

# Charleston Free Press.

VOL. XIV.

CARLETON PLACE, C.W., FEBRUARY 17, 1864.

No. 23.

## A Lesson from a Flower.

A violet raised its purple head  
On a brooklet's muddy bank,  
And o'er it spread in course display  
A burdock wild and rank.

One morning early she awoke  
And took her dew drop bath,  
Just as I reached the grassy bank  
That grazed the meadow path.

The sun was wiping off the tears  
The dewy night had shed,  
From every tender leaf and plant  
That raised its glistering head.

The brooklet sang in noisy glee,  
The violets on the brink  
Could on its breast their faces see,  
Reflected from the drink.

The waving grass, the tender elm,  
The song-birds on the spray,  
Seemed vying with each other there  
In welcoming the day.

But while all nature seemed as gay  
And happy as a bride,  
This little foolish violet  
Drooped down its head and sighed,

"Ah, me," she said, my lot is hard,  
It gives me such a shock  
To think what company I keep!  
That vulgar, noisy duck!

And, then, to think it cuts me off  
From all the world outside,  
I must content, for all my fame,  
I have a little pride.

The sun and moon and stars may shine,  
The rainbow paint the sky,  
But naught but shadow I may see  
While this vile weed is I.

But while the murmuring violet spoke,  
A storm-cloud spread its sail,  
And poured from out its night black folds  
A withering shower of hail.

And when the blast had spent its power,  
And the sun was out again,  
The little murmuring flower alone  
Was mistress of the plain.

The hated duck whose spreading leaf  
Hung o'er the violet's head,  
Had kept the rushing hail away,  
While all the rest lay dead.

"I'll never murmur any more,"  
The violet spoke;  
"The darkest cloud may be a shield  
To ward away a stroke!"

MORAL.  
Don't murmur at your lot, my friend,  
What seems a curse to-day  
May prove a blessing in the end,  
In God's own perfect way.

Mother.  
Thou didst die when I was young,  
When most I needed thee,  
But I know in yonder heaven  
Thy happy soul is free.

I laid thee in the tomb,  
I was too young to know  
How much I then had lost,  
It was so long ago.

I have grown older now,  
And many times I've wept  
When I have thought of thee,  
Though many years thou art slept.

Thy grave is now overgrown  
With wild and noxious grass;  
A headstone marks its place,  
I cannot by it pass.

When spring shall come again,  
I'll pull the noxious weeds,  
And plant them on thy mound,  
To catch the early showers.

The birds will come and sing,  
And I shall sing thee too  
Some old familiar hymn,  
O heaven, home and you.

And I will try to live,  
While I am here below,  
So that when death shall come  
I straight to heaven shall go.

And I shall see thee there,  
And sweet will be to know  
We never more shall part.

The Betrayer.  
I hated Mark Richardson. Shall I tell  
you why? Our house stood on a hill,  
and about three miles across the valley rose  
the pale, grey walls of the State Lunatic Asylum,  
and I knew in one of its rooms wandered  
one whose intellect was shattered, and  
at times bolts and chains were required  
to keep her in subjection.

At my feet as I write, reclines a child  
playing with her pet dog, Floa. She has  
her golden curls and deep blue eyes. She is  
the illegitimate child of my only sister,  
under raving mania, and Mark Richardson  
ruined her.

Will do I remember the first time they  
met. Mark and I were affianced—were  
seen to unite our destinies, and this broad  
earth contained no so happy a creature as  
myself. Annie was absent at school, but  
she was the weekly recipient of my letters,  
containing expressions of my perfect bliss,  
and often wrote that she was anxious to see  
this paragon of mine, and on the day of her  
return Mark and I went to meet her. As  
we stepped into the car Mark exclaimed—  
"What a vision of beauty!"

As I presented him, why did a cold thrill  
rush over me? Was it a premonition of  
coming evil? The few miles intervening  
between us and home were quickly passed  
over, and Mark after accompanying us to  
the gate turned himself, saying—  
"As Miss Mayne is somewhat of a stranger  
in the family circle, and necessarily af-  
fected, I will not intrude; but this evening  
I will have the pleasure of meeting her,  
—you."

I thought nothing of his last words then,  
but after events recalled them vividly.  
Evening came, and with its first approach  
Mark the time passed rapidly, but quite  
as much of Mark's attention was directed to  
Annie as myself; but I was pleased that  
they were mutually attracted. My sister  
was of a light ethereal style of beauty, while  
I was plain and dark. Mark was with us  
nearly all the time; and often, when some  
trifling disposition or employment prevent-  
ed, the two would go on walks and rides  
without me, but I feared no evil, my trust  
in my lover was strong.

One day as I sat with the shutters closed  
to exclude the light, a couple of girls passed,  
and one observed—  
"These come Annie Mayne and Mark  
Richardson; they are together all the

time, while poor Maggie remains at home.  
She should look after her bean little."  
They were gone, and the cluster of horse's  
feet announced that sister and Mark were  
returning from their ride. I pressed my  
hand tightly to my heart to still its wild  
beating, and looked from the window to see  
him spring to the ground and turn to assist  
her. Her dark hair lingered long in his,  
and those dark eyes were bent on hers as they  
used to beam on me alone; and when he  
pressed his lips to her delicate hand before  
relinquishing it, I rushed to my own room,  
locked the door, and threw myself on the bed  
in a paroxysm of anguish. For a time  
everything seemed dark; but by and by, by  
diminution of hope, began to appear, and  
I resolved to throw on a mask of smiles, and  
appear gay and happy, for that evening at  
least, observe narrowly the two, and per-  
haps I should find my jealousy unfounded.

I arose and bathed my eyes in water. As  
my darling tried the door I opened it for  
a moment, and she said—  
"How is your headache Maggie dear?"  
"Better now."  
"But you look quite ill, and your eyes  
are swollen. Let me bathe your head."  
But I could not bear to have her touch  
me, and suggested that she should be quite  
easy if I reclined on the sofa.

"I had a most delightful ride. You  
know that old mill out on Martin Stream,  
out on lone road, where it is all pine  
trees, and the brook comes roaring and  
dashing along; well we went there. Mark  
fastened the horse, and went in to stop  
and a long while after, 'twas a splendid ride.  
The air was heavy with the odor of fallen  
tassels; the birds and stream made music,  
and I had such excellent company. Mag,  
do you know what a magnificent fellow that  
Mark of yours is? I declare I am half in  
love with him myself."

"Could you love him enough to marry  
him, Annie?"  
"Guess I could, and not half try, as we  
used to say at school. Would you give him  
to me if we were to fall in love?"  
"If it would be for your happiness, Annie,  
I would sacrifice my own."

She turned pale, but not before I saw  
a blush mantle her cheek.  
In the evening I heard Mark's step upon  
the walk, and Annie's upon the stair as she  
slew to meet him. I went down stairs to  
watch, and if necessary to give my most  
fervent aid to assist him to the door, and  
I heard their voices on the piazza. The  
room was empty; I entered and approached  
the open window. They stood near; his  
arm thrown around her waist, while her head  
rested on his breast; and, without any  
intention of playing the dropper, I heard  
Annie exclaim—  
"I do not think Maggie mistrusts any-  
thing as yet, for I said carelessly to night,  
'Would you give me Mark if we were to love  
each other?' and she said, 'Yes if necessary  
to your happiness;' and when she knows all  
she will consent."

"I know she will, for she is a generous,  
noble girl; but will you not tell her all till  
we are married, darling?"  
"No, no; I strive to forget, if possible,  
but she cannot love you as I do."  
"And I never loved as I love you, Annie,"  
and he pressed her closer to his heart in a  
loving caress.

I waited no longer; the terrible truth was  
verified; I was strong, and going to my  
writing desk I took all his letters, scarce  
daring to look at the familiar writing lest I  
should be uncovered—all the little keepakes,  
containing more than sentimental than any-  
thing he had given me, concluded them in  
large wrapper, and wrote his name in a firm  
hand, then stepping to the door I spoke  
Annie's name; she came instantly, and I  
put them in her hands saying—  
"Hand these to Mr. Richardson, and I'll  
shall look for mine to-morrow."

"I shall look for mine to-morrow, your  
lover, judging from your knowledge of him,  
will make a most faithful husband."  
These were bitter words; but, reader, I  
had loved. I then loved that man; and  
when I knew that she, my only sister, had  
stolen that love from me, I believed I hated  
her, and I closed the door and went down to  
think. How different from the supremely  
happy being of a few months ago! Now I  
was crushed—broken, no pride came to  
aid; I could not look to God for assistance,  
for I had forgotten him in my property,  
and I would not seek in adversity. Then I  
remembered that I was a Christian, and I  
believed Annie, and also his remark as he  
left us that night—"This evening I trust I  
shall have the pleasure of seeing her—yes."  
Even then his thoughts were of her, and this  
had been increasing and developing; and I,  
in my blind, infatuated love, had not seen  
anything unusual.

"For some days Mark remained away, but  
soon he was a frequent visitor as before.  
They rode and walked together, and my  
love (or passion, as I might appropriately  
term it) was fast changing to scorn; and  
nothing was said of marriage. People won-  
dered at the turn affairs had taken, but  
knowing my proud temper, none troubled  
me with their pity.

One day Annie came to me and said—  
"Mark is going to New York, and when  
he returns we are to be married, but  
Maggie, we might be broke, and—"  
"And what child? speak!"  
"Nothing—only—"  
"What is the matter Annie? Why don't  
you speak?"  
"There is nothing," and rising hastily,  
she was quitting the room, when something  
in her manner caused a sudden suspicion.

"Annie, were you going to say that you  
ought to be married before Mark left?"  
"Yes, stopped, and seeing stern rebuke in  
my face, recovered no reply, but hastened  
away. I put on my hat and shawl, immed-  
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I tapped at the door; he opened it, looking  
surprised, but asked me to enter. I did so,  
and seating myself, I said—  
"You are to leave soon, Mr. Richardson?"  
"With a quick, searching glance in my face,  
he replied—  
"For a short absence only, and when I  
return I am promised the hand of your  
sister."

"What objections have you to leaving the  
country before you have the hand of your  
sister?"

"Several, my dear Miss Mayne; it is ab-  
solutely necessary that I am in New York on  
the 20th. I fear I should not be able to  
to tear myself from my sweet bride, and  
my business must be settled; besides, I wish  
to order my Annie's bridal robe myself. I  
intend our wedding shall be in a style to  
astonish these country people, and you will  
see how happy Annie and I will live to-  
gether. We shall be quite a model couple.  
But I am quite busy you see, packing, and—"

The man was mocking me with his allu-  
sions to his future happiness, and almost  
ordering me from the room; so I departed,  
having gained nothing. He went. Annie  
had a letter from the 20th; he  
was coming soon, and he painted in glowing  
colors their future bliss.

The days passed but he came not, neither  
did we receive any tidings. Days lengthen-  
ed into weeks, and weeks into months. Busy  
months began to circulate cruel stories in  
regard to my darling. They said that he  
was dead, and that he had been buried in  
some remote spot; but I did not believe  
them.

Five months from the time Mark left  
G—, one day I got a letter with a foreign  
postmark, I carried it up stairs to Annie.  
She took it, glanced at the writing, and the  
heart-felt exclamation, "It is from Mark!"  
"Thank God! He has not deserted me."  
I sat by her as she broke the seal. She  
commenced reading; her face recently grown  
pale, changed to an ashy hue, and before she  
finished the few lines she fell at my feet,  
feeling her forehead hot, and she was insensi-  
ble. I placed her on the bed and called for  
medical aid. Before many hours this  
little child was born, and my darling  
sister was, as she is now, a maniac. She  
never recovered her reason even for an in-  
stant. I kept her with me as long as pos-  
sible, but her frantic periods came oftener  
and were of longer duration, and I was  
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fatal letter I picked from the floor, and  
though I have now destroyed it, I can re-  
member every word as plainly as if it were  
impressed on the tablet of my heart. It  
read thus—

"Calcutta, October—  
"Miss MAYNE. I have written you a  
line to inform you that I was married a  
week ago to a lovely native of this country,  
consequently our short flirtation is ended.  
Hopely it proved of no serious moment."  
"I remain respectfully,  
"Your affectionate friend,  
"MARK RICHARDSON."

This was all. No wonder its cruel words  
seared her brain and blasted her young life.  
Eighteen months after I was in Boston. As  
I entered the parlor door, a familiar voice  
struck my ear, and almost stifled the  
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I entered the parlor door, a familiar voice  
struck my ear, and almost stifled the  
beating of my heart; but by an almost super-  
human effort, I recovered myself, and I  
heard their voices on the piazza. The  
room was empty; I entered and approached  
the open window. They stood near; his  
arm thrown around her waist, while her head  
rested on his breast; and, without any  
intention of playing the dropper, I heard  
Annie exclaim—  
"I do not think Maggie mistrusts any-  
thing as yet, for I said carelessly to night,  
'Would you give me Mark if we were to love  
each other?' and she said, 'Yes if necessary  
to your happiness;' and when she knows all  
she will consent."

"I know she will, for she is a generous,  
noble girl; but will you not tell her all till  
we are married, darling?"  
"No, no; I strive to forget, if possible,  
but she cannot love you as I do."  
"And I never loved as I love you, Annie,"  
and he pressed her closer to his heart in a  
loving caress.

I waited no longer; the terrible truth was  
verified; I was strong, and going to my  
writing desk I took all his letters, scarce  
daring to look at the familiar writing lest I  
should be uncovered—all the little keepakes,  
containing more than sentimental than any-  
thing he had given me, concluded them in  
large wrapper, and wrote his name in a firm  
hand, then stepping to the door I spoke  
Annie's name; she came instantly, and I  
put them in her hands saying—  
"Hand these to Mr. Richardson, and I'll  
shall look for mine to-morrow."

"I shall look for mine to-morrow, your  
lover, judging from your knowledge of him,  
will make a most faithful husband."  
These were bitter words; but, reader, I  
had loved. I then loved that man; and  
when I knew that she, my only sister, had  
stolen that love from me, I believed I hated  
her, and I closed the door and went down to  
think. How different from the supremely  
happy being of a few months ago! Now I  
was crushed—broken, no pride came to  
aid; I could not look to God for assistance,  
for I had forgotten him in my property,  
and I would not seek in adversity. Then I  
remembered that I was a Christian, and I  
believed Annie, and also his remark as he  
left us that night—"This evening I trust I  
shall have the pleasure of seeing her—yes."  
Even then his thoughts were of her, and this  
had been increasing and developing; and I,  
in my blind, infatuated love, had not seen  
anything unusual.

"For some days Mark remained away, but  
soon he was a frequent visitor as before.  
They rode and walked together, and my  
love (or passion, as I might appropriately  
term it) was fast changing to scorn; and  
nothing was said of marriage. People won-  
dered at the turn affairs had taken, but  
knowing my proud temper, none troubled  
me with their pity.

## GREEN FIRE—SHELL AND SHOT.

The statements which have been pub-  
lished respecting some incendiary shells  
to have been thrown into Charleston, by  
Gen. Gilmore, seem to have set the whole  
country in a blaze of excitement according  
to a very common mode of romancing adopt-  
ed by letter-writers, these shells have been  
denominated "Green Fire"; but there is no  
resemblance whatever between them and the  
genuine Green Fire of our ancient times.  
It is related that the former was discovered  
in 660, by a Greek Engineer named Calli-  
gones, who in that year destroyed a large fleet  
of Saracen vessels with it; and it afterwards  
became a terror to the whole Mahomedan  
race. It is described to have consisted of  
resin, sulphur, sulphur, pitch, and camphor  
mixed with turpentine, and made into a ball  
with wax. It was ignited, then fired from  
arrows, or thrown by javelins on board of  
the Saracen vessels, when they were engaged  
with the Greeks in the hand to hand combats.

I will tell you how the explosive inter-  
ruption occurred. The day after I  
found out the name of the vessel he sailed  
in. Having learned that she was then in  
port, he visited her, and by pretending to  
be one of the crew, he obtained access to  
the sub-deck, where he found one of the  
Hindoo girls. Her father, a certain  
Hindoo chief, had insisted on having the  
ceremony performed by a resident European  
Minister, and the marriage was perfectly  
legal. The officer, on learning that he  
intended marrying another lady, was easily  
induced to give him a receipt for the  
quantity of powder he required.

"I remain respectfully,  
"Your affectionate friend,  
"MARK RICHARDSON."

This was all. No wonder its cruel words  
seared her brain and blasted her young life.  
Eighteen months after I was in Boston. As  
I entered the parlor door, a familiar voice  
struck my ear, and almost stifled the  
beating of my heart; but by an almost super-  
human effort, I recovered myself, and I  
heard their voices on the piazza. The  
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noble girl; but will you not tell her all till  
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"For some days Mark remained away, but  
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They rode and walked together, and my  
love (or passion, as I might appropriately  
term it) was fast changing to scorn; and  
nothing was said of marriage. People won-  
dered at the turn affairs had taken, but  
knowing my proud temper, none troubled  
me with their pity.

One day Annie came to me and said—  
"Mark is going to New York, and when  
he returns we are to be married, but  
Maggie, we might be broke, and—"  
"And what child? speak!"  
"Nothing—only—"  
"What is the matter Annie? Why don't  
you speak?"  
"There is nothing," and rising hastily,  
she was quitting the room, when something  
in her manner caused a sudden suspicion.

"Annie, were you going to say that you  
ought to be married before Mark left?"  
"Yes, stopped, and seeing stern rebuke in  
my face, recovered no reply, but hastened  
away. I put on my hat and shawl, immed-  
iately, and sought Mark's hearing-room.  
I tapped at the door; he opened it, looking  
surprised, but asked me to enter. I did so,  
and seating myself, I said—  
"You are to leave soon, Mr. Richardson?"  
"With a quick, searching glance in my face,  
he replied—  
"For a short absence only, and when I  
return I am promised the hand of your  
sister."