HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, January 14, 1854. New Series. No. 103.

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.

THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Mary!" said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid one cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving-day before papa went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep; I want something nice to think about."

"Hush!" said the elder child, "don't let dear mamma hear you. Come nearer to me;" and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall, and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green moss-patches in the wood; and we had pretty gold-fish on the side-table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa—you can't remember papa, Letty—he was tall; and grand, like a prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He bought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on Romeo's live back, and laughed because I was afraid! And I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then run to the door to jump in his arms. He was a dear, kind papa," said the child in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one; "please tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy! We sat around such a large table, with so many people; aunts, and uncles, and cousins—I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty—and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had a big, big turkey, and papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the wish-bone, and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me 'Red Riding Hood,' and call me 'pet,' and 'bird,' and 'fairy.' O Letty, I can't tell any more; I believe I'm going to cry."

"I am very cold," said Letty. "Does papa know, up in heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?"

"Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears, unable to reconcile her ideas of heaven with such a thought. "Hush! mamma will hear!"

Mamma had "heard." The coarse garment upon which she had toiled since sunrise dropped from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyelids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

"It is really very unfortunate, that forgery of Mr. Grant's I don't see what will become of Emma. I presume she won't think of holding up her head after it. I dare say she will expect to be on the same terms with her friends as before; but the thing is—"

"Quite impossible!" said the gay Mrs. Blair, arranging her ringlets; "the man has dragged his family down with him, and there's no help for it that I can see."

"He has no family but Emma," said her friend, "and I suppose some benevolent soul will look after her; at any rate, it don't concern us;" and the two friends(!) tied on their hats for a promenade.

Emma Grant was, in truth, almost broken-hearted at this sad *faux pas* of her father's; but, with the limited knowledge of human nature gleaned from the experience of a sunny life of eighteen happy years, she doubted not the willingness of old friends to assist her in her determination to become a teacher. To one after another of these summer friends she applied for patronage. Some "couldn't in conscience recommend the daughter of a defaulter;" some, less free-spoken, went on the non-committal system, "would think of it and let her know," taking very good care not to specify any particular time for this good purpose: others, who didn't want their consciences troubled by the sight of her, advised her, very disinterestedly, to "go back in the country somewhere, and occupy the independent position of making herself generally useful in some farmer's family;" others still dodged the question by humbly recommending her to apply to persons of greater influence than themselves; and one and all "wished her well, and hoped she'd succeed," thought it very praise-worthy that she should try to do something for herself, but seemed nervously anxious that it should be out of their latitude and longitude; and so, day after day, foot-sore and weary, Emma reached home with a discouraged heart, and a sad conviction of the selfishness and hollow-heartedness of human nature.

In one of these discouraged moods she recollected her old friend Mr. Bliss. How strange she should not have thought of him before! She had often hospitably entertained him as she presided at her father's table; he stood very high in repute as a pious man, and very benevolently inclined; he surely would befriend with his influence the child of his old though fallen friend. With renewed courage she tied on her little bonnet, and set out in search of him. She was fortunate in finding him in; but ah! where was the old frank smile, and extended hand of friendship! Mr. Bliss might have been carved out of wood for any demonstration of either that she could see. A very stiff bow, and a nervous twitch of his waistband, was her only recognition. With difficulty she choked down the rebellious feelings that sent the flush to her cheek and the indignant tears to her eyes, as she recollected the many evenings he had received a warm welcome to their hospitable fireside, and timidly explained the purpose of her visit, Mr. Bliss employing himself during this interval in the apparent arrangement of some business papers, with an air that said, "If you were not a woman I shouldn't hesitate to show you the door in a civil way; but as it is, though I may listen, that's all it will amount to." Like many other persons in a like dilemma, he quietly made up his mind that, if he could succeed in irritating her sufficiently to rouse her spirit, he would in all probability be sooner rid of her; so he remarked that it was "a very bad affair, that of her father's; there could be but one opinion about its disgraceful and dishonourable nature; that of course she wasn't to blame for it, but she couldn't expect to keep her old position now; and that, in short under the circumstances, he didn't feel as if it would be well for him to interfere in her behalf at present. He had no doubt in time she might 'live down' her father's disgrace;" and so he very comfortably seated himself in his leather-backed arm-chair and took up a book.

A deep red spot burned on Emma Grant's cheek as she retraced her steps. Her lithe form was drawn up to its full height: there was a fire in her eye, and a firmness and rapidity in her step, that betokened a new energy. She would not be crushed by such selfish cowardice and pusillanimity; she would succeed—It must be that she should triumph yet.

"Will is might," said Emma, as she bent all her powers to the accomplishment of her purpose; and when was that motto ever known to fail, when accompanied by a spirit undiscouraged by obstacles?

It did not. True, Emma rose early and sat up late; she lived on a mere crust; she was a stranger to luxury, and many times to necessary comforts. Her pillow was often wet with tears from over-tasked spirits and failing strength; the malicious sneer of the ill-judging, and the croaking prophecy of the ill-natured, fell upon her sensitive ear; old friends, who had eaten at her table, "passed by on the other side;" and there were the usual number of good, cautious, timid souls, who stood on the fence, ready to jump down when her position was certain, and she had placed herself beyond the need of their assistance! Foremost in this rank was the correct and proper Mr. Bliss, who soiled no pharisaical garment of his by juxtaposition with any known sinner, or doubtful person.

At the expiration of a year, Emma's school contained pupils from the first families in the city, with whose whole education she was intrusted, and who, making it their home with her, received, out of school-hours, the watchful care of a mother. It became increasingly popular, and Emma was able to command her own price for her services.

"Why don't you send your daughter to my friend, Miss Grant!" said Mr. Bliss to Senator Hall; "she is a little *protegee* of mine—nice young woman!—came to me at the commencement of her school for my patronage; the consequence is, she has gone up like a sky-rocket. They call it the 'Model School.'"

Condescending Mr. Bliss! It was a pity to take the nonsense out of him; but you should have seen the crest-fallen expression of his whole outer man, as the elegant widower he addressed turned on him a look of withering contempt, saying, "The young woman of whom you speak, sir, will be my wife before the expiration of another week; and in her name and mine, I thank you for the very liberal patronage and the manly encouragement you extended to her youth and helplessness in the hour of need."

It is needless to add how many times, in the course of the following week, the inhabitants of ——, who had found it convenient entirely to forget the existence of Miss Emma Grant, were heard to interland their conversation with "My friend, Mrs. Senator Hall."

Alas, poor human nature!

NIL DESPERANDUM.

No, never! Every cloud has a silver lining; and He who wove it knows when to turn it out. So, after every night, however long or dark, there shall yet come a golden morning. Your noblest powers are never developed in prosperity. Any bark may glide in smooth water, with a favouring gale; but that is a brave, skilful oarsman who rows up stream, against the current, with adverse winds, and no cheering voice to wish him "God's speed!" Keep your head above the wave; let neither sullen despair nor week vacillation drag you under. Heed not the poisoned arrow of sneaking treachery that whizzes past you from the shore. Judas sold himself when he sold his Master; and for him there dawned no resurrection morning! Tis glorious to battle on with a brave heart, while cowering pusillanimity turns trembling back. Dream not of the word "surrender!" When one frail human reed after another breaks or bends beneath you, lean on the "Rock of Ages." The Great Architect passes you through the furnace but to purify. The fire may scorch, but it shall never consume you. He will yet label you "fine gold." The narrow path may be thorny to your tender feet; but the "promised land" lies beyond! The clusters of Hope may be with the eye of faith; your hand shall yet grasp them; your eyes revel, from the mountain-top, over the green pastures and still waters of peace. You shall yet unbuckle your dusty armour, while soft breezes shall fan your victor temples. *Nil desperandum!*

CECILE GREY.

"'Tis a girl, sir; my lady has a daughter."

"Heaven be praised!" said the discontented father of six unruly boys! "Now I shall have something gentle to love. Small comfort to me, those boys; house topsy-turvy from morning till night, with their guns, fishing-tackle, pointers, setters, hounds, spaniels, and what not. Tom's college-bills perfectly ruinous—horses, oysters, and cigars all lumped under the general heao of *et ceteras;* I understand it all—or my purse does! But this little gentle girl, climbing upon my knee, making music and sunshine in the house, with her innocent face and silvery laugh, this little human blossom by life's rough, thorny wayside, she'll make amends. I'm not the happiest husband in the world; my heart shall find a resting-place here. She must be highly educated and accomplished. I shall spare no pains to effect that. Ah, I see, after all, I shall have a happy old age."

Very lovely was the little Cecile. She had her mother's soft hazel eye and waving auburn hair, and her father's Grecian profile. There was a winning sweetness in her smile, and grace and poetry in every motion. It was a pretty sight, her golden tresses mingling with those silver locks, as she rested her bright head against the old man's cheek. Even "the boys" could harbour no anger at her quiet reign. She wound herself quite as closely around their hearts. Then it was a new tie to bind the sundered husband and wife together. Something of the old, by-gone tenderness crept unconsciously into their manner to each other. It was ther idol; and they pressed her rapturously to the parental heart, forgetting she was but clay.

Tutors and governesses without limit went and came, before the important selection was made. Then, so many injunctions! She "must not study so much as to spoil her fine eyes;" she "must draw only a few minutes at a time, lest it should cause a stoop in her shoulders;" she "must not go out in the sun, for fear of injuring her complexion." She was told, every hour in the day, of some rare perfection; now her attitude, then her eyes, then her shape; she "danced like a fairy"—"sang like a seraph"—in short, needed wings only to make her an angel!

Every servant in the house knew that his or her fortune was made if Miss Cecile was pleased, and shaped their course accordingly. If "the boys" were doubtful of the success of a request, Cecile was employed secretly to negotiate. The reins of household government were in those little fairy fingers.

No wonder the little Cecile thought herself omnipotent. No wonder she stood before her "Psyche," arranging, with a maiden's pride, those glossy ringlets. Small marvel that she saw with exultation those round, polished limbs, pearly teeth, and starry eyes, and tossed her bright curls in triumph at the hearts that were already laid at her feet. Her mirror but silently repeated the voice of flattery that met her at every step. Cecile was beautiful! The temple was passing fair; but, ah! there rose from its altar no holy incense to Heaven. Those bright eyes opened and closed like the flowers, and like them drank in the dew and the sunlight, regardless of the Giver.

It was Cecile's eighteenth birth-day. The most expensive preparations had been made to celebrate it. She was to electrify the *beau monde* with her *debut*. A gossamer robe fit for a Peri, silvery, and light, floated soft as fleecy cloud around those matchless limbs. Gems and jewels would have been out of place beside those starry eyes. Nature's simplest offering, the drooping lily, blended with her tresses. The flush of youth and hope was on her cheek; her step was already on the threshold of that brilliant, untried world, which her beauty was to dazzle and conquer. Other sylph-like forms there were, and bright faces, that made sunlight in happy homes; but the peerless Cecile quenched their beams on that happy birth-night.

The proud father looked on exultingly. "Beautiful as a dream!" echoed from one end of the saloon to the other. His eye followed her, noted every glance of admiration, and then he said to himself, "The idol is mine." Say you so, fond father? See, her head droops heavily, her limbs relax, she has fainted! They gather round her—they bathe her pale face and powerless hands; then they bear her to her dressing-room, and she lies on that silken couch like some rare piece of sculpture. The revellers disperse; the garlands droop; darkness and silence reign where merry feet tripped lightly. The physician sits by the bedside of his fair patient, and, with mistaken kindness, he says to the frantic parents, "She will be easier soon—she will be free from pain to-morrow;" and then he leaves her with the anxious watchers.

Morning dawned. Yes, Cecile was "better"—so her father said; and she sat up, and put her fair arms about his neck, and called him "her own dear father!" and he smiled through his tears, and parted the bright, damp locks from her brow, and said, "she should have another ball, gayer than the last, and look lovelier than ever;" and then her mother laid a bandeau of pearls across her pale forehead, and said, "they became her passing well." Cecile smiled faintly when she replaced them in their case, and then her mother came back again to the bedside. Ah! what a fearful shadow, in that momentary interval, had crept over that sweet face? "Cecile! Cecile!" said the bewildered woman, shivering with an indefinable terror; "speak to me, Cecile! What is it?"

"Am I dying, mother? O mother! you never taught me how to die!"

In the still grey dawn, at sultry noon, in the hushed and starry night, long after that bright young head was covered with the violets, ran that plaintive, reproachful voice in the parental ear, "You never taught me how to die!"

CHILDHOOD'S TRUST.

"I asked God to take care of Johnny, and then I went to sleep," said a little boy, giving an account of his wandering in the wood.

How sublime! how touching! Holy childhood! Let me sit at thy feet and learn of thee. How dost thou rebuke me, with thy simple faith and earnest love! O earth! what dost thou give us in exchange for its loss!—Rainbows, that melt as we gaze; bubbles that burst as we grasp; dewdrops, that exhale as our eye catches their sparkle. The warm heart, chilled by selfishness, fenced in by doubts, and thrown back upon itself. Eye, lip, and brow, trained to tell no tale at the portal of what passes within the temple. Tears locked in their fountain, save when our own household gods are shivered. The great strife, not which shall "love most," but "which shall be the greater;" and aching hearts the stepping-stones to wealth and power. Immortal, yet earth-wedded! Playing with shells upon the shore of time with the broad ocean of eternity before us. Careful and troubled about trifles, forgetting to "ask God to take care of Johnny,"—and so, the long night of death comes on, and we sleep our last sleep!

ELISE DE VAUX.

Well, doctor, what do you think of her? She has set her heart upon going to that New Year's ball, and it will never do to disappoint her, poor thing!"

The blunt old doctor bit his lip impatiently, and, striking his gold-headed cane in no very gentle manner upon the floor, said, "Think! I think it would be perfect insanity for her to attempt it. I won't be answerable for the consequences."

"Pshaw! my dear sir; she has had a dozen attacks, be, fore, quite as bad, and—"

"And that is the very reason she should be more cautious now, madam. Good morning—good morning! Heaven save me from these fashionable mothers!" he muttered, as he banged the door to behind him. "She'll kill the girl, and then her death will be laid at my door—ugh! It would be a comfort if one could meet a sensible woman occasionally."

Elise was sitting in bed, propped up by pillows, when her mother entered. If youth, grace, and beauty could bribe the Destroyer, or turn aside his unerring aim, then had she been spared. Her cheek was marble pale, and rested wearily on one little hand; the eyes were closed as if sleeping, and from the other hand a few choice flowers had escaped, and lay scattered upon the snowy counterpane.

"Oh, is that you, mamma? I hope you have made that stupid doctor give you something that will set me up. I feel such a deadly sinking, from want of nourishment, I fancy. Do pray see what you can get for me. I hope Dr. Wynn didn't presume to interfere about my going to the ball, because I intend to go, dead or alive; and, mamma, while my lunch is getting ready, just bring me my dress, and let me see if Jeannet has placed the trimmings where they should be; and have a ruche placed around the wrist of my kid gloves; and, mamma, do'nt forget to send Tom to Anster's for that pearl spray I selected for my hair; and, by the way, just hand me that mirror—I am afraid I'm looking awfully pale."

"Not now," said the frightened mother; "you are too weary. Wait till you have had some refreshment;" and the pale beauty sank back on her pillow, crushing a wealth of dark ringlets, and closed her eyes wearily, in spite of her determination to be well.

A ring at the door. A bright flush came to her cheek.

"That's Vivian, mamma! Tell him—tell him"—and a sharp pain through her temples forced her to pause—"tell him I'm better, and he may call for me at ten to-morrow night. And, mamma, hand him this;" and she drew a little perfumed note from beneath her pillow, with a rose-bud crushed in its folds.

"Draw aside the curtain, Jeannet. Oh, we shall have a nice evening for the dance! Now hand me my dressing-gown. Mamma, that medicine is perfectly miraculous; I never felt better. Heaven knows where I should have been had you not called in a better counsellor than Dr. Wynn. He would like me for a patient a year, I dare say: but I know better than to line his pockets that way;" and she skipped gaily across the floor to a large fauteuil, and called Jeannet to arrange her hair.

"Softly, softly Jeannet! My head isn't quite right yet. There, that will do," said Elise, as the skilful Frenchwoman bound tress after tress in complicated glossy braids around her well-formed head. "Now, place that pearl spray a little to the left, just over my ear. Pretty, is it not, mamma? Here, Jeannet!" and she extended the dainty foot for its silken hose and satin slipper.

"Rest awhile, now, Elise," said her mother, as she looked apprehensively at the bright crimson spot on her cheek, that grew deeper every moment, and contrasted so strikingly with the marble paleness of her brow. "I'm afraid you are going beyond your strength."

"Mamma, what are you thinking about? Look at me, and see how well I look! Besides, I'd go to this ball to-night if it cost me my life. Mabel has triumphed over me once! she shall not do it a second time. Besides, there is really no danger. I feel wild with spirits to-night, and anticipate a most brilliant evening!" And she clasped the pearl pendants in her small ears; and the light, fleecy dress fell in soft folds about her graceful person, and upon her fair arm she placed *his* gift; and, taking in her hand the rich bouquet, every flower of which whispered hope to her young heart, she held up her cheek with a smile, and said, "Now kiss me, mamma, and say that you are proud of Elise."

And now, Jeannet, with officious care, draws the rich opera-cloak about her shoulders, and with a thousand charges from mamma, "to beware of the draughts, partake sparingly of ice, and not fatigue herself with dancing," the carriage-wheels roll away from the door, freighted with their lovely burden.

"Elise de Vaux here!" said a tall, queenly girl, attired in black velvet, and she curled her pretty lip with ill-concealed vexation. "I thought her dying, or near it." And, as Elise glided gracefully past in the dance, every eye following her, and every tongue eloquent in her praise, Mabel's cheek paled with anger.

"How radient she is—how dazzling! Sickness has but enhanced her beauty; and how proudly Vivian bears her through the waltz! Every step they take is on my heart-strings. This must not, shall not be! Courage, coward heart!" and, mastering her feelings with a strong effort, she joined the dancers. Excitement and exercise soon brought the rose to her cheek, her eyes grew wildly brilliant, and had Vivian not been magnetised past recall, his eye would have been caught by the dazzling vision.

All eyes were fixed upon the rival belles: and, amid the voluptuous swell of music, the flashing of lights, the overpowering sweetness of myriad flowers, and the rapid, whirling motion of the dance, every brain and heart were dizzy with excitement.

"Heavens! that is not Elise de Vaux!" said a nephew of Dr. Wynn's. "What mad folly! My uncle told me, if she came, it would be at the price of her life. How surpassingly beautiful she is!"

Still on, on they whirled, the dancers, till the stars grew pale, and the sweet flowers drooped in the heated atmosphere.

No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

"What unearthly beauty!" said an old gentleman to a young man, upon whose arm he was leaning, as Elise glided past, "Who is she?"

"Elise de Vaux," said the young man mechanically, his eyes rivited to her figure.

"Do you know what you are saying?" said he, tapping him gently on the arm.

"Yes. Elise de Vaux."

"Well, why do you look at her so wildly? Has Cupid aimed a dart at you from out those blue eyes?"

"Good God!" said the young man, leaping forward, as a piercing shriek came upon the air. "Make room!—help!—throw up the windows!" and Elise was borne past, gasping, senseless, to the cool night air.

Ay, Vivian! Kneel at her side, chafe the little jewelled hands, put back the soft hair from the azure-veined temples, press the pulseless wrist, listen for the beating heart—in vain! Elise is dead!

And in the arms of him for whom she had thrown away her young life she was borne to her home; the diamond sparkling mockingly on the clay-cold finger; the pearls still lingering amid her soft ringlets; the round, symmetrical limbs still fair in their beautiful proportions. The heart she coveted was gained—the dear-bought victory was won!

THE WAIL OF A BROKEN HEART.

"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Oh, no, no! else you have never passed from the shield of a broad, true breast, where for long years you have been lovingly folded, to a widow's weed, and the rude jostling and curious gaze of the heartless crowd; never knew long, wretched days, that seemed to have no end; never turned, with a stifled sob, from the clasp of loving little arms, and the uplifted gaze of an eye upon whose counterpart you had watched the death-film gather; never saw that sunny little face overshadowed with grief, when other children gleefully called "Papa!" nor ever heard the wail of a little one who might never remember its father's face!

No, no! or you have never turned shudderingly away, in the crowded street, from the outline of a form, or the cast of a face, or the tone of a voice, that brought the dead Mockingly before you; never lain upon a sick bed, among careless strangers, lacking comforts where luxury once abounded, and listening in vain for that footfall whose lightest tread could charm your pain away; never draped from your aching sight the pictured lineaments that quickened busy and torturing memory till your heart was breaking, never waked from a dream of Paradise to weep unavailing, bitter tears at the sad reality; and, never, alas! bent your rebellious knee at God's altar when your tongue was dumb, to praise Him, and your lips refused to kiss the Smiter's rod!

Oh, no, no! better never to have loved; Tenfold more gloomy is the murky day, whose sunny morning was ushered in with dazzling, golden brightness! Agonising is the death-struggle of the shipwrecked mariner who perishes in sight of shore and home! Harshly fall careless words upon the ear trained to the music of a loving voice! Wearily stumble the tender feet unguarded by love's watchful eye!

Oh, no, no! better never to have loved! He whose first breath was drawn in a dungeon never pines for green fields, and blue skies, and a freer air! God pity the desolate, loving heart, the only star of whose sky has gone out in utter darkness!

"While Washington lived in Philadelphia, as President of the United States, he used often to ask the good Doctor Green to dine with him. At one of these dinner-parties, the whole diplomatic corps were invited, and the precise hour of dining very particularly and plainly named on the card of invitation.

"Punctually to the moment, Washington, with the few who had assembled, took their seats at the table. The other guests come in one by one, and finally, towards the close of the dinner, the last man arrived. When he was seated at the table, Washington, with cheerful gravity, said:

"'Gentlemen, I have a cook who never asks whether the *guests* have arrived, but whether the *hour* has come!'"

An Amusing Feat.—A female in this city, a few days since, entered a recess where her husband had been in the habit of getting the "critter," and vindicated her wrongs by demolishing the bottles, tumblers, &c., from which the cause of her woes had flowed down the throat of her "worser" half. The feat so edified our friends in the lower village, that a contribution was raised for the purpose of presenting the heroine a new dress as a reward for her valour.—*Ann Arbor, (Mich.), Whig.*