

Poetry.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage
For a mansion hall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer
Than the wealth we thus command.

Though we have not means to purchase
Costly pictures, rich and rare—
Though we have not silken hangings
For the walls so bleak and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For the flowers are everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin,
We can make its inmates happy,
And their truest blessings win;
It will make the small room brighter,
If we let the sunshine in.

We may gather round the fireside
When the evening hours are long,
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders,
We will firmly shut the door—
Yet should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lovely
Which the grandest fail to find;
There's a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind;
We may reap the choicest blessings,
From the poorest lot assigned.

Gales and Sketches.

THE COUNTESS.

"Oh, the saints! what will become of us, my lady! All alone in this dismal old chateau, and two gay young officers billeted upon us. Heavens! what shall we do?"

"With a look of surprise, the countess raised hers from the embroidery on which they were bent, and demanded, 'What are you talking about, Lisette? Officers billeted upon us!—what mean you?'"

"Ah, my dear lady, you heard the drums this morning. Well, a whole regiment has marched into the village, and every house, even the good curate's, is filled with these terrible soldiers, and then they cannot all find lodgings, and so the curate has sent them to the chateau; and oh! my lady, you will be frightened to death, I know you will, for there they are already below in the court, with their swords, and pistols, and horrible moustaches, as if for all the world they had come here to devour us!"

"This is indeed embarrassing, my good girl. Send Jacques hither at once." And rising from her embroidery frame, the countess walked to the window which commanded a view of the court-yard.

"Ah! no wonder the pretty young countess blushed like a damask rose, as she looked down upon the two gay chevaliers thus forced upon her hospitality!—bold, dashing soldiers—their splendid uniforms glittering with gold, and their long white plumes floating on the breeze, as they paced to and fro the broad limits of the court! It was, indeed, as she had averred, very embarrassing! For ever since the death of the old count, her husband, she had remained, like the beautiful princess in the fairy tale, shut up the chateau, seeing no one, save Father Ambrose, the curate, and the faithful domestics who shared the solitude.

"How is this, Jacques?" she cried, as the old man tottered in; "what is it Lisette tells me?—is our chateau, indeed, turned into a garrison? Methinks our good father Ambrose has gone beyond the limits of forbearance in sending hither such guests?"

"Ah, my dear mistress, pardon the good father," answered Jacques; "he is half-bewildered; and, indeed, everything is turned topsy-turvy by the marching in of this regiment. Every house is filled, and some of the men, I am told, have even to quarter in barns, poor fellows! Boys are shouting, women and children screaming, and then such a hubbub in the poultry-yards: Ah, my lady, no wonder the curate is beside himself."

"Jacques," said the countess, "you must transfer these chevaliers elsewhere; alone, as I am, it is impossible for me to receive guests of such a character under my roof. Go, and look to it at once, my good Jacques."

"But, alas, madame, they refuse to go! I begged of them to retire from the chateau—I told them, with tears in my eyes, that my lady, the countess, was young and beautiful, and had not seen a soul since the old count's death; now a twelvemonth, and—"

"Jacques, Jacques!" exclaimed the countess, impatiently, "you surely were not so absurd as to say this!"

it would not be proper for them thus to intrude upon your ladyship."

"Why, Jacques, how could you be so imprudent!" exclaimed the countess, starting up, and pacing the room hurriedly. Then, with something of a smile already chasing away the frown, she added, "Well, my friend, and what said they to such forcible arguments?"

"Indeed, my lady, one would have thought I had related some excellent jest, by the manner in which they laughed, thanking me for the agreeable information I had given them; adding, that they certainly could not think of bearing themselves away from the chateau, after the many inducements I had given them to stay. Then they handed me their cards, bidding me to present them to your ladyship, whom they doubted not was as beautiful as an angel."

"Coxcombs!"

"And with their most profound respects, to say that, however they might regret being thus forced to intrude themselves, their necessities must compel them to demand the hospitality of the chateau."

"Cool, at any rate!" remarked the countess, with a toss of her pretty head. "These cards—let us see who it is that thus honors us. 'Louis Auguste Francois Bellegarde, Colonel, &c.'; 'Eugene Montepan, Lieutenant, &c.' Very well, Jacques, we must see to the entertainment of these guests."

The countess mused for a moment; then a saucy smile dimpled her rosy little mouth, and mischief sat in her large blue eye. "Jacques," she cried, turning suddenly to her old servant—"Jacques, it would not become us to be inhospitable to the brave soldiers of the emperor."

"You are right—Vive l'Empereur!" exclaimed Jacques. "Ah, I was once a soldier myself—yes, under the banner of—"

"Never mind, now, Jacques," interrupted the countess: "conduct these gallant officers then to the east wing of the chateau; be attentive to all their wants; let Adolphe wait upon them, and bid him not fail in any mark of respect due to such distinguished guests. Let dinner be served in the great banquetting-hall; there—go, and send Lisette to me."

The old man hesitated, took a step towards the door, then returned, played with his fingers, and rubbed his eyebrows. "My honored lady—ahem—pardon an old man, but these are, no doubt, wild young scamps—I—my lady—I was going to say—thanks to my experience—I think I know how to manage these gallants; and so, if you please, I will serve the dinner for my lady, the countess, in her private apartment."

"Ah! my good Jacques," said the countess, smiling, "then you think that I had better not appear before these gay gallants?"

"Pardon, my dear mistress, you are so young and charming."

"Never fear, my friend, only do as I bid you; and listen, Jacques, whatever you may hear me say, or whatever you may see me do, show no surprise. In an hour I will, in person, receive you, our guests."

"But, my lady, my dear young mistress, let me entreat you not."

"Ah, my good Jacques," said the countess, laughing, and playfully patting the old man's cheek, "be easy; you shall see after what fashion these dashing chevaliers will fall in love with your mistress! Now go, and send Lisette speedily."

"Come here, Lisette; now, can you be secret?"

Lisette bit her lips, as if to caution them of what they might expect should they be tempted to blab, and folding her arms tightly over her neat little bodice, protested and vowed she would be as secret as—

"As most women, doubtless," answered her mistress. "But you must promise me, that no consideration shall induce you divulge the secret with which I am about to entrust you."

"Ah, my dear lady, you may safely confide in me: I betray my dear mistress! I prove unfaithful to your commands! The saints forbid! I will not tell even Adolphe; no, not even if he should give me those pink ribbons he promised to bring me from the fair!"

"Very well, Lisette, I think I may trust you, even against so tempting a bribe as a new top-knot," answered the countess. "As for Adolphe, let me see—yes, Lisette, I think we must positively let him into our secret. And now tell me, Lisette, have you seen these officers?"

"Quite in a passion, apparently, did this question throw the little waiting-maid; her eye eyes grew rounder, and brighter, and her cheeks redder and redder, as she proceeded to relate how she had just met them in the gallery, as she was walking along and singing to herself, and not thinking or caring, she was sure, about them; for if they did wear epaulettes on their shoulders, and feathers in their caps, they were not so handsome as Adolphe, she could tell them."

"And then, one of them, my lady, vowed I had such fine eyes; yes indeed he did, my lady, and then squeezed my hand in such a fashion, that—ha! ha! he—I warrant his cheeks tingle yet, with the blow he got from it!—And then, the other came up with a mighty sweet smile, and asked me if my lady, the countess, was not the most beautiful creature in the whole world; and, may the saints in glory forgive me, my lady, I told him No; that you were old and ugly, and—"

"Bravo, Lisette! Well, and what said he?"

"He only laughed, and chucking me under the chin, vowed I had spoken falsely, for that, if my mistress was old and ugly, he knew very well he would never employ such a pretty maid! Ah! I wish the chateau was well rid of them; for would you believe it, this bold fellow then—here Lisette came close to her young mistress, and whispered—'yes, said he would run away with you! Ma Doul! run away with my charming mistress!'"

Was the young lady bewitched, or why that merry peal of laughter! Instead of the overwhelming indignation of Lisette expected to witness, the countess appeared to think the idea of being run away with a capital joke—clapping her little hands, and even embracing the bewildered waiting-maid in her glee.

"Well, Lisette," said the countess, at length abating her mirth, "we must punish these gay gallants for their assurance. You have unconsciously assisted my project. Now, remember, you are to be very secret; you are to do just as I tell you, and under all circumstances to appear perfectly unconscious that anything unusual is going on. Take courage, my poor Lisette; I warrant these gay fellows will soon turn their backs upon the chateau. Now, come with me to my chamber, and we will prepare to receive these chevaliers as they deserve. Let us go."

In another wing of the old chateau were our two officers, whose unlucky advent had caused so much confusion. Hungry as wolves, for they had tasted nothing since daybreak, they were impatiently awaiting a summons to the dining-room.

Silly little Lisette had no need to trouble her head about them! What if the gallant colonel did press her little brown hand, as plump as a young pigeon, or chuck her dimpled chin; more did he care for the smack of a fine fat capon, than for the rosiest lips in all France; and I'll warrant that the sight of a sparkling wine cup would, at that moment, would have filled him with more pleasure than a glance from the brightest eyes he had ever pledged therein.

"Will that infernal dinner bell never sound!" exclaimed Bellegarde, the gallant colonel, impatiently.

You see, dear readers, the truth of my assertions.

"Patience, patience, my friend," interposed his companion, who, it is but justice to affirm, was gazing with evident pleasure upon the enchanting landscape spread out before him—not even the keen cravings of appetite could blunt his appreciation of the beautiful in nature.

"Faith! you may well preach of patience to a man who has fed only upon sour bread and garlic for a month! Why, Eugene, what has come over you? An hour since, and you were as famished as myself, and now, with the air of a well-fed ploughman, you cry, 'Patience! patience!'"

Methinks you must find the air of this crumbling old pile vastly invigorating!"

Thus grumbled the colonel; but the more he grumbled, the more cheerful became his companion; it was thunder and sunshine at the same moment.

"Come, come, Bellegarde!" exclaimed Montepan, "cease this railing, and tell me, what think you of the very opposite portraits drawn of the mistress of these fair domains which we have received from the lips of her attendants? Quoth the old steward, 'My lady is a charming young widow, and beautiful as an angel; begone, therefore—you cannot enter here'; while, on the other hand, that little vixen of a waiting-maid would make one believe her mistress as old as my grandmother! What say you, colonel?"

"That I care not whether she be fair as Venus, or ugly as Hecate, so that her viands be but tender, and her wine old," replied Bellegarde, drawing forth his watch.

"Incorrigible glutton!" cried his friend; "Have you then no curiosity to solve this enigma?—no desire to behold this wonderful woman, in whose person youth and beauty, old age and ugliness, are synonymous! Ha, ha, ha! truly! I shall not soon forget the perplexed and anxious look with which that old fellow the steward, I suppose, entreated us to continue our march; the very arguments he enforced defeating his own object; like a man in haste to arrive at his journey's end, first laming the steed that is to bear him."

"And I will lay you a wager," interrupted the other, his thoughts for a moment soaring higher than his stomach, "that, after all, his picture is the right one. Yes, yes, my friend, we shall find our countess beautiful as an angel. By Jove! well thought of—oh, Eugene, am I presentable! The toilet of a soldier on march is but a rough one for a ladies' boudoir; tell me, shall I not shock the fair one by my bearish appearance?"

"No matter," replied Montepan, laughing, "attend to her ladyship's mamma, if you please, and—"

"Leave the lamb to you, you would say; very well, agreed; now hark! bountiful Heaven! there sounds the dinner bell; let us go, for here comes our crusty old friend to marshal us, I suppose."

Yes, it was Jacques at last, who, bowing, conducted our two friends to the dining-room.

Jacques threw open the large folding doors leading from the lofty corridor into the dining-

room. At the same moment, as if impelled by the same impulse, two other doors, directly opposite, silently flew back, and at the instant when the colonel and his friend stepped over the marble threshold on one side, Lisette, assisted by her lover, Adolphe, appeared upon the other, wheeling in a small coach covered with black velvet, and over which was suspended a canopy of black lace fringed with gold.

Beneath this canopy reclined an elderly lady, dressed in the deepest mourning weeds. As her attendants wheeled the couch nearer the table, she bowed coldly to her stranger guests, and motioned them to be seated, the one upon her right hand, the other upon her left. Her hair, already silvery white, was parted smoothly on her brow, brought far down over her temples, and confined by a close widow's cap of plain white lenc. Yet what added greatly to the singularity of her appearance was an immense pair of green goggles—so huge, in fact, that they almost obscured even her nose!

"The little shrew was right; confound her black eyes, how they twinkle," thought Bellegarde. "Ugly! she is a perfect ogress."

"Bah! what stuff was the old man prating about his beautiful young mistress, the charming widow. Widow! indeed! Yes, and likely to remain so; heavens, what a fright!" soliloquized the lieutenant at the same moment.

"Gentleman," said the unconscious object of such slanderous thoughts, "although we have for many months eschewed all society, nor since the death of the master of these domains have admitted other to our presence than the few faithful attendants you see around you, we, nevertheless, bid you welcome to our chateau, and to such poor fare as it is in our power to place before you."

Saying this with the most stately air, she motioned Jacques to fill the glasses of her guests, and merely touching her lips with her own, gracefully bent her head in token of the sincerity of her words.

"Have we, then, the honor of addressing the Countess d'Argentine?" said the gallant colonel.

The countess bowed in so stately a manner as to check all further attempt at conversation.

Bellegarde, however, soon buried his chagrin in a fine venison pastry, and with copious liberations of her ladyship's excellent Bordeaux, washed down his disappointment.

Not so Montepan. All the delicacies in the world would now have failed to tempt his appetite. Besides he felt embarrassed—ill at ease in the presence of this singular countess, who caused herself to be thus borne, like some effigy of sorrow, hither and thither upon a funeral car. For as such seemed to him the sombre equipage on which she reclined.

How many thoughts flitted through his brain! She was lame then—perhaps paralytic! And then those goggles—heavens! was she nearly blind, too? Perhaps she had but one eye! perhaps she squinted! And drawing a long breath, the poor lieutenant looked another way. But, as if by some magical influence, his eyes again rested upon the countess.

Her complexion—what little her hair and those horrible goggles exposed—he discovered must have been fine in youth, for it was still quite fair and smooth, while her chin might serve for the model of all chins; it was really a love of a chin, and either her teeth were in excellent preservation, or the dentist had accomplished a masterpiece, when he supplied her ladyship's gums.

He felt tempted to knock down old Jacques. Just as if it was his fault that his mistress was so old and ugly; and as for Lisette, how he did long to shake her, looking at him as she did with such saucy, knowing eyes. In fact he was getting quite savage, when suddenly the countess, with another bend of her aristocratic head, was borne from the presence of her guests.

The heavy folding doors silently swung together, and they were left to their wine—alone, save Jacques.

"Zounds!" cried the colonel, seizing the old man by the arm, "did you not tell me your mistress was young?"

"And very beautiful!" quoth the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir, my lady is young and beautiful, for goodness like hers never grows old or decays."

"Bravo! a sentence worthy of Fenelon; your health, old boy."

At this moment Adolphe entered with the compliments of the Countess d'Argentine, who would be happy to see the gentlemen in the drawing-room.

"Bah!" whispered the colonel, "I much prefer the bottle; an agreeable time we shall have with the old lady. I leave her to you, Eugene, and will make love to that arch little coquette the maid."

(To Be Continued.)

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

On the banks of Tar River, in North Carolina, is the little town of L—. The village wears the unmistakable air of decay, and nothing interests the traveller as strikingly beautiful and imposing, unless it be the Female College, which is situated in a grove of majestic oaks, said to have been an Indian camping-ground.

To this building I strayed one beautiful morning in May. The school was dismissed at the time, and no sound greeted my ears as my footsteps echoed through the deserted halls and passages. A delightful breeze was stirring, and, wearied with my rambles, I sat me down to rest, in one of the hoisted windows. I had not been in this position long, before Somnus, pitying tired nature, came to my relief, and in a moment I was in the arms of Morpheus. How long I slumbered I know not; but when I awoke a man somewhat past the middle age, with a face beaming with kindness and good-will, stood before me.

"You have been viewing the building, have you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I have been told that it is situated on an Indian camping-ground, and as I delight in relics of the past, I would not lose this opportunity of viewing the spot. I have found nothing, however, that would remind one of those olden times."

Did you ever hear the legend that is connected with this place? Perhaps it is that which has led you here?"

I confessed my ignorance of the story, and begged him to relate it. After some little hesitation, he seated himself beside me, and I prepared to hear the legend of "The Young Chief of the Tuscaroras."

"Do you see yonder rock?" he commenced, "It is the gravestone of an Indian Chief. The story runs thus:—

"Narramattah, a beautiful girl of eighteen, was the child of the Chief of the Cherokees, and idol of his heart. I say his child, I mean his adopted child; the Narramattah, when scarcely more than a babe, had been taken from the bosom of her mother, and borne away to a distant land. She had found, however, a loving father in the old chief, who forgave she was a trophy of victory and regarded her as his child.

"Few and faint were the memories which she entertained of her birthplace, and she had learned to love old Manoah as the father of a friendless girl. Here was the tent of old Manoah, and here the home of the young Indian girl. Here on the banks of this beautiful river, the wild woodmen went out to the chase, and returned at nightfall to the embraces of their lovers. How the songs of those maidens of the wilds were borne through the woods by the gentle winds of Indian summer! and here in all that barbarity, was entertained a love of liberty, and a sense of honor and integrity, which is rarely found now.

"But days of sorrow were to come to Manoah. A youth who had wooed in vain for the hand of Narramattah had sworn by the Great Spirit that he would usurp his position. Well did he fulfil that vow. Manoah was thrown into prison, and not allowed to go free until he had sworn obedience to the new sovereign. The only joy of the chief now was his adopted daughter. She sympathized with him in his troubles, and administered to his wants.

"As for Narramattah, she was happy and care-free. Lovers she had, but the wooing of all, save one, had been in vain. This one was a young chief of the tribe of Tuscaroras, who came but seldom, and carried her heart with him when he went. She sang, laughed and sported with the Indian maidens, but her thoughts continually wandered to the young warrior and the time he was to come to claim his bride. But the happy time was continually postponed, for old Manoah declared that he could not part with the light of his life and the friend of his declining years.

"At last came Ocomoo, a young warrior of her own tribe, to sue for her hand and hand. He told the same old story in his frank, manly way, and he too met with the same firm, decided answer, that her heart was already another's. But he did not receive the refusal, as others had done, in a transport of rage. He kissed the ground at her feet, and told her as he could not become her husband, he would at least remain a faithful and devoted friend. In the meantime Tuscar, the young usurper, was pursuing his conquests, and daily bringing home unfortunate prisoners as trophies of victory.

"At evening Narramattah would betake herself to the riverside, and dream of the absent one she had learned to love. She was generally happy and gay, and no one had ever seen a cloud on her brow. But one evening she sat alone in her favorite retreat, with a troubled look in her eyes.

"It was a dream, which boded no good, she mused. But how foolish in me! No harm can come to my brave lover. But I feel as if something was wrong.

"Hardly had the words escaped her lips, when the well-known cry of her victorious striders rang out upon the air. Tuscar had led his band a long way that day, and the joyous shouts of his warriors told, but too well that she had brought a large number of captives. Narramattah felt her heart beat high, and she held her breath to listen. She fancied she heard the name of the Tuscarora. The blood left her cheek, and she was pale as death with