', 'U', 'V', 'W', 'X', 'Y', 'Z'.