

Poetry.

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed shore appears—
Kneel beside me, husband dearest, let me kiss away thy tears;
Wrestle with thy grief as Jacob strove from midnight unto day,
It may leave an angel's blessing when it vanishes away;
Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can be here—
See how to my heart she nestles—'tis the pearl I love to wear.
If, in after years, beside thee sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and her face than mine more fair;
If a cherub call thee father, far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born. Oh! my husband, turn not from the motherless;
Tell her something of her mother—you may call her Anna Jane;
Shield her from the winds of sorrow—if she errs, oh, gently blame;
Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my voice in blessing falls;
And her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder whence it came—
In her heart when years pass o'er her, she will find her mother's name.
I will be her right hand angel, sealing up the good for Heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed unforgiven;
You will not forget me, dearest, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod;
Oh, love the babe upon my bosom as I love thee—next to God!

WANTED.

Wanted, a hand to hold my own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted, an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

Wanted, a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free,
To take its straight and onward pace
Over life's path with me.

Wanted, a form erect and high;
A head above my own,
So much that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown.

Wanted, an eye within whose depth
Mine own might look and see
What springeth from a guileless heart,
O'erflowing with love for me.

Wanted, a lip whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A voice whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

Wanted, a true religious soul,
To pious purpose given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to Heaven.

Gales and Sketches.

ATALANTA UPON SKATES.

Somewhat more than twenty years ago, in a fine old mansion on the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, lived General Paul Leroux, formerly of the French army, and a devoted Bonapartist. On the final fall of Napoleon, he had emigrated to Canada with his family and a portion of his once princely fortune. General Leroux was a widower with two twin children, Henri and Eugenie. These two, having lost their mother in early childhood, had spent some years with their relatives in Switzerland. In that wild country, in the midst of a large household, herself the special pet of her granduncle, a veteran soldier, Eugenie Leroux was allowed all the wild and healthful freedom of a peasant girl. At the age of sixteen, when she accompanied her father and brother to the New World, she could boast but few lady-like accomplishments and aristocratic airs; but she was lovely with the promise of extraordinary beauty, bewitchingly naive in manner, and as brave and vigorous as a young gipsy. She was passionate in spirit, impetuous and wayward; fiery and fearless in her resentments, but quick and generous to forgive; ardent and devoted unto death in her loves and friendships. Henri Leroux was possessed of a fine intellect, but was of a delicate physical organization; gentle in spirit, sensitive, studious and religious, the fair beauty of his face, the subdued tone of his voice and his quiet manner, all went to render him the most remarkable contrast to his sister. But I will not dwell farther upon his character, as his future life is to form the subject of a subsequent sketch.

On reaching his Canadian home, General Leroux procured a governess and masters for his daughter. Mademoiselle Eugenie soon acquired a good knowledge of English, and made rapid progress in music, for she possessed remarkable talent; but she indignantly overturned her embroidery frame, tossed her paint brushes into the river, and sent her Latin grammar after them. Her poor governess soon gave up in despair all hope of making a fine lady out of the wild girl of the Alps, whom an indulgent father, good easy man, permitted to follow in all things, her own untrammelled impulses.

Our heroine's early residence in Switzerland had colored her entire after-life and character; and the daughter of a soldier, she was perhaps, not unnaturally, soldier-like and somewhat masculine in her tastes. She neither trembled, fainted, nor shrieked with exquisite sensibility and delicate nervousness at the roar of ordnance, the peal of musketry, or the sharp crack of the rifle. She loved them rather, and at the gleam of arms and the exulting swell of martial music, there ever flashed from her kindling eyes the bold spirit of a Joan d'Arc. As a horsewoman she was absolutely unrivalled in the Canadas—at least, so said the riding-master. She could row like Grace Darling, swim like a mermaid, and then skating—"Her skating? Good gracious!" cries my fair reader, in feminine consternation. Wait a bit, honey, and consider. Skating is an amusement which has really, too long been monopolised by "our natural enemy," as some lady writers—Miss Martineau, Miss Hannah More, or Miss Robinson Crusoe—calls the sterner sex. It is a graceful, a delightful, and a most invigorating exercise. I speak not advisedly, for in my early girlhood I too acquired this singular accomplishment, and I now only blush for the false delicacy which has since prevented me from keeping myself in practice.

But Eugenie, fearless of the censures of the over-refined, and scorning the impertinent observations of the *canaille*, pursued with enthusiasm the favorite pastime of her Swiss winter life, and, no sooner did the ice of the St. Lawrence become of a reliable thickness, than, accompanied by her twin brother, she might be seen performing her graceful evolutions thereon for hours together. Her skill and swiftness became proverbial, and many were the delighted witnesses of her varied and extraordinary feats. But it is time she was introduced personally to my readers.

On the afternoon of a keen but sunny day in January, Eugenie and Henri Leroux laughingly descended the bank of the St. Lawrence, and mingled with a small company of skaters. Mademoiselle Eugenie, then a strikingly beautiful brunette of eighteen, was suitably, though somewhat coquettishly attired in a short skirt and tightly-fitting jacket of dark blue cloth, elegantly trimmed with black fur. Upon her head she wore a small fur cap; her raven hair was put plainly back; the rich brown of her complexion was brilliant with a glow of pleasure, and her large dark eyes were flashing back the sunshine.

After amusing herself for a while, Eugenie observed a burly English corporal, with whom she had a slight skating acquaintance, progressing leisurely toward her, drawing a miniature-sleigh. This she presently saw contained the first-born of the corporal's house, a stout boy of about six months' old, well wrapped in furs and flannel, and rosy-cheeked with the healthy wintry air. Eugenie glided along by the little vehicle, chatting pleasantly, and delighting the proud father by her praises of his pretty child, till suddenly a wild thought darted through her brain, she caught the infant from the cushions, laid it on her head, after the Swiss manner, putting up one hand to steady it, and was off like a flash. As for the corporal, "his sensations were more easily imagined than described," to use a common expression. He stood stupefied and transfixed for a moment, dumbfounded, then gave a cry between a groan and a yell, and started in pursuit. He was a tolerable skater, but knew not with whom he had to compete. Eugenie was now yards ahead of him, looking back and laughing provokingly; now passing so near that he almost passed her dress—now circling around him with fearful rapidity. At last the poor man became furious, swore roundly at the mischievous girl, and called for aid in rescuing his child. Three or four, Henri among the number, laughing very heartily, set out in eager pursuit; but Eugenie, after eluding them at every point, flew back to the little sleigh, lowered the child from her head, kissed him hastily, laid him smiling and unharmed upon his pillow, and was off again.

Among the interested though inactive spectators of this strange scene, were two British officers, then stationed at Montreal—Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston. The former, who was highly connected and the heir to considerable wealth, had a soldierly appearance, a symmetrical form, and a fine manly face, happy, and withal noble in its expression.

Thurston was a man of the world, with a peculiarly English physiognomy; he was considered handsomer than his companion, to whom he was an attached and devoted friend.

On leaving the river, after Eugenie and her brother had disappeared, Hamilton maintained a thoughtful silence until he reached his quarters, when he exclaimed, "Thurston, we must make the acquaintance of that girl, for, by the powers, I would give my commission to know that girl! She is a glorious creature—a glorious creature!"

"Fudge, Hamilton! she is a merciless little savage—a very ogress, running away with babies, and frightening worthy fathers out of their wits."

Our officers found little difficulty in gaining an *entree* into the hospitable mansion of the courteous General Leroux, and ere many months had passed, they were on a footing of familiar intercourse with his family. Captain Hamilton's admiration for Eugenie finally deepened into love, and many things seemed to augur favorably for the success of his suit. The father and brother of the lady were both

won over by the many excellencies of the young soldier's character, his intellectual qualifications, and the charm of his manner; but the heart of Eugenie was not so easily conquered. Her lover soon ascertained that many of her feelings, tastes, and early prejudices, were opposed to the interest which he sought to create. First of all, her *amor patrie* was far stronger than that of most women; she passionately loved *la belle France*, and as passionately hated her enemies. Then she cherished, in the depths of her soul, that wild, enthusiastic, adoring love, for the memory of Napoleon, which none but a true Bonapartist can fully understand.

When a mere child, she had seen the great hero; she had a distinct recollection of his face, of his winning smile, as he addressed a few playful words to her. Henri Leroux even declared to Hamilton that her right cheek, which had received the imperial salute, had been *tabooed* from that time, no less august lips having pressed the sacred spot. To her father and brother, Eugenie never spoke of the glorious days of the empire but with mournful enthusiasm—of the emperor but with tears; yet to Captain Hamilton she talked proudly of the deeds and reign of the great king maker, and entered into many an animated discussion of his merits as a ruler and a general.

Hamilton, like every English soldier, was a worshipper of Wellington, and could never be brought to admit that the generalship of the conquered surpassed that of the conqueror.

Such discussions sometimes add a piquancy to friendship, but no degree of discord is healthful for love, and our lovers had some serious disagreements. But reconciliations always followed, Eugenie, usually concluding, in her calmer moments, that a live friend was better than a dead emperor, and frankly sending to the aggrieved gentleman some pacific message.

During the summer and autumn, General Leroux was absent on a tour through the States; and, as Henri was much engrossed by studies, Captain Hamilton was left a fair field for his wooing operations. He rode and walked, sung and read English with mademoiselle, and all would have gone on smoothly had he not also talked. But the ghost of Bonaparte was never laid; and that unfortunate last battle, when the "little corporal" was defeated by fate, and not by Wellington, was fought over again almost daily.

On the return of the general, Captain Hamilton thought best to consult with him, before making a formal proposal to Eugenie. To his great joy, the kind father made no opposition to his suit, leaving the matter wholly in his daughter's hands. But Eugenie was too arch a coquette to decide at once; again and again requested time for consideration, until weeks slipped by, and the merry skating days had come round again.

It was a clear, luminous moonlight night, late in December, when Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston met at the house of General Leroux. Thurston had but that day returned from Quebec, where he had been passing some months; and was, therefore, not altogether *au fait* of the state of affairs between his brother soldier and Mademoiselle Eugenie. The friends, though they did not come together, found they were bound on the self-same errand—to solicit the honor of attending upon mademoiselle to a military ball which was to be given on New Year's Eve. As neither gentleman would resign his claims in favor of the other, a playful altercation ensued, Eugenie declaring herself unable to decide. At this point Henri laughingly proposed that, as the night was magnificent, the important question should be decided by a skating match; or that Eugenie should play "Atalanta upon Skates."

The gentlemen joyfully assented; Eugenie clapped her hands with childish glee, and retired to don her skating costume. This was somewhat different from the one she had worn a year before; the trimming being of white fur, and for the sake of greater conspicuousness on this occasion, she had placed in her cap a long white ostrich plume. The effect of this dress was to render her more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, as she came bounding into the drawing-room for her companions. General Leroux, after gazing on her proudly for a moment, embraced her tenderly, and declared his intention of joining the little party, to see that no harm befel her, and that all went fair in the race.

On their way to the river, Captain Hamilton, whose arm Eugenie had taken, looked with sudden seriousness into the roguish eyes of his companion, and whispered, "May not a question of more moment than that of escorting you to this ball, be also decided to-night?"

"In the same manner, monsieur?"

"Yes; and may the swiftness of my heels avail, where the eloquence of an adoring heart has failed?"

"As you will," she replied, laughing merrily; "overtake me, and I surrender prisoner for life; but fail, and it is the lost Waterloo of your wooing. Remember!"

The moon was at its full, and the ice-bound St. Lawrence lay like a broad sheet of glittering silver. The race was soon fairly begun. Thurston, at first, seemed likeliest to win, but laying out all his strength in desperate efforts to head Eugenie in her marvellous evolutions, he at length sat down, utterly exhausted, and the provoking girl turned and flew past him like a wild bird on the wing. The field was now left to Hamilton, who had infinitely

more at stake; and he swore a mighty oath (to himself) never to yield until the victory was his.

It was a scene of singular excitement. Hamilton, though an admirable skater, never seemed to gain upon Eugenie, except by her own permission; for she would now and then flag, as though about to pause, place her hand on her side, and droop her head, as if from weariness. Hamilton would redouble his efforts, and the next moment she would be flying around him in bewildering circles, nearer and nearer, till the ring of her skates and her merry laugh were in his ears; and then, shot her little form with incredible swiftness, till far down the river her long white plume was floating in the moonlight.

At length Eugenie called out, "I am getting tired of this, Captain Hamilton. You can never overtake me; but stop where you are, and I will come to you!"

Hamilton paused, and soon beheld his inamorata swiftly approaching. As she drew nearer, however, she glided along more leisurely and coquettishly. Ah, moment of thrilling rapture to her lover, when he watched that magnificent creature coming slowly but steadily towards him, with her head archly inclined to one side; her luxuriant hair loosed from her cap, and falling over her shoulders; her arms crossed upon her bosom; her lips apart, and her eyes flashing gloriously and not unlovingly upon him! Nearer, nearer; he reached forth his arms with a cry of joyful welcome! Nearer, nearer; he could see her breath, silvered into small clouds by the frost of the still night!—when she bowed her head, and shot beneath his extended arm, like a winged arrow!

(To be continued.)

THE PICTURED FACE.

"Wait a moment, George. Don't be in such a hurry! Just see what I have found. I suppose it belongs to me, as you, careless fellow, stepped directly over it. Come here under the gas-light and let us examine it."

Careless, merry George Warner followed his companion curiously.

"What is it?" he asked, breathlessly. "A twenty dollar bill, a gold watch, or diamond of rare value? Poh!" he added, as the article in question was held towards him. "This only a pocket-book, and a poor one at that. I declare, it's rather mean in you, Edward, to fool a fellow so."

Handsome Edward Darwin elevated his eye-brows questioningly.

"Mean in me? How so, George? To be sure I have not discovered diamonds, but I don't know but what I may, as I have not as yet opened the pocket-book."

His companion toyed with his cane as he eyed his friend wonderingly.

"Well, Ed, I've nothing to say on the subject, so we can't quarrel about it, as I see. Hurry up; open your prize; we have an engagement at eight o'clock, and time is flying."

Edward Darwin obeyed the command quietly, while George looked over his shoulder.

"Humph!" said the latter, as the contents were at last viewed. "Only a one dollar bill? Well done, Ed! I will congratulate you upon your prize." And a merry smile creeping over the manly face, revealed a charming set of even, white teeth.

Edward Darwin bent his head closer over the pocket-book.

"Spare your jests, George, if you please, for I've found something else. Can you guess what?"

"Oh, only a bit of fancy work, I suppose. There! was I not right? For lo, a bit of that filmy stuff, called by the fairer sex, tanning. I know it by its numerous threads; throw it away, Ed, for it is of no use."

"Not I!" And Edward Darwin carefully returned the dainty work to its hiding-place. "Not, at least, until I have looked further. Ha, George! I declare, if here isn't a tiny pin containing the hair of some one, and it is set in gold, too. What do you think of that? And look! here is a package which appears to be tin-type! what do you say to that, my fine fellow?"

But the package proved to contain a small square of ivory, upon the surface of which was exquisitely painted the features of a young lady whose age was apparently about twenty years. It was not a handsome face, though fair and pleasant to look upon. The eyes were a trifle too light to render the coloring attractive, and the softly-tinted brown hair lacked the abundant ringlets such as grace the heads of the belles of the present day. But with all its personal failings, it was pronounced beautiful by both gentlemen, and George Warner gave a prolonged whistle as his friend restored it to the pocket-book.

"Whew, Ed! That face is a prize worth seeking; though its owner may be some foolish school-girl," he added, with a sly glance directed toward his companion.

But Edward Darwin's fingers fastened themselves upon the breast-pocket of his coat as he shook his head.

"Oh, no George! depend upon it, this is no school-girl's face. She may be in rather reduced circumstances, but she is a woman, refined and intelligent."

"In reduced circumstances! I should think so, judging by the emptiness of the pocket-book," whistled George sardonically. "But Ed, on a second thought, perhaps that pin and picture will be advertised, as they are really valuable. I was in at Delmont's yesterday, and the plainest pin they showed me was

worth from twenty to twenty-five dollars; and very inferior would they be when placed beside the one resting in your pocket. Why can't we wait, and perhaps a reward will be offered." And patting his friend slyly on the shoulder, George Warner laughed heartily.

Edward Darwin looked grave and thoughtful.

"If the person is in reduced circumstances, George, a reward cannot be offered. However, we will wait awhile and see, and if no tidings of it appear, we will advertize it at our own risk."

And with that agreement the two friends continued their walk down the busy street.

The next few days proved the anxiety of the handsome Edward Darwin. Every morning, within the solitude of his room, did he search the daily papers in hope of some time finding an owner for the lost prize; and when day after day passed without a giving description, he grew moody and dissatisfied, and appealed to his friend for assistance.

"I say, George, I am discouraged; it does seem as though we were to be disappointed in all our undertakings; what think you?"

"Wait for fate, Ed, to do do as she sees fit. Who knows but what we may accidentally discover the unknown owner of that pocket-book?" returned George Warner, "But stay; I have a plan meandering through my fertile brain, and I will impart it to you, if you will give a fellow a chance."

"Well, well, go on," said Ed Darwin, good humoredly.

"Oh, it isn't much," returned his friend, provokingly. "Yesterday, I came across the advertisement in the columns of the 'Daily Cross.' '\$10 Reward. Lost! A mourning pin containing hair of a departed parent. Whoever will return the same to No 22 Walnut St., will receive the above reward.' And so I cut it out and saved it. Now I propose calling at No. 22 Walnut St., and see the rights of the matter ourselves. To be sure, it says nothing about either pocket-book, tanning or picture; but perhaps the pin is of more value than the rest. So, if you think well of my proposal, I am at your service, George Warner, Esq." And with a great flourish the careless fellow resumed his hat.

"Agreed," he cried. "Come on, before any one has time to interrupt us. But stay! I believe I owe my seamstress, Mrs. Millan, a few dollars, and she may call for her money while we are out; so while I am here, I will leave it, if you will be seated a moment."

"Please, sir, Mith Millan sent me to say that she can't get the last lot of work done at pethent, for she has scalded her hand badly."

The pale lips of the child, who had entered unperceived by either gentleman, quivered pitifully as the hand of the surprised Ed Darwin fell heavily upon her shoulder when he finally became aware of her presence.

"Good heaven, George, here is the very face!" he cried, excitedly. "The same blue eyes! the same brown hair! the same expression! For Heaven's sake, child, tell me your name!"

Here George Warner interposed in season to prevent an outburst of fright from their little guest as he held the pocket-book and its contents before her.

"Be calm, Ed. Have you ever seen this before, my little one?" he inquired.

Blue-eyed Clara Gendale forgot her liping, baby tones as she eagerly grasped her treasure.

"Oh, yes, sir! it is the one we lost a week ago. Here is sister Lizzie's picture, the three yards of tanning she had just finished for Mrs. Sinclair, the one dollar bill we have needed so much, and the little pin with mamma's hair. Oh, sir, where did you get it?" And the little hands found their way into George's very quickly.

Ed Darwin stepped forward suddenly at the sight.

"My dear child, I found the pocket-book." The little girl blushed confusedly.

"I thank you very kindly," she said, turning to Edward, who bowed quickly, "for sister Lizzie will be so pleased to get it again; and so will Aunt Millan, for they both cried over it."

"Then Mrs. Millan is your aunt, is she?" Ed Darwin spoke hurriedly.

"Yes, sir." The brown head fell lower. "yet we have not been poor, a great while. Two years ago, when mamma and papa lived, we had a nice house; but when they died, sister Lizzie sold all but this little pin and her picture, painted by papa. O sir, how can I thank you?"

Edward Darwin patted her head kindly, and as he did so he pushed the roll of bills he had been counting into her hands.

"There, my dear, take that to your Aunt Millan, and tell her that Mr. Darwin is in no hurry for his work, and that he will call round in a few days and see how she is getting on. So run home and give sister Lizzie the lost pocket-book with my compliments. Good-by!"

Then when the door closed behind the little retreating form, Ed Darwin turned to his companion, saying—

"There will be no need of advertising now, I suppose."

But George Warner was dreaming over the brightness of his friend's countenance; and when, after a period of six months, he beheld him the devoted husband of Lizzie Glendale, and brother to the bewitching Clara, he began to wish seriously that he might also be fortunate enough to discover a lost pocket-book containing a bit of tanning and a pictured face.