

ate; laughs when pleased, and is very spiteful when angry. It will be seen that her legs from the knee down, and her arm from the elbow down, are quite too long for a human child; yet in her great black lustrous eyes seems to shine an intelligence far above that of the brute creation. Her ability to speak, to learn even the ways of civilization, seem to warrant the belief that she ought to be ranked with the race which cooks and prints and laughs and talks. But what shall be inferred from the marks and features which seem so emphatically to connect her with a lower order of beings?

Our esteemed contemporary seems to have strangely over-looked other important evidence or non-evidence, which would certainly seem to connect this remarkable creature with a lower order of creation than the most debased tribes of pre-historic time. No marks of any ornaments appear on the body, either on the arms, legs, ears, or nose, and for a female to arrive at that age without some such trace of a future development would, even to the most unscientific, seem to be convincing evidence not only of a very low order of animal intellect, but even of an entirely distinct species of bipeds.

Miscellany.

MARTY'S VARIOUS MERCIES.

Nascitur non fit, is an expression that has been used once or twice already, with regard to poets and other geniuses, but I claim my rights as an inventor in first applying it to saints. Small saints, of course; not the noted ones of the earth. Such a one, for instance, as our Marty, a poor little yellow girl from the South; born of a hard mother, brought up by a stern master, harrowed by a tyrannical mistress, penniless, friendless, hopeless, utterly ignorant, yet turning into gold every trouble that touched her, by her own ineffable sweetness and patience.

Marty was not born ours. She "married on" a half-dozen years before the Proclamation, when she took our Ed for better,—one ounce,—and worse,—one pound. Ed himself was the softest, gentlest, most chicken-hearted darkey that ever lolled against the south side of a barn. He was a born musician, like half the boys on the Maryland West Shore, and could sing like a lark, whistle like a throstle, play on the banjo, the violin, and the accordian; he could rattle the bones and thum the tambourine, could ontice tunes out of a hollow reed, and even compel melody from a jew's harp.

When he was a out fifteen, cousin Mary Singleton's grandfather, the old General, chanced to come down on a visit, and took such a fancy to the boy that he persuaded father to let him carry him back to Annapolis as his own servant; and there Ed stayed for five years or more. According to an arrangement previously made for our people, Ed was to be free when he came of age; and when that time arrived he drifted back to the old home, though Annapolis held his heart and soul. His proximity to the Naval Academy had been a most beatific circumstance to Ed; the drill and parade fired his soul with a lofty ambition to go and do likewise, and for years after his return he was indefatigable in putting the other boys through marvellous evolutions, and training them to the most rigid military salutes. The music of the band lifted him up into the seventh heaven; but pulling off the General's boots brought him down again, for the General was of a gouty habit, and immediate of speech.

In Annapolis, Ed formed a most devoted attachment to cousin Mary and her brother Clayton, who spent much of their time with their grandfather, especially to Mary. She was a conscientious little girl, and gave up her Sunday afternoons to teaching the servants. Several of them became fair readers and somewhat cloudy writers, Ed among the others, and he never forgot her kindness.

Here, too, Ed became acquainted with Marty; her sickly, irritable mistress had come up from the Old North State to be under the

care of a certain physician, and finding herself improving, made her home there for several years. She died at last, however, and with somewhat tardy gratitude, on her dying bed she set Marty free. Affairs never made a prompter connection. For Ed, having gradually become the possessor of a gun, an ax, a scoop-net, a couple of eel-spears, and an insatiable thirst for liquor as a comfortable provision for old age, patched up a small shed on the banks of Eel Creek, and brought Marty home.

Marty was a meek, patient, God-fearing little woman, full of tender care for others, and oblivious of herself. She was neat and industrious; so was Ed, when sober. She was cheerful as a sun-beam; so was Ed, both sober and drunk. She had a heavenly temper, and so had he. At least, so far as it was tested. How it would have been, had he tarried at home, borne the children, and kept the house, all in the very potshards of poverty, while Marty genially engulphed the wages that should have furnished food and clothing, can only be conjectured.

As it was, when he took his week's wages and rowed over to the store for molasses and bacon and a quarter of a pound of tea, and came back six hours later, delightfully loquacious, without any bacon, the jug half full of rum, and a spoonful of tea loose in his pocket, Marty only listened silently to his tipsy orations, he'loed him to bed when he could no longer stand, and then went down on her knees, and offered her humble prayer for help, while he slept the senseless sleep of the swine. Whatever Ed left in the jug was poured out on the grass, and the last drop carefully washed away, lest the mere breath of the tempter might set him crazy again. Her mild remonstrance the next day was always met by a penitent confession of sin. Ed was drunk at least one week out of three, from the day Marty married him, straight on for six years, and was regularly remorseful after each fall from grace. He always said it was a mortal shame; that Marty was the best girl a man ever had, and Sammy the cutest young one; that he was going to quit drinking and join the church, as true as he lived and breathed and hoped to die the next minute; and Marty implicitly believed him with the matchless faith of a child. She forgave him until seventy times seven, and then went on forgiving as before. In Ed's mind, the rotation of crops was rapid; one week he sowed his wild oats and reaped them; the next, he brought forth good fruits; the third, the land lay fallow, and the fourth, was in prime condition for the wild oats again.

When Marty was clever enough to get his wages as soon as he was paid, she spent them in her own frugal way, and kept everything comfortable. But as time went on and the fearful bonds closed in tighter and stronger about the poor creature, he would steal away to the store on pay-night, without going home; and then, through shame or through reluctance to witness Marty's silent woe, hide somewhere for days till his supplies were exhausted, and come slinking home dim-eyed, shaken, sorrowful, and sure he should never drink again.

Marty came tapping at the mistress's door one April morning,—that wearied mistress, whose ear was always open to the cry of her people, even when her hands were full and her heart was heavy.

"Come in, Marty," was the ready response to the gentle knock.

The door opened and Marty's smiling face shone in.

"Mornin', mistes; reckon mistes can see through the walls."

"Not quite, Marty, but I know your knock."

"Yes'm. Mis' Calvert's markin' things, an' she? Oh mo, how bitiful they be, spread out here in the sunshine! Make me think of the robes of glory, they's so blindin' bright!"

And Marty went down on her knees among the piles of snowy linen, and touched them here and there caressingly.

"Marsa well, Mis' Calvert?"

"Very well, Marty; how's the baby?"

"Right smart, thank yo. Cries reel lively. Samm'y got him to hum."

"Is it safe to leave him with such a little fellow?"

"Oh, yas'm! Samm'y gwine on five, and I nussed our 'Phibos-heth wher I was three."

"Where's Ed, to-day?"

"Coulan't tell, mistes," Marty answered softly; "hain't seen him sence Sunday."

Mother looked up inquiringly.

"Yas'm," continued Marty, "that's it. Got gwine agi'n. Promised me Friday he'd never touch another drop, and airly Sunday he was off."

"I wonder that you can bear it as you do, Marty; Ed is drunk half the time."