

Down on the beach, night's trembling shadow lingers,  
The morning stars their anthems have begun,  
Dawn clasps her pearly veil with rosy fingers,  
And waits the rising of the Monarch Sun,  
When asleep on the ocean's breast,  
Each wave hath hidden its crest,  
While the air is hush'd in a murmurous calm,  
Which steals to the soul like an Infinite Balm,  
Lo! it whispers of Infinite Rest.

As her chaunt ceased, she saw the white  
sails of "the Fairy," and presently the mid-  
night breeze wafted a strain to her ear from  
the little vessel that approach'd the shore  
with the speed of the wind, now blowing  
towards the beach, and before which the  
tiny vessel was speeding like a thing of life:

THE RIVER'S VOICE.

"I sat me down beside the river,  
I laid me down by its waters clear!  
Listening to its flow forever,  
Why did I let fall a tear?  
Voice so musical, so clear,  
Flowing far, now flowing near,  
Why did I let fall a tear?  
Knew I then death was so near?  
"I dreamed; nor knew sunset was paling,  
Nor saw the death of the golden day.  
Till twilight's last faint smiles were falling—  
As I came my homeward way;  
Then the river, soft and clear,  
Sadly fell upon mine ear,  
Why did I let fall a tear?  
Ah! I knew that Death was near.

As Lansing led his little wife into the  
cabin, Uncle Abe whispered to Mentor, "De  
crown of glory am a waiten for Missey,  
Massa Mentor; dat air angel am gwino far  
away."

But in a few moments the Fairy had  
reached the wharf, and the travellers separ-  
ated; Schrieff to join his wife, and the party  
from Terreverde to take possession of the  
cottage, down on the beach, at the lower por-  
tion of the town, which had been hired for  
the season, and where Chloe and Phillis had  
already, as *avant courier* blackbirds, prepared  
everything for their reception, and where  
coffee and supper awaited their arrival.

XV.

MAUD'S DREAM.

Maud, when recovered from the fatigue of  
her voyage, seemed to brighten in the genial  
air of Corpus Christi. Lansing was very  
attentive to the wee creature now, and ap-  
peared solicitous to pay more than ordinary  
attention to his little wife, now that he was  
in the places once sacred to the memory of  
an earlier love.

The cottage which we inhabited was in  
point of fact a double cottage, and was al-  
most as close to the waters as Hazleton  
House; but it stood at an opposite extremi-  
ty of the city, and the beach taking nearly  
the form of a crescent, although some three  
fourths of a mile apart by the road, yet in  
an air line the distance was much less con-  
siderable, and the eye could plainly discern  
"Summer Rest," as Mentor had christened  
our place, from the residence of Emily's  
parents; while Mr. Schrieff's new house,  
now completely furnished and inhabited,  
stood almost mid-way between the home of  
the Hazletons and our quiet little domain.

Mrs. Hazleton, as I intimated early in this  
narrative, was the very embodiment of hos-  
pitality, and we had not been in Corpus  
twelve hours, before the good lady sent her  
cards, requesting permission to call in the  
evening with her husband. When the ser-  
vant brought them, Maud and her husband  
were walking to and fro on the little gallery,  
and Toty and I stood on the beach, throw-  
ing pebbles in the bay, and the little witch  
declared that she thought Southern people  
would do a much more sensible thing to  
wend their way South in the summer heats  
to the cool breezy air of the Crescent City,  
than to flock to Saratoga and broil in the  
close apartments of the United States Hotel.  
As Toty is at present in no danger of being  
arrested as a "rebel," it may not be im-  
proper to say that she is a very loyal subject of  
President Davis; and as early as '54 "Seces-  
sion" was discussed among young and old  
of the better sort of people in the far South,  
and had its earnest advocates even long be-  
fore that date. Educated people regarded  
it only as a question of time, and while Mr.  
Lincoln's election aided the master spirits  
of the South in precipitating the Gulf States  
into revolution, by affording them a just pre-  
text and an admirable occasion, ultimately

North and South would have been two na-  
tions, as they had for half a century at least  
been two distinct peoples—a manufacturing  
and commercial country on the one side,  
and an agricultural and aristocratic State  
on the other. This is given, not as a politi-  
cal argument, but as a simple statement of  
unanswerable fact, which every one con-  
versant with Southern society in the Con-  
federate States of America knows to be true.

Maud Dacre, of course, sent a courteous  
reply to Mrs. Hazleton, and the good lady  
and her husband visited "Summer Rest"  
that evening. Many of the better class of  
people dropped in soon after, and Maud re-  
ceived her guests with a quaint childish  
demeanor very hard to describe and very  
sweet to see. Mrs. Hazleton looked on the  
heiress of Terreverde with a womanly inter-  
est, and we all thought the better of her for  
her kindness of heart. When she arose to  
leave, she begged the Little One to name a  
day when she and her friends would dine at  
Hazleton House, and Lansing laughingly  
replied we were a party of idlers, who only  
sought amusement, and would be delighted  
to accept whenever it was agreeable to her-  
self.

It was very plain to Toty and Mentor that  
Emily Schrieff would be of the party, and  
it would avoid all awkwardness, considering  
the past relations of Dacre and herself, that  
this should be thus arranged.

When the guests had departed, and the  
beautiful moonlight flooded the land and the  
water, the inmates of "Summer Rest" pass-  
ed an evening none who were there, in and  
of that household, will ever forget. I be-  
lieve Dacre thought it the most peaceful  
hour his weary heart had ever known. Even  
Toty forgot to be gay in the holiness  
of being happy, and once Uncle Abe, who  
was sitting with Chloe some little distance  
from the porch of the cottage, turned his  
dark face to the heavens as if he read there  
the handwriting of God upon the deep blue  
sky.

Maud was clad in an evening dress of buff  
lawn, which became her tiny form to a won-  
der, and sitting close behind her husband on  
the door-sill of the cottage, it seemed to be  
"Summer Rest" indeed. One arm was about  
her waist, and one little slender hand, now  
thin and wasted, it seemed as we saw it in  
that word light, was placed within his dis-  
engaged hand.

The Little One rarely now-a-days was  
wont to prattle so merrily as of yore. Ever  
since her marriage she had seemed as one  
wandering in the mazy labyrinths of some  
beautiful dream, but whose path-way was  
overshadowed by a sorrow. To-night she  
spoke more than usual, and her voice had a  
silvery tone unlike the sound of mortal  
syllables. Dacre watched her face and seem-  
ed unconscious any one was near him but  
his wife. Once I saw him place his lips re-  
verently upon her pure, pale brow, and the  
action caused Maud to turn her face to him,  
and cast upon him all the brightness of her  
deep, mild eyes.

Then there was a pause for a few moments,  
when the Little One said:

"Lansing, we shall be very happy here,  
for a time."

"A long time, too, darling; we will stay  
here until the summer heats are passed."

"Do you know I have always wished that  
I might die in mid-summer, Lansing?—die  
when the skies were bright and the gayest  
flowers in their bloom."

"Hush! hush! do not talk thus, Little  
One," said Mentor, drawing near his pet,  
and bending over her, and brushing back  
the golden curls the sea-breeze had blown  
in strange disorder over her face. Ever  
since her marriage, Mentor seemed even  
more tender of his little ward than he had  
been in the by-gone days of her girlhood.

"Guardy, do not feel so sad. I am not  
sad. But I had a wild, wild dream last  
night, and I want to tell it to you all."

How we gathered round her!

Even Uncle Abe, somehow, contrived to  
place his sable ear within hearing distance.

"I thought I was upon a journey from a  
place like Terreverde, to some other even  
brighter spot of earth, Lansing, but that my  
way was through a very deep wilderness.

There were few thorns, or brambles, or  
marshes, or reptiles, but many very bright  
wild flowers that glittered like jewels in  
stray beams of light, which stole adown  
through the tall magnolias and branching  
live-oaks that over-arched me. O, such  
flowers you never saw, Toty, even in Terre-  
verde! and when I saw them I felt as I only  
felt, when Lansing asked me if I would take  
Guardy's present, and 'sit with him like the  
birds between the North and the South.' I  
do not know how far I wandered on, a little  
terrified lest night would come on, and I be  
left all alone, when Lansing joined me, and  
said: 'I will guide you, Maud.' Then a  
voice, so deep down, that I fancied it came  
from my own heart, said: 'I wish to go with  
him, but his journey is longer than mine, and  
I will go with him only to my journey's end,  
and then I shall not obstruct his way, or  
delay his steps any more.' Sometimes as  
we went on together, I told him I was afraid  
I should hinder him, but he laughed and said  
'no,' and so we went on together, hand in  
hand, all through the woods, and when I  
was weary, and my head ached, Lansing  
carried me, until I was rested and felt able  
to travel more, and, setting me down on my  
feet again, called me his little 'pussey.'

"By-and-bye we came to an open place in  
the forest, and a great lake of water out-  
stretched before us. O! the water, Toty,  
was as big as that great bay, and larger,  
too, for I could see further in my sleep—see  
even the palace where they were waiting for  
me and where I wanted to go.

"Now I noticed a woman approach with  
another man. He was going across the  
water, too, but not where I was waited for  
by my friends. His destination seemed a  
great mountain, where I feared he would  
find no water, and no friends, and I told him  
to come with me, but the man in the boat  
said 'no, he cannot cross with you.'

"I saw this man set forth. He was a tall,  
dark man, and I felt afraid to look up in his  
face, for it was sad, and terrible to gaze  
upon, but I pitied him, for the name of the  
place he was going to was called the Moun-  
tain of Unrest.

"Lansing was not allowed to go with me,  
but the keeper of the little vessel told me  
he would come by-and-bye and join me, and  
when he thought I was out of sight, he and  
the stranger lady went forth together down  
along the water's edge, and I lost sight of  
them at last, and awoke when the boat was  
nearly to the palace steps."

..... You should have seen the faces on  
that porch of Summer Rest, when Maud ceas-  
ed speaking. Mentor looked like the Mem-  
ory of a Life—not as a living man. Lansing  
bowed his head upon his bosom, and drew  
the little creature closer to himself. Toty  
turned away, and a tear glittered in her  
dark eye, while Uncle Abe walked away  
towards the edge of the water, and when I  
glanced to catch the expression on his dusky  
face, I read there a confirmation of the fears  
that were within me.

Maud Dacre loved her husband with all  
the fervency of her childish heart, and in-  
stinctively divined that the gates of the soul  
of the kind, brotherly man she called her  
husband were closed to her forever, for deep  
in those chambers was a tomb sacred to the  
memory of a Worthless Love.

Proud, sensitive, affectionate; half a child,  
half a woman; with a spirit as gentle as an  
angel, and a heart as noble as a queen, our  
little hostess concealed her sorrow from  
every human eye, and worshipped the cher-  
ished semblance, hugging dear delusion to  
herself at one moment, and awakening to  
the truth at another, was it then a marvel the  
insidious canker-worm, whose germs were  
in her system, should awaken thus prema-  
turely, when they might have been dormant  
for years, if not forever, had she been en-  
tirely blessed with all the love of Lansing  
Dacre.

There are MARBLE GODS oven unto these  
latter days.

Mentor had made a fatal mistake. The  
one false action of a single inconstant heart  
had blighted more lives than one. Thus it  
is that Evil, like Good, is immortal, and that  
the minute seed the little birdling drops by  
accident from his bill may yet be the means

of feeding whole nations and preserving the  
people thereof from famine; or the spark  
from a burning candle may lay a city into  
ashes.

XVI.

DOWN ON THE BEACH

Toty noticed there were more clouds than  
usual the morning of the day our party was  
to dine with the Hazletons. Whether Miss  
Grade was correct or not, I cannot say. It  
would not do for me to contradict her now,  
for a reason very obvious to myself, if not to  
the Canadian public.

In the forenoon, Mr. Mentor, Dacre and  
somebody else, whose modesty is a chronic  
complaint with him, visited the Mexican  
quarter of the town. As we passed one  
hacker, Dacre said: "That is India.

"*¿ Senor que lienne Vmd? ¿ Porquoi lienne  
Vmd, en su corde?*"

"You told my fortune once, India. Here is  
a silver sharpener of your wits. Come,  
what have you to tell us all now?" and the  
young man laughed, for Maud was more  
blithe to-day, and Dacre had a good, kind  
heart. He knew less about himself than any  
man I ever met.

The old crone, muttered to herself, and  
burning a piece of paper which she lighted  
from Mentor's cigar, looked at the young  
man's hand, and presently said in her Mexi-  
can *patois* words that might thus be trans-  
lated into English:

A broken troth thil give you truth,  
The Snake into the Bird did change;  
Forth from the trial of your youth  
The good God gave you Maud La Orange.  
The flower withers in your grasp,  
The rose shall fade i' the summer sun,  
The Snake shall turn in your arm'srous clasp,  
To the form of the Early Cherished One.

Turning to Mentor, India said:

Truer than Knight to his Lady-love,  
Father in more than the blood can be,  
Rather rejoice that the pretty Dove  
Lies to the Bright Humanity.

Approaching the narrator, she muttered:

In the days of strife and battle,  
When the air with fire teems,  
You shall hear the War-God's rattle,  
In a land where Freedom gleams.  
In the days when men are weary,  
Of the Carnival of Strife,  
Cometh to your soul so dreary,  
News of a new Nation's Life!

As the sun was very warm about three  
o'clock, our friend, the Major, sent his cari-  
age for the ladies, as himself and family  
were among those invited. We started in  
advance a few moments, and were at the  
house almost as soon as Maud and Toty and  
Mrs. C—and her sister.

The meeting with Emily Schrieff was less  
formal than might have been anticipated.  
She kissed Mrs. Dacre, and they were very  
good friends in half an hour. Carl looked  
a shade thinner, and more care-worn, Men-  
tor said, than when he first saw him, but  
was attired with great, good taste and  
seemed like one who had made up his mind  
to go through with a disagreeable role in  
the best manner possible. A man of the  
world, he was very cordial to Mr. Dacre and  
Mentor, who were too thoroughly well-bred  
to express any of the instinctive dislike  
which they might have felt.

Indeed, the great difference between civil-  
ised men and women and the inhabitants of  
bear-gardens and fussy villages, is that in  
the first instance men smother and conceal  
their aversions, and that in the other they  
tear each other to pieces, or what is much  
the same thing, growl forth and gossip over  
their animosities in a corner. The first are  
Christianised and humanised by having  
learned the great lesson that we owe a duty  
to Society as well as to ourselves; the other  
are so honest, blunt and plain-spoken, that  
for the sake of unpleasant truths they would  
set the whole social fabric in flames.

Emily Schrieff's attire, on this occasion,  
was very becoming, being composed of a  
purple lawn, very similar to that which she  
wore on her first introduction to the reader.  
Was it accident? or did the innate coquetry  
of the woman cause her to reproduce an ap-  
proximation to the *sainto toilette*?

The half hour previous to dinner is always  
an epoch in the history of the day that re-  
quires marvellous tact in a host and hostess,