

Poetry.

WORK AND THINK.

Hammers, tongs, and anvils ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In a deep-toned voice are singing
Thrifty Labour's iron song.

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs ye are formed,
If in all of bone and sinew,
Hearts by emulation warmed,

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse, from day to day;
Think! but not alone of giving
Health for self, or soul for pay!

Think! and let the thought new nerve you,
Think of men who've gone before;
Learning 'lustrous names to serve you;
Yours the path they've plodded o'er;

Hold your head up, toiling brothers;
'Mongst us be it ne'er forgot,
Labour for ourselves and others,
Is for man a noble lot,

Tales and Sketches.

A HEART-HISTORY.

BY BETTIE CRAMER.

Love's autocracy must form the theme of
my first romance from the real; indeed, if the
truth was known, there are but few heart-

The proprietor of the great Willis farm,
which covers more than a hundred acres of the
richest land in one of the New England States,

A few words upon the domestic economy of
Willis farm. Mr. Willis is a widower; and
my little heroine, Lucy, his only child.

Lucy was a bright, darling little child; say-
ing and doing a thousand witty things; and
Mr. Willis made up his mind that she was a
perfect prodigy, even at four years old—

send forth their children to gather "apples of
wisdom, but who return with thistles."
At the end of two years Lucy was pronounced

One day, when Lucy had been at home
about a week, Mr. Willis had occasion to go
down to the village with a load of his re-

"Dear father, will you please see if there
is a letter in the post-office for me?" cried
Lucy, running out to the gate.

And poising one little foot on the hub of
the wheel, Lucy sprang lightly to the side of
her father, gave him a hearty smack upon

Now the farmer was no great scribe. Un-
less to announce a marriage or a death, it was
a rare thing for him either to indite or re-

"Hum! what does this mean?" thought
farmer Willis, turning the letter over and over
again, and looking at the seal, "L' Amour,"

Lucy was watching for his return; and as
soon as she saw the well-known team rise the
hill, she flew swiftly along the road to meet it.

"Hum! what does this mean?" again
thought the farmer, eyeing Lucy keenly.

"Gee-haw, Darby! Gee-up, Dick!" he
cried, sweeping his cart-whip above the sleek
hides of his oxen.

In less than a week another came.
"Hum!" said Mr. Willis, putting it in his
pocket, "I must see what this means."

He went home, foddered the cattle, and then
walked into the house. "Come, Lu, sit down
by me."

Lucy laid aside her work; and drawing a
low stool to his side, folded her dimpled
hands upon his knees, and looked up smilingly

"Well, Lu, you had a nice time, didn't you,
at Mrs. Lacy's?" said Mr. Willis, smoothing
back the long flaxen curls from her white up-

"Indeed I did, father dear. I am sure, al-
though I was so anxious to see you, I was
sorry to come away."

"Hum! Mrs. Lacy used to keep you pretty
strict, I suppose; never let you go out, did
she?"

"Oh yes! we walked every day—an hour in
the morning, and an hour after school at night;
it was so nice. Sometimes Mrs. Lacy would

"I take it for granted you never saw any
boys there, Lu, did you?"

"Why, father, it was a school for girls, you
know; it would have been very strange, I am
sure, to have seen a set of rude boys in our

"That is not what I mean, you little puss
you; did any young men ever visit Mrs.
Lacy's?"

"Merely, no! Mrs. Lacy would not even let
Edward invite."

"Edward! Who is Edward?"

"Mrs. Lacy's nephew, father," replied Lucy,
stooping to tie her slipper, which just at that
moment it seemed necessary for her to attend

"Hum! And I suppose Edward walked
with you, didn't he?"

"Yes, father, when Mrs. Lacy could not
go?"

"I thought so! Who is he? What is his
name, this Edward?"

Poor Lucy, how she tried not to blush; and
yet what a glow instantly suffused the tel-
tale countenance she averted from the scru-

"His name it Bartine—Edward Bartine,
father—he is a very fine young man; every
body loves him."

"Hum!"

"All the girls love him like a brother."

"And you loved him just like a brother, I
suppose."

"Sir!"

"Hum! Well what was this very fine

young man doing at the young ladies' board-
ing school?"

"He only came up from New Haven to pass
a few months with his aunt, and to pursue his
studies with Dr. Hober; he is going back to

"Going back to college! Oh, I understand,
I understand—some wild scape-goat, I'll be
bound, suspended for misdemeanor—never

"No, indeed, father, Edward Bartine is no
such person, indeed he is not!" eagerly inter-
posed Lucy.

"Now do you know? I tell you he is.
See here, Lu, who is this from?" and putting
his hand in his ample coat pocket, Mr. Willis

"O, dear, dear father, please give it to me,
please do; that's a dear father!" cried Lucy,
springing up, her face radiant with joy, and

"Not so fast, little Miss Lucy Willis; sit
down again; there is your letter. Now open
it and read it to me," said Mr. Willis, passing

"O father, please let me go—indeed I can-
not read it to you!" urged Lucy, the tears
trembling like dewdrops on her long-fringed

"Well, then, I'll read it myself; it must
be very fine. I should like to read a letter
from such a nice young man," said Mr.
Willis, attempting to take it.

"Father, please don't; it is only about—
about—"

"Never mind, I will see what it is about.
Lucy, you must either give me the letter, or
read it to me. I must know the contents!"

The poor girl dared not disobey. With
trembling hands she broke the seal, and in a
voice scarcely audible, read:—

"My dearest, sweet Lucy."

"Hum—puppy! Go on."

"My dearest, sweet Lucy. To-morrow—
to-morrow I leave for—"

Lucy could proceed no further, but covered
with blushes, hid her face in her father's
bosom.

"Well, well, Lu, don't cry; I don't want
to hear any more of such silly stuff. There,
give me the letter, it will serve nicely to light

"Father, won't you give me the letter—
won't you, father?" pleaded Lucy.

"No, Lucy! Now go and get pen, ink, and
paper; this must be answered."

Quite pale and frightened, she brought her
little desk and placed it on the table.

"Are you ready?" said her father; "well,
then, begin. 'Mr. Edward'—what's his name—
Bartine?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a base, designing young man!"

"Must I say so, father? Indeed he is no
such thing!" interrupted Lucy, looking up
all in tears.

"I say he is—go on. 'You are a base, de-
signing young man; so, although I am but a
farmer's daughter, never presume to address

"You are a base, designing young man!"
said Mr. Willis, a few days after, as he overheard
Lucy carolling one of her lively songs.

In due time, allowing for the speed of steam-
boats, rail cars, and stages all the way from
the Ohio, a young man, with a ponderous

It was after dinner, and the farmer was en-
joying his afternoon pipe; while Lucy, sitting
very quietly by his side was reading the vil-

"This must be my dear nephew!" he said,
extending his hand, "I know the true Willis
look; I am glad to see you, my lad!"

"Thank, you, uncle! how are you—how is
Lucy?" asked the stranger, warmly shaking
hands.

"She is well, Reuben, and will be very glad
to see you. Come into the house; you must
be tired after such a journey. Lucy! Lucy!

"What the mischief ails the girl, I wonder?
She don't eat, she don't sleep, and half the
time there are tears in her pretty eyes; her

"My darling, I would not grieve you for the
world. What I am doing is for your good,
my child, though I know you think me very

Lucy pressed her lips to his with a loud sob,
and then, hastening to her little chamber, she
bolted the door, and throwing herself upon the

Mr. Willis had one sister, who, in his boy-
hood, had emigrated, together with almost
every member of the Willis family, to the far

"Bless me, dead! You don't say your poor
Uncle Bill is dead?" exclaimed Mr. Willis,
aghast at such news of an only brother.

"Not exactly dead—half killed with the

Mr. Willis had no son, and a vague idea had
now and then seized him to unite Lucy to his
sister's child. Thus the great Willis farm

"Yes, I will write this very night!" said
Mr. Willis, stooping suddenly in his walk, as
this bright thought suggested itself. "I'll
just invite Reuben to come on and see the old

"Lu, how do you like your Cousin, Reu-
ben?" said Mr. Willis, knocking the ashes
from his third evening pipe.

"Lucy looked up from her work and smiled
faintly, as she replied: "My dear father, you
know that I have never seen him."

"True, true, neither have I; but I tell you
what, Lu, I am going to write out to Reuben
to come and make us a visit, and bring his

"Very much, indeed! I shall be delighted
to see Aunt Richards, whom you have so often
talked to me about."

"And Cousin Reuben, too?"

"Yes, of course I should."

"Well, Lu, I hope you will like Reuben,
for do you know I have quite set my heart

Lucy at once burst into tears, and went on
to protest, in the most earnest manner, that
she would never marry; she wished her father

However, Mr. Willis wrote the letter, and
it took him three good hours to do so. Then,
in the morning, as it was haying time, and

What could have put it into Lucy's head
to do as she did, I am sure I don't know. I
will not pretend to expulate such a piece of

"DEAR MR. EDWARD BARTINE: I have
thought of you a great many times since I
wrote those few lines to you, which you must

"P.S. If you have no use for the inclosed,
please forward it to the address."

Just think of Lucy Willis writing such a
letter; but she did! and then she neatly folded
it, and inclosing the one designed for Mr. Reu-

"Ah, she'll come round all right yet!" said
Mr. Willis, a few days after, as he overheard
Lucy carolling one of her lively songs.

"My education was provided for by my
grandfather's will."

"It was, eh? well, I am sure I never
dreamed you had been to college, though I
thought from the first you knew considerable

"Thank you, Uncle Andrew."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"My dear uncle, I shall soon receive my
diploma for the practice of medicine; then, if

"You buy it! No, no; I am able to buy
it myself, and give it to Lucy on her wedding

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day. I am sorry you don't like the farm

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rheumatism, I mean; and the deacon—oh, the
deacon has gone to California."

"What! Deacon Gracie gone to California?
Well, that beats all! I'll warrant old Mr.
Stubbs is living!"

"Dead, a year ago."

"Dead, is he? What killed him, I should
like to know, for I thought him good for a
hundred years?"

"Rheumatism, uncle."

"Rheumatism again! What in the world
do you live in such a climate for? Well,
Reuben, how do you like your Cousin Lucy's

"I think Lucy is a decided darling!" replied
Cousin Reuben, with a mischievous glance at
the fair object in question.

"But you look like the Willises, all but
your hair; none of the family ever had red
hair!" continued the farmer, "and, excuse

"Good gracious, rheumatism again! Now
make yourself at home, will you, for I must
go and look after my oxen. Lucy, take good

"Don't hurry, uncle, I am quite at home!"

and as Mr. Willis closed the door, Cousin
Reuben sprang to the side of Lucy, and steal-
ing his arm around her waist, imprinted a kiss

"I say, nephew, we must bathe your rheu-
matics in beef brine," said Mr. Willis, re-
opening the door. Then hastily closing it

"Ah, it will do! it will do! He is a fine
young fellow, I see, only that confounded red
hair—he got that from the Richardses."

A week and more passed on. Lucy and her
cousin agreed wonderfully well, and Mr. Willis
was in perfect ecstasy at the recovered bloom

"Ah, Lu," said he, one day, slyly pinch-
ing her cheek, "what do you think of Cousin
Reuben now? Ain't he worth a dozen of your

Cousin Reuben, who was now perfectly
domesticated, made himself not only very
agreeable, but useful to his uncle in various

"And Latin was no more defied
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

"Why, how in the world did you pick up
so much learning out West? I should think
you had been to college, by the way you talk,"

"Yes, uncle, and I have just taken my de-
gree," replied Reuben, looking at Lucy.

"You! the deuce you have! Why, where
did your mother raise money to send you to
college?"

"My education was provided for by my
grandfather's will."

"It was, eh? well, I am sure I never
dreamed you had been to college, though I
thought from the first you knew considerable

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