

birth-day "which will come the day after to-morrow, Chloe," as she says to her companion "is very full of bright anticipations, yet she is so fragile and her face is so free from the shadow of a care, that you look upon her as a child, at least a couple of years younger. She is beautiful—but it is rather the loveliness of a spirit than a woman. You cannot describe such features, for girls like Maud La Grange make you worship so reverently you fear to love, and enwrapping you with the purity they radiate, compel your world-wearied heart to own there is a better and a truer passion than sense inspirith. When you see that soft, brown, fine mass of waving curls, you do not think of Venus in the Louvre, but of Mary at the Tomb. Those blue eyes tell the story of a little life, passed in holy peace and one cloudless summer. The pure white forehead has no lines upon its marble surface, and around the gentle mouth Selfishness and Vanity have traced no imprint. Born to an estate which is told by millions, the orphan heiress is ignorant of base pride or ignoble impulse. A beautiful daisy, she walks among her sister flowers, and shares the same refreshing balmy air.

As she steps along, by the western terrace of the court-yard, you remark that her exquisitely fragile figure is perfect as a Grecian statue. She is not thin, nor lank, nor sickly; hers is the delicate beauty of a healthy, Perfect Girlhood. Her movements, with all their gracefulness, have a fairy stateliness; if she were clad in rags you would swear she were a gentleman's daughter; and her morning robe of simple white is fastened simply with pearl buttons, and her only ornament is a plain gold ring. A blue ribbon confines her hair, and another serves as a belt for the waist—which small and trim is not waspish, but in entire harmony with her age, size, weight and delicate organization. Upon her head is a gypsy flat, of unbleached straw which shades the head, neck and shoulders, and when she smiles, you wish it were removed, for it hides an angel's countenance.

Chloe, walks by her mistress, a pace or two in the rear, as the old nurse is getting into the vale of years. She is not much bent, however, and her gray hairs are concealed under a turban of so many colours, that even the flowers are ashamed to lift themselves up in Aunt's presence. Her complexion is neither brown, nor yellow, but a jet so black that a cat could not see her of a dark night. In cleanliness she could set an example to many a Bridget or Miss Fangle, and at seventy her health is the envy of all the aged niggers of her acquaintance. She nursed Maud, as she had nursed her mother before her, and loved Miss La Grange better than all the pickaninnies that had called her "mammy," until she would have to throw the poker at them, to clear the road for herself. She would have seen all her own young ones, the number of which was fabulous, and an unknown quantity even to herself, broiled alive, and eat up by Abolitionists, (which would be piling Pelion on Ossa in the mind of a Terreverde darkie) rather than that harm should come to one hair of her little "Missey Maud." In the mind of Aunt Chloe, there were three main principles, to which all other things were merely corollaries: First, every LaGrange had a mortgage on all creation; secondly, servants on Terreverde plantation were superior to all "or'nary darkies;" lastly, "Missey Maud" must always have her own way, when possible, and if not, have it all the same, and after "Missey Maud," Aunt Chloe's *ipse dixit* must be final; or if there were any appeal, it could only be taken to Uncle Abe, a venerable octogenarian, who had a faculty of getting people out of scrapes and taking care there "was nobody hurt."

"Aunty," said Maud, as she stood under a magnolia, whose spreading branches stretched over the walk, "the day after to-morrow Guardy will be here, surely, for he promises. Do you know he is going to bring me a present for my birth-day? Can you imagine what it is?"

"It must be someth'ing good, Missey Maud, for Massa Egbert um gem'men. Will de darkies have a hol'day?"

"Of course, Aunty." And Maud put her little, furry hand on the shoulder of her nurse: "But 'this present,' Mr Mentor, says, will 'only be valuable as I have sense to use it.' What can he mean 'Chloe'?"

"Golly; an how should dis nigger know, Missey? Let's go an' sult Uncle Abe."

"By all means," chimed in Maud, and she tripped off towards the gate so rapidly, that poor Chloe, panting like a porpoise, exclaimed, "Lor, 'bess de angel;—dis ole nigger, um no go fas,' an she'd do'um once."

But Maud laughing at the breathless negress, waited at the road side, and the remainder of the walk kept a more moderate pace.

Arrived at the village, half a mile away they paused before one Cabin that stood apart from the rest. The boards were painted instead of being whitewashed, and something about the tenement proclaimed that it was indeed the White House of the settlement, and no common individual lived within. Uncle Abe was a sort of President in the village, and was always beset by a crowd of phant worshipers, who knew his influence on the Plantation of Terreverde, when they wanted a smell of the kitchen door.

The old darkie sat in the door-sill of his cabin, smoking a very long clay pipe, that was black with age, and ornamented with various ribbons that had once been green, and blue, and red, and white. His head was bare, and his white wool seemed to find a luxury in the morning sun. His shirt was of the most violent turkey-red calico, and the broad Byronic rolling collar was fastened by a neck-erchief of pea green. His waist-coat was a heavy velvet, of a hue that had once been black, and which he had begged from the wardrobe of Mr. Merton, during his last visit to Terreverde, where he came regularly four times a year, as well as on Christmas and "Missey Maud's" birth-day, for he was her Guardian and Trustee of Terreverde. His breeches were made of white duck-cloth, very full in the lower extremities, and his coat was an old surtout he had bought of a Jew at a bargain, last time he went to New Orleans with Mr. Mentor; and as it was heavily padded, to any one but a Southern negro, it would have seemed slightly warm for a Louisiana September morning.

When Chloe and her mistress approached the Cabin, Uncle Abe said to his better half; "Lor' de Golly! un am you' be a taken um wid'out a bit ob bek'fast, fum de House? am you' crazy, kase um in de wale of de D'ceemb'rs?" And the old darkie, ducking very low, said to his youthful mistress:

"Missey Maud, you'be jes kum in de shade. Chloe ken m'ke de coffee, un I'be a pige dat Sam kill las night dats jes de bird for de flower of Terreverde." And displaying the trophy of his son's skill, the venerable slave gave it to his wife, and she went to work to broil it, in a very brief time; for Chloe had a sovereign scorn for the French dishes of the *Chef d'cuisine* of the Manor House, who had never known the advantages of education on a Virginia Plantation, and who, being a Creole Slave, and a Catholic into the bargain, with quite as much French as African blood, was the natural enemy of the aristocratic old negress.

While Chloe went to work getting breakfast in her humble field, Maud's case was duly opened, and Uncle Abe mastered all the points, which were:

*Imprimis:* Egbert Mentor, guardian of Maud La Grange had, as he did every week when away, written her a letter.

*Secundus:* He would be at Terreverde on her birthday, Saturday.

*Tertius:* He would bring her a present.

In a postscript, he enjoined Chloe to see the Red Room was ready to receive a stranger, who would accompany him.

The solution required was, "What was the present, which could only be valuable as Maud had sense to use it?"

Uncle Abe lit his pipe. He pulled his wool violently, and walked up and down the cabin; now cautioning Chloe to not "bu'n dat air pige;" and again resuming his cogitations, at last he paused, and said to Maud:

"Missey, Abe 'em got 'um!"

"That is right," said Miss La Grange,

laughing, as she looked at the enthusiasm of her most peculiarly worthless piece of property. "Well, what is the result of your deliberations, Uncle Abe?"

"Massa Mentor am a long 'eded ole gem'men. Two an' two make four picayunes. Wy do 'um say 'fix up de quartier de rouge,' as dat yellow pison ob a Alfonse call um red bed-room? Wat dat a young Missey hab de sense to use? I spees, an' dat am dis air nigger's impass'hate consid'ration ob de circumferences of dis 'stra'nary bizness, dat Marse bring 'um a young gem'men to marry Missey Maud."

Maud did not blush: she was too much child and too little woman 'et for that. She only laughed, and looking enquiringly at Uncle Abe, said:

"Uncle Abe, why should Guardy want me to marry?"

The venerable darkie lighted his pipe again, with his mistress' leave, and answered, as if all the wisdom of past ages was concentrated in his head:

"Missey Maud, dat air ole no 'count nigger—dat mis'ble Chloe—one day wen both 'um us 'um young, got a picaninny, she foun' in a cabbage. Yah! yah! yah! She seb to 'um, 'Abe'em, wot we do 'um de leoble darkie? Dar's no close, dar's no shoes, dar's no no'ting.' Say I, 'Chloe, honey, de ole Marse Edward—(you hab um papa, den, dear Missey Maud,—p'vide 'em. De picaninny neber lib many days, Missey. Poor picaninny! it was ver' near to Abe'm's ole heart. Dis chile was young Abe'm, den, Missey Wen she fin' nudder pic'ninny Abe'm hab de close, de shoes, de multiplicashun ob cherub-tail'ring all on dat cradle. Now, ole Marse Mentor know 'ting or so. He'b seen de little Misseys lub vultures and crok'diles? He hab a care 'um de white angels, as Abe'm had 'bout his pic'ninnies, when de firs' libbie black d'i'mond die 'um ig'nance Dat's my 'pinion, Missey Maud;" and Abraham smoked, as if to recompense himself for the long exercise of his wonderful powers of brain.

Chloe soon had breakfast on the cabin table. A bran new linen cover was spread, and Maud had her favorite luxury, pigeon broiled on toast, sprinkled with lime juice. The coffee was of a quality I am afraid the very intelligent people of Canada are not so fortunate as to see, and the lettuce and cresses were as crisp as only Southern salads can taste. Chloe and Abraham stood watching their mistress, as you and I, madam, might attend at a banquet of the gods, reverently and happy; and the little creature partook of her simple meal as a canary bird might consume the seeds you dropped in its cage—singing between whiles.

Let no one fancy this is rare: in the South young people seem possessed to take meals, now and then, in the catins of old family servants, and it is only justice to say, that the negro quarters in the far South are generally kept with a cleanliness and even simple luxury, unknown among the very poor of the Northern States.

I do not write to shock your sense of poetry, but let me ask you a question: Did you ever eat hoe-cake? for Maud La Grange made no scruples of patronizing that favorite morning accompaniment to digestion. I know this shocks "taste" horribly, for I have been told by a Boston friend "nobody looked nice eating." I do not believe a word of it. I find a great deal of poetry and philosophy in a meal life; and when we have so many thousand two-penny Reformers taking care to enlighten people's minds and improve their "morals," may I not be regarded as an antidote to modern transcendentalism, if I get in edgeways a plea for the human body?

..... An hour later, when Maud reached the Manor House, her Governess was awaiting her arrival to have her read over so many dull pages in that tiresome *Telemaque*. But remembering that it would only last a couple of hours, with a heavy "hiegho!" Maud went to work translating the adventures of the son of Ulysses. She had read about half an hour, when a heavy double rap at the hall door, and a voice calling her name, caused her to drop her task and hasten to the main gallery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

We never know what some persons don't mean until they have spoken.

Self-respect is the noblest garment we can clothe ourselves.

Every anniversary of a birth-day is the dispelling of a dream.

Say less than you think, rather than think only half what you say.

The three great conquerors of the world are Fashion, Love and Death.

Never employ yourselves to discover the faults of others—look to your own.

He is the best accountant who can count up the sum of his own error.

It Appears Doubtful,

Putting all the reports together  
Relating to barley, wheat, and hops,  
Whether the crops will weather the weather  
Or the weather will weather the crops.

Miss Mullock gives it as an item of domestic felicity that the man of the family should be absent at least six hours per day.

"Now, gentlemen," said a nobleman to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other; are we to drink like men or like beasts?" The guests somewhat indignant exclaimed, "like men!" "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

"Jennie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favoured suitor to the altar, "Jennie, it is a very solemn thing to get married.

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it's a great deal solemnner not to."

A friend gave Garrick a case, containing a razor and other utensils, telling him at the same time he would find some other pretty things in it. "I hope," said Garrick, "that one of them is a pretty little barber."

A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life.

"Doctor" said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half-an-hour without sense or knowledge." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many continue so all their lives."

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be gracious to a stranger, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but the continent that joins them."

Talleyrand said of certain ladies' dresses, that they "began too late and ended too soon." If he could look in upon the fashions where the long trailing dresses are so much worn, he would be apt to remark that the dresses begin so late that they don't get through in any kind of season!

We have heard of an old lady, who, on being asked in her last illness, what part of the Bible she would like to have read to her, remarked that the account of Samson's tying the foxes' tails together had always been her favorite, and that if the enquirer would read it "easylike" it might be the means of putting her to sleep.

A thief who broke out of jail in Ohio, the other day, being recaptured, told the sheriff that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.

Macklin and Johnston disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I don't understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from the Irish.

Virginia's Notice to the Federal Government.—N.B. 'Children-in arms not admitted.'

A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was very much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the great regard we have for each other."

Grinding Bones.—The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.