

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

There's a grave in yonder churchyard—
Ah! I know it well;
All of worth to me lies buried
In that narrow cell.

O'er it bends the weeping willow,
Near it runs a stream,
By whose banks I muse in sadness,
On life's painful dream.

Oh! how dark, and cold, and worthless,
Seems the world to me,
Since I saw that grave—with sorrow—
'Neath the willow-tree.

Not for me the birds are singing
Sweetly in the grove,
For no more their strains melodious
Call forth thoughts of love.

Mountain, valley, sky, and ocean,
Now no joy impart—
I am dead to all emotion,
Frozen seems my heart.

From the once fair face of Nature
Loveliness hath fled,
And my joyless life has made me
Wish that I were dead!

Paris, Ont.

H. M. STRAMBERG.

A LESSON ON DRESS.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a band-box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceedingly particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw from the first that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest, and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike that no violence will be done to the feelings of either in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct, and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances the match will be a good one," my husband replied.

There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly. Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking, but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic nor sanguine, and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the married state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky fellow to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid Cora one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubt. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlour, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper, her hair was in paper, and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" I said, "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my déshabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh! well, no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," I said.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes, I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now; for didn't I just say," replied Cora, "that my fortune's made? I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard and neatness in order to win Edward's love," said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith, do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora; but remember that he cannot see what is in your mind, except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do; and depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him every day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes pray do you dress? You are as neat when abroad as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go out into company, to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue strongly in favor of your dressing well at home and for the eye of your husband, whose approval and whose admiration

must be dearer to you than the approval and the admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event! Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora, and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to believe that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before.

But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were not only confirming themselves, but becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made and why should she now waste time or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved, nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen annoyed him seriously, and still more so when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her "fortune was made;" she did not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he appeared at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It is a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look much better with a cleanly-shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaved face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth.

His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and with slipshod feet and head like a mop, was lounging in a rocking-chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked!"

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what has come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I'm just as well off to-day as if I had. So much saved, at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care what others say or think?"

On the following morning Douglass appeared, not only with a long beard, but with a shirt front and collar that were both soiled and crumpled.

"Why, Edward, how you do look!" said Cora. "You have neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so:

"It is no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is waste of time, and I am getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband look so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged and could not come until after tea.

My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present, and I could

not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me:

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It is a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlour opened and in walked Mr. Douglass. At the first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut. His uncombed hair was standing up in stiff spikes in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days, and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots unblackened, and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and the gentlemen were looking at each other and trying to repress their risible tendencies, and, therefore, deemed it best to try to throw off all reserve upon the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?"

Douglass looked grave.

"Well may he ask what is the matter," broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" and Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard and ran his fingers through his hair. What is the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" and Edward's face brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner,

"I have been extremely hurried of late, and only left business a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress; I knew we were all friends here. Besides, as my fortune is made (and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, toward his wife), I do not feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married it was necessary to be more particular in these matters, but now it is of no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious—"so help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad of you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I would venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else we all had a hearty laugh on my return to the parlour, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterward, at home or abroad. She was cured.

THE DEATH OF ASHBY.

HOW THE HERO OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY FELL.

In July, 1861, we saw the first body of Confederate cavalry which passed through the valley of the Shenandoah. It consisted of about 500 well-mounted men, chiefly farmers from the lower part of the valley and the counties along the Maryland border, looking as though they were out for a big hunt. There was no attempt at uniforms, except that most of the cavaliers had exchanged their coats for flannel hunting-shirts. There was a great variety of hats of every style, shape and material, and the weapons of the troops were as irregular as their other appointments, few of the men then having sabres, and most of them carrying such arms as they had been accustomed to use in field sports. The commander of the troop was Col. Angus McDonald, of Hampshire County, a country lawyer, the father of seventeen fine sons and daughters. Several of his sons became well known as gallant soldiers. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was a modest, unassuming young man who had the usual easy, graceful bearing of a Virginia gentleman. His manners were very quiet, rather diffident, and his whole appearance conveyed the idea of an amiable, easy-going Southerner. This was Turner Ashby—a man of dauntless courage and one of the chivalrous heroes of the war.

It was said that before the outbreak of hostilities, Ashby, then captain of a volunteer company, was ordered to arrest a Northern man living in his neighbourhood who was suspected

of being an abolitionist and incendiary, and who, after the close of the war, became conspicuous as Judge Underwood. Ashby's generous soul revolted at the thought of going at dead of night to a man's house to assassinate, or even to arrest him without legal authority, and he privately informed Mr. Underwood of the danger that threatened him, and having given his man ample time to escape, led his troop to its destination, only to find that the bird had flown.

Ashby early became famous from the deeds of daring and the splendid feats of horsemanship in which he delighted. In Jackson's marches in the valley, his cavalry commander soon became known to the Federal soldiers with whom he was constantly skirmishing. They often singled out his manly form for a target, and long declared that he bore a charmed life. Once when closely pressed by his enemies, some of whom had managed to pass around him and cut off his retreat to his command, he astonished his pursuers, who supposed him in their power and rejoiced in the prospect of making him prisoner, by springing from his noble white horse to the top of a high fence, then speaking to the well-trained steed and striking the fence with his hand, the horse dashed over it and Ashby vaulted into his saddle, waving his hat to his foes, who cheered lustily, as he rode off in the opposite direction.

"Col. Ashby," said a young man who had just joined his command, "I have no arms, where shall I apply for them?" "The enemy are well supplied," was the quiet answer, "you can easily provide yourself from their stores."

In June, 1862, Jackson was slowly making his second retreat through the valley, contending with the Federals every step of the way. Ashby was the hero of the hour, Gen. Jackson not then having developed that genius which has made his name immortal. The exploits of the sleepless cavalry leader, who incessantly harassed or impeded the advancing Federals, were in everybody's mouth, the soldiers worshipped him and the citizens looked at him as their defence from the invading army.

I well remember the passing of the troops through our village. As our friends were chiefly in the cavalry we bestowed little attention upon the weary infantry, who were making forced marches, and enduring great hardships daily, with wonderful patience and faith in their leaders. The army had been passing for hours, when about 10 o'clock a somewhat thick-set man, well mounted and riding very slowly, paused a moment in front of the porch where we stood saying last words to two or three young officers. "There is Ashby," whispered somebody, and all eyes were turned upon the quiet gentleman, very gentle and composed in bearing simply dressed and wearing a very heavy beard, which almost covered his face. "You ought to have seen Gen. Ashby blush just now," said a young friend, who had dismounted to speak a moment to the group of girls in the park; "a lady came out and handed him a bunch of flowers and made some complimentary speech, and I thought Ashby would faint." He could not help taking the flowers, but as soon as she went in her house he handed them to one of the boys and said, "Please take it, I cannot carry them through the streets." "Captain," said Gen. Ashby, at this instant speaking very slowly and without a trace of excitement to one of the young men, "You had better mount; the enemy are entering the town." "Tell the citizens they had better keep within doors," he said to an old gentleman, whom he met a few steps further on; "there might be skirmishing through the streets."

A few minutes later the handsomely equipped Federal cavalry dashed past the house and swarmed in every direction, a large party pursuing Ashby, others taking byways to surround him, and myriads seeming to spring up everywhere. An hour or two later, part of the Confederate infantry made a stand on a green hillside in front of a beautiful grove, about two miles from the village, and a large force of Federals attacked them. At first the Southern troops recoiled and fell back before them, and Ashby, watching the affray hard by, sprang from his horse and, waving his sword in air, rallied the faltering Maryland regiment and charged upon the Federal troops, who fled before him.

And then on that fair June morning, with the lovely scenery of his native land lying in beauty about him, Ashby, the hero of the valley, fell, pierced through the heart, and the waving grass and the wild flowers were dyed in noble blood that day. The body was borne by loving hands to a place of security, and fierce spirits bowed, and strong men wept over their early dead.

A POINT OF COURTESY.—There is one little piece of kindness which almost all, old and young, have opportunities to perform, and by the practice of which they can very materially add to the comfort and happiness of less fortunate persons. It is to avoid looking at deformities or marks of disease when they are met in the street or the home. The keen suffering given to a sensitive person—and all persons with a noticeable deformity may well be supposed to be sensitive on that subject—is such as one who has felt it can alone understand to the full. Of course, it is the most natural thing for the eye to fall upon that which is marked or unusual; but that is a poor excuse for unkindness. We ought deliberately to school ourselves not to add by look or by word to the unhappiness of those who have already enough to bear.