

## SHE FORGOT HER WRONGS.

Yes, she forgot them !—angry words  
 That cut the heart like sharpest swords ;  
 Yes, she forgot them ! unjust deeds,  
 The wrong that envy surely breeds  
 In meaner natures : but no stir  
 Of baser passions marred in her  
 The conquering power of purer thought,  
 Ever remembering who had taught :  
 “ Father they know not what they do ;  
 Forgive them !”—and she wished it so.  
 Wrongs she forgot them, one by one,

Though never yet a kindness done.  
 A generous act, a kindly speech,  
 Would seem her very soul to reach,  
 And there remain a lasting thought  
 To be with happy memories fraught ;  
 Unlike cold natures, proud and vain,  
 In gratitude she felt no pain,  
 But rather joy, which on her face  
 It's lines of light knew how to trace.  
 I wonder, did she long ago  
 Learn lessons of unfathomed woe,  
 That she forgets her wrongs alone,  
 But never once a kindness done !

—[Camilla Crosland, In Chamber's Journal.

The Purchase Literary Social, re-organized at J. A. Carpenter's, and held its first regular meeting at the residence of Robert Barnes, on the evening of the 3rd of 1st mo., 1889. There were thirty-six in attendance. The exercises consisted of an essay, two selected readings, a recitation and dialogue. At each meeting one is to be elected by ballot to produce at the next meeting an original essay, the topic of which, shall be an Author of his or her own choice. Phœbe H. Carpenter was the chosen one, and she produced and read the following article on the life of Washington Irving.

E. H. BARNES.

Purchase, 1st mo., 21st, 1889.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving, the youngest son of William and Sarah Irving, was born April 3, 1783, in a plain two story dwelling on William St., New York, between Fulton and John. This was about the close of very troublesome times in New York, and his parents were very benevolent in supplying

soldiers with food from their own board. The house in which he lived has long since disappeared. He was not different from the average boy, and at the age of fourteen, he was more noted for truth-telling than scholarship. His favorite books were, “*Simbad the Sailor*,” “*Robinson Crusoe*” and other travels, which created in him a strong desire to go to sea, and by the time he left school, his desire almost ripened in to determination to run away from home and become a sailor. It led him, at any rate, to try to eat salt pork, which he abominated, and to lie on the hard floor which of course was distasteful to him. These preliminary hardships became too much for him, so the notion of being a sailor was abandoned. He spent a holiday in Westchester County in his fifteenth year, and explored the recesses of Sleepy Hollow. In his seventeenth year he sailed up the Hudson, the beauties of which (as Bryant has pointed out) he was the first to describe. He was very favorably impressed by the surrounding country especially the Kaatskill mountains. “*Never shall I forget*,” he wrote, “the effect upon me of the first view of them, predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody and rugged, and part softened away into all the graces of cultivation.” At the age of twenty his health failed him, and he grew quite low spirited. On this account his brother sent him to Europe which was a great source of happiness to him. He returned well and strong, resumed his studies and gained admission to the bar. He entered the office of his brother on Wall St., and while waiting for clients who never came, turned his attention more to literature than ever before. He was editor of a magazine in Philadelphia, which he sold out and went to Europe as partner in a mercantile house, which his brothers had started. The business of the Irving brothers ended in failure, and the literary member turned his attention to the only business for which he was really fitted. “*The Sketch*