

Literature

THE NIGHTS.

O, the Summer Night  
Has a smile of light,  
And she sits on a sapphire throne;  
Whilst the sweet winds loud her  
Wings of gold and silver  
From the bud to the rose o'erblow;  
But the Autumn Night  
Has a piercing sight,  
And a step both strong and free;  
And a voice for wonder,  
Like the warth of the Thunder,  
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter Night  
Is all cold and white,  
And she singeth a song of pain  
Till the wild bee hummeth,  
And warm Spring cometh,  
When she dies in a dream of rain!  
O, the Night, the Night!  
'Tis a lovely sight,  
Whatever the time or time,  
For sorrow then soareth;  
And the lover outpourth  
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep  
To the forests deep,  
The forest bird to its nest;  
To Care bright hours,  
And dreams of flowers,  
And that balm to the weary.—Rest!

A WIFE'S STORY.

(Continued.)

We had never sat up so late together as we did that night. I fancy neither of us felt inclined to sleep. We sat hand in hand, with thoughts going back into the past, forward into the future, tremblingly sounding depths of joy, glancing at possible griefs, and feeling strong to bear any fate so that we met it together. At length, when the clock struck twelve, he bethought himself of my health.

"Here I am," he said, laughingly, "proving my fitness to be trusted with you by keeping you up till past midnight! I must send you away, or I shall have a lily to-morrow and no rose. Good-night, Kathie Ward; it will be Kathie Bartholomew to-morrow!"

I went away from him, and soon sleep, happy and restful, closed my eyes. The last sound I heard was of his footsteps pacing to and fro across the piazza beneath my window. I know not when he sought his pillow.

He looked well and happy on the morrow, as if he had kept no vigils. So intense a light was in his dark gray eyes that I hardly dared to meet them! His lips were set in tense curves! His hold on my hand was strong.

We were married. Mary Ann Willis helped me fold away my white robes and put on my travelling dress in tearful silence. When all was done she came up to me and pressed her soft lips to my cheek. "There was deep earnestness in her voice."

"God bless you, Kathie! You have been a good child to me, and I would give more than one year of my remnant of life to insure your happiness."

"Don't you think that it is sure? Am I not a good man's wife?"

"Yes, child, you are a wife—a good man's wife; but marriage, scarcely less than birth, is the beginning of a new life. You will have to learn something circumstances have never yet taught you—to submit! It must come. Will you learn it by hard lessons, or easy? You have a fond heart, Kathie, but it is proud, and your will is strong. Forgive me, but I believe I feel for you almost as your mother would."

For a moment her words saddened me; but when I felt the tender touch of Dr. Bartholomew's hand as he put me into the carriage, and met his fond eyes, I thought, with a smile at her simplicity.

"As if his will and mine could ever clash—as if we did not love each other far too dearly to have need of any such word as submit!"

It was almost nightfall the next day when we reached Philadelphia. I was too weary to notice the streets through which we rode from the depot, and very glad I felt when we stopped at last before a handsome but unostentatious house, and, handing me from the carriage, my husband said: "This is home, Kathie. Welcome, my wife!"

"Shall I see your mother at once?" I asked, as we went into the hall.

"Where? I will take you up stairs first. She is waiting for us in the drawing-room. I suppose, as I think you will feel better to take off your wrappings."

His chilled me a little. I had never had a mother since I was old enough to remember. Perhaps I had been idle enough to imagine that my husband's mother would be all to me that my own might have been. I had pictured her as kneeling in the hall, kissing us; weeping over us, possibly; calling me her daughter. I believe I had prepared a pretty little gush of sentiment for the occasion of my own behalf. The reality was so

different from all this! I walked wearily up stairs and then myself on a lounge in my own room, too discomposed even to notice with what tender care and memory of my every whim or fancy all had been arranged for my coming. Our trunks followed us immediately, and when mine had been set down my husband asked if he could help me in finding something to put on; for he should like me to change my dress before I went down stairs. I was half tempted to remonstrate at first—to ask him if his mother was so exacting that she could not receive me after a day of fatiguing travel, without demanding an evening toilet; but I loved him too well, and had been married too short a time to be willing to displease him; so I only said:

"I am so tired!"

"I know it, love. Were it not that my mother is waiting to see you, you should have your tea up here, and retire at once. As it is, you would not mind the trouble of changing your dress if you knew how anxious I am that she should admire you at first sight as much as I did."

I made no further objections. I bathed my face, arranged my hair, and put on a handsome blue silk, with pretty, delicate laces. Despite my fatigue, I was rewarded by the thanks and kiss which awaited me, and the look of pride on my husband's face as he took me down stairs and into the spacious drawing-room.

At nearly its other extremity, a large, stately-looking woman, dressed in a heavy-falling purple satin, sat, as if enthroned, in a high-backed crimson chair. She reminded me of a queen awaiting homage from her subjects. I felt conscious of being awkward and ill at ease as she rose and advanced a little to meet us. Owen—for so my husband had taught me to call him—led me along, and through a certain dizzy feeling that threatened to sweep out sight and sound I heard him say:

"Mother, this is Kathie—your daughter."

I suppose I gave her my hand, for I felt the cool touch of hers on my fingers. Her lips just brushed my cheek. I heard her measured tones—

"Welcome, Mrs. Bartholomew!" And to save my life I could say nothing more than thank you, as I dropped into an easy chair, which my husband considerably placed for me, and listened with surprise to hear him talking gaily to his mother—narrating little incidents of our journey, and actually thawing her grave features into a smile.

Presently dinner was announced, and she led the way into the dining-room, while I followed with Owen, a little comforted by the tender, reassuring pressure of his hand. Her tones chilled me again, however. She asked with such cool formality,

"Will you take the head of the table, Mrs. Bartholomew, or shall I relieve you?"

I was too much startled to answer at once, and while I was considering what I ought to do, my husband spoke for me:

"You had better to-night, dear mother; Kathie is very tired."

I was tired; and I had thought an hour before, I was very hungry; but though the dinner was more elegant, the viands more delicious than any that had ever before greeted my eyes or my palate, I found it impossible to eat. Something seemed to choke me. I am afraid that one or two tears dropped into the wine in which I drank my own health.

After dinner was over we went back into the drawing-room. What would I not have given to steal away a while by myself; but I knew by my husband's look that this was not to be permitted in the order of exercise, so I sat and tried to make conversation. "Did I not pity the Israelites in that hour? They were not the only ones who have been sent forth to make bricks without straw."

After a while Madame Bartholomew remarked, in a pause of the talk,

"Perhaps you will sing for me, my dear? If you are not too tired, it would give me great pleasure. I am very fond of music, and I have looked forward with much anticipation to the presence of a younger lady than myself, who would make the house a little livelier."

"I do not sing," I answered, stiffly.

"Will you play for me, then?"

"I do not play. I am not musical. I have no accomplishments. Did not Dr. Bartholomew tell you that his choice was an uneducated country girl?"

I saw her cast a glance at him—partly, I thought, of inquiry; partly of vexation. He came to my relief instantly.

"Kathie underrates herself, dear mother. At least you will find that she is thoroughly educated, and possesses many requirements of more value than music or dancing to the happiness of our home."

I do not think it was an agreeable evening to any of us. How different it was from my fond maiden dreamings of my home-coming! I believe we were all glad when the tea was brought in, and my fatigue gave us a fit excuse for separating. That night the pale, proud face of Owen's mother, with the black hair oversweeping the passionless brow, haunted my very dreams.

Time went on, and where was the happiness I had pictured so fondly through months of hoping and waiting? It was there, perhaps, anchored in Owen's heart, sheltered by his love. But I could not realize it—my life had so many petty vexations. I did not like Madame Bartholomew. That was phrasing it too weakly. I believe in my

heart I hated her. At first I made some slight attempts to please her. I had suspected that she desired still to remain mistress of her son's household; so I had quietly given up the place of honor at the table, and sedulously avoided interfering with any of her former prerogatives. For this I had expected at least, silent gratitude—I was not prepared to have her assume that she was doing me a favor—relieving me for which natural incapacity, no less than youth and inexperience, rendered me unfit.

I wrote now and then to Mary Ann Willis, and I know my letters must have saddened her, for I wrote of any thing rather than my own life. I was too proud to complain, too honest to feign a satisfaction and happiness which I did not feel. Sometimes I thought of her words, and wondered whether I might not be to blame for the existing state of affairs. I could not, however, bring myself to feel that I was. I said to myself that it was all the fault of that cold, proud, domineering woman. If she were but out of the way, Owen and I might be so happy. I believe my thoughts of her were almost marvellous. I longed, I fear, for her to die, to remove forever the black shadow that stood betwixt me and the sunlight.

If I had only told my husband it would have been better. But I shut myself up in solemn silence. I was not going to complain to him of his own mother, I said, proudly. If he could not see, if our life was happy enough, as it seemed to be, for him, then let it rest. I forgot that in giving him myself I had given him a right to every thought of my heart. What is marriage if in the inner and most sacred life—the life of the soul—one is single still?

If I had been with him more constantly it might have been different; but his practice was a large one, and that Fall a very sickly season. Fever was in the air. Malignant typhus was seizing unwilling victims, purchasing their throats, maddening their brains, draining the springs of their lives. But the pestilence came not near our house, whence, I used to think, he would have been welcome to take one victim—his or mine—I felt, in my despair, as if it mattered little which. Owen worked incessantly. He would come home, not feverish—I could not have borne to see the fever-faint on him—but pale and worn; needing repose too much for me to disturb him with any petty vexations of my own. Sometimes he would say, as I sat beside him while he tried to snatch a few moments of rest,

"This is but a dismal honeymoon for you, poor child! By-and-by I shall have more leisure to procure for you some of the pleasures I had planned; but you must have patience. It is a comfort, at least, that I can see your face when I come home, and have you to sit beside me now."

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

"Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?" and the speaker, a tall muscular, well-looking farmer, reddened to the roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act, instead of asking a simple question.

He was bashful, extremely so, was Josiah Hawley; at least in the presence of young ladies, most of all the country possessed a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his compeers of stock and crop, and on kindred subjects. But the glimpse of some pretty face or foot coming in his direction, affected him like a flash of lightning. On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands and eyes, and always felt like screwing himself into a mouse-hole. How he ever contrived to approach Hester Thomas on the subject of his preference for her, probably remains as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

But the young lady had quite an amount of tact of cleverness stowed away somewhere in her pretty little head, albeit it was set on the dimpled inexperienced shoulders of seventeen. Josiah was worth, in a wordy way, more than any of her suitors; good-looking and intelligent enough to satisfy any one not over fastidious; unexceptionable, in short, barring his excessive bashfulness, which was a fruitful source of merriment to the young people in their little circle. And so, when Josiah, in his awkward, blundering way, began to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as waiting on her to and from singing, school constituting himself her especial escort when she rode on horseback to the solitary church in the woods, and singing her out at quitting parties, Hetty took it all in the easiest, pleasantest manner possible. The girls laughed, and the young men cracked sly jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but Hetty stood up for him very independently—encouraged him out of his shyness—never noticed any unfortunate blunder—and very likely helped him along considerably, when his feeling, reaching the culminating point, one moonlight autumn evening, as they were walking home together from prayer-meeting.

That was a week ago, Hetty had said "Yes," and agreed to "bring father and mother round on the subject." Josiah had not been to the house since—likely feeling very much like a dog venturing upon the premises of a person whose sheep-fold he had just plundered. As yet, neither had had the courage to speak to the "reigning powers," on the subject; and Hetty, feeling as if she wished to put the ordeal off as long as possible, at any rate to have one more confidential talk on the subject, with him, said:

"Mother is going over to Aunt Ruth's to spend the evening, and wants me to go—but I guess I

won't. I've been working on father's shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work, and I am as tired as I can be—so I guess they will have to go without me. Don't come until eight o'clock. I shall be through putting things to rights then, and will let you in."

Of course Josiah was not too obtuse to understand that, and so far forgot his bashfulness, as to petition for a good-by kiss, which was peremptorily refused. "No, I shan't. Do take yourself off. Think I didn't see you fidgeting around Sarah Jones's at Deacon Bangor's yesterday evening? I've not forgotten that, sir!"

Now Hetty's was broken off by a tantalizing little laugh; and as he sprang forward to take a pleasant revenge on his tormentress, she slipped away and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch; and then he returned from the gate and took the road homeward.

The tea things had been carried out, the table set back against the wall, the crumbs brushed off from the clean, home-made carpets, and Hetty's workstand drawn apart from the blazing fire. A beautiful piled plate of great red apples and a plate of cranked walnuts were on it, in close proximity to Hetty's work-basket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas, fat and fair, and at peace with all the world; rocking and knitting, and refreshing herself at sunny intervals with a bite from a half-eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table, and touching every now and then, in a caressing manner, with her foot a sleek lazy-looking cat that purled and winked on the other side. Hetty was sewing, and thinking how she could tell her mother she expected a visitor. She would have given the world to be able to say, in an off-hand manner, that she expected Mr. Hawley to drop in about eight. But she recollected, with a twinge of conscience, how hard she had tried to get the old lady to accompany her husband to Aunt Ruth's, spite of her warnings of a spell of neuralgia; how she had also pleaded headache as an excuse for not going herself. And she knew her mother was sharp enough to draw her own inference from these facts, and from her being dressed with unusual care to spend the evening at home.

"I shall not dare to tell now. She'll be sure to think I wished to get her out of the way, so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I should never hear the last of it." And like a wise little puss she was silent.

I'll venture my words on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's enthusiasm, if you could have seen Hetty Thomas, as she sat by the fireside that cold November evening. Under the pretext of being ready to go to her uncles, (a thing she had no idea of doing,) she had, just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate "fixin' up." A neatly fitting dark calico, with the store look still on it, a fresh linen collar, and a tasteful black silk apron—these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she looked sweet and dainty in her plain dress, as if hours had been spent in donning lace and jewels. Her rich hair, of the darkest tinge, fell in shining folds close to her warm red cheeks, and was caught up in a cunning net behind.

(To be Continued.)

ABOARD THE WARRIOR.

One of the stokers, a grim faced man, who paced about moodily and with an air of suffering under not being permitted to set the fire going and rubbed spitefully at furnace door handles, here came forward and volunteered information in a pained and hurt sort of a way. The engine represented, he said, a force a little short of 6,000 horses. A big man could pass, not only up and down the main steam pipe and its branches into the cylinder, but also through the passages of the side valves into the condensers. The Warrior had ten boilers, and each boiler was fed by four furnaces. Every boiler had 440 tubes. The piston weighed no less than 13 tons, and the stroke was four feet, the number of revolutions being 50 a minute. The steam shaft was one great piece of malleable iron, 30 feet long and 20 inches in diameter. The screw was of gun metal 24 feet in diameter, and weighed about 20 tons. The ship consumed 125 tons of coal every 24 hours. After this second heavy dose of scientific facts, Master Gunner started me again on a fresh tour, up all sorts of iron grates passages. Now I found myself in a sort of small ballroom traversed by a great shaft of iron—now in a dark hall, studded on either side with 20 furnaces. Sailors were working up and down the stairs, mechanics were fitting up tables in the officer's cabins, marines were tugging at a gun carriage, every one was busy, for the vessel was soon to be off to Portsmouth, and thence to start in search of a storm in order to test her sea-going powers. Going to look for a tempest! What a young Titan it must be, whose infant amusement it is to go looking for a tempest.—Dickens' All the Year Round.

Why is a sailor's sword like a gal discarded by her beau?—because it's a cut-throat.

Why cannot the Emperor Napoleon insure his life? Because no one can be found who can make out his policy.

A NEW QUESTION FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.

—If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on or let go?

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