

ONE AND THE OTHER.

unchanged. The picture of simple New England home-life was faithfully presented, and the book became so popular that in the course of a very few weeks two editions had been exhausted. Up to that time, it is doubtful whether anyone suspected that the author's fiction was fact, and that she had drawn her figures from life. Indeed, the Cape Codders did not realize the use which had been made of them, until visitors flocked to the little hamlet where the scene was laid, and found out the truth of the matter. The identity of the villagers portrayed was a trifling task to discover, even if Miss McLean had taken the trouble to give them fictitious names, which she did not do. Once the people of Cedar Swamp were aroused, complaints began to pour into the office of the Boston publishers of the story. One of the most aggrieved of the Cape Cod folks was Mr. Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale, who figured as the hero of the tale. He is thus described under his own name by the author:—

"Teacher, this is our champion fiddler, inventor, whale-fisher, cranberry-picker and potato-bugger." The youth of the tuneful and bird-like name being thus suddenly thrust forward, doffed his broad sou'-wester, took the hand I held out to him, and, stooping down, kissed me, quite in a simple and audible manner, on the cheek."

Throughout the story this young man is referred to as "Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale," "Lorenzo," "Lorenzo Leonard," "Ren," "Rennie," "Renzo" and "The Nightingale." Miss McLean related, as she proceeded, how Nightingale had embraced her, and made love to her. At the trial Nightingale denied this *in toto*. One passage in the book ran thus:—

"Teacher," he said, "I should like to kiss you just once to-night, and mean it."

"That's a remarkable request," I said, "to come from my oldest pupil, but it is my privilege to bestow it just once, if you will bend down from your commanding height and put yourself in an humble and submissive attitude before me." The Nightingale knelt on the doorstep. I would have stooped to his forehead, but he put up his arm with an extremely boyish, inoffensive gesture, almost with a sob, I thought, to draw me closer. I would have had that kiss as passionless as though it had been given to a child. The Nightingale's breath was pure upon my cheek, but I was compelled to feel the answering flame creep slowly in my own blood. "Never ask me to do that again," I exclaimed in righteous exculpation of the act, "never."

This, Mr. Nightingale declared, was absolutely untrue, and had caused him and his family great annoyance. The defence claimed that there was no malice, and, therefore, no libel. The publishers swore that they did not know the names were real names, and when they had been informed of the truth, and what their author had done, they had had the book overhauled, and printed a new edition, in which the names were fictitious. Counsel argued also that, as for the plaintiff, the book made him a hero, and endowed him with noble and heroic attributes. The judge charged the jury that, as a matter of law, a publication in the form of a piece of fiction might be libellous, and the jury found, as a matter of fact, that the living hero of "Cape Cod Folks" had been libelled to the extent of \$1,095.

Other people in the story entered suit. The Attorney-General of the State had no fewer than four causes to bring on, two for ten thousand dollars each, and two for five thousand dollars each. That officer took possession of the "old corner book store" in Boston, the early haunt of Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Prescott and George Ticknor, and held it until bonds to the amount of thirty thousand dollars were furnished. The first and second editions of the story became scarce at once, and ten dollars were paid for a copy a week after the Attorney-General had taken action. Of course Miss McLean grew to be the vogue. The other publishers craved something from her pen. Her "Tow-Headed Girl" was immediately put into print, and nearly all the magazines published short stories from her hand. After the suits were settled, her day seemed to be over, and very little bearing her name has appeared since.

In the later editions of "Cape Cod Folks," Nightingale figures as Cradlebow, Letta as Ethel, Grandma Fisher as Grandma Spicer, Lynde Gurney as Eliot Turner, George Eddie as George Olver, and Joel as Noel.

GEORGE STEWART.

VERY learned women are to be found in the same manner as female warriors, but they are seldom, if ever, inventors.—*Voltairs*.

FANNY KEMBLE writes: "You ask me if American men are like the English. No; American gentlemen are a cross between the English and French men, and yet really altogether like neither. They are more refined and modest than Frenchmen, and less manly, shy and rough than Englishmen. Their brains are finer and flimsier, their bodies less vigorous and robust than ours. We are the finer animals, and they are the subtler spirits. Their intellectual tendency is to excitement and insanity, and ours to stagnation and stupidity. I think American women, compared with others, deficient in natural animal love of offspring. I think many things in their climate, education and modes of life produce this result. Morally and intellectually they are good mothers, but not physically, and they and their children are the worse for it."

SUNSET, you say? Already? So
Runs out my life to its last span.
How little time it seems ago
Since morning broke and day began!
So when my memory wanders back,
Along life's short but weary track,
To my young morning's flush and glow,
I scarce can think the way has been
So dark a path of pain and sin.

Draw back the curtain: lift me higher,
And let me look once more—once more—
Upon the dying western fire
Far-flooding all the spreading snows
That stretch as cold as hearts of men.
Stand back: the winter sunset throws
A splash of crimson on the floor;
As though my heart's blood had run o'er
Unable to conceal its pain.

I wonder does she watch that sun?—
The last sun that shall see her maid!
She, her life's journey just begun,
Her hope and faith yet unbetrayered;
And, dreaming in the name of Wife
To find an end of doubt and strife—
How can she bear to think of me?
To know that all her joys to be
Come second to the past joys hid
In darkness 'neath my coffin-lid.

He was to come to night? May be
She gives him welcome even now!
She greets him with a lifted brow,
And eyes, as calm as summer sea
Where love sits smiling royally,
Raised up to meet his bending face.
She finds her heaven in his eyes,
She gives herself to his embrace—
She feels his kisses on her mouth—
She feeds on love, she drinks of bliss
(That there were poison in the kiss!
May all my famine and my drouth
Be hers, thrice told, before she dies!)—
They clasp, with hands fast locked in hands—
Oh, may God curse her where she stands!

And yet He need not. There shall fall
A self-thrown shadow on her path.
Who sows in guilt shall reap in wrath:
I filled my own dark cup of gall.
Nor shall that life be summer-shine
She builds upon the wreck of mine.

I am not learned, but I think
That those who stand where I stand now,
Upon the very front and prow
Of life's storm-tost and shattered barque,
Fast drifting to the shoreless sea;
That those who tremble on the brink,
To dare the long leap in the dark—
The ever-dark eternity—
Know more, see more, than those who stand
In pleasant home security,
With faith and hope on either hand.

Hope died for me when sin was born,
The child of passion and of scorn,
And heir of desolation. Faith
Is but another name for Death:
And out of Death's deep agony
I bring the gift of prophecy.

So, through the time to come, I see
The darkening shadow in her halls;
The awful doubt whose spectral hand
Shall write "Upharsin" on her walls.
That which has been is what shall be.
Living, she spurns me; dead, my name,
Like the dread angel's sword of flame,
A bar impassable shall stand
To Paradise of wedded trust.
When his lips touch her she shall shrink
From kisses sweet and fierce as wine,
And think, "They were not always mine."
In every passionate embrace,
"So once he gazed upon her face."
At every low and tender word,
"Such vows, such accents, once she heard."
And in his absence she shall think,
"So once! So now?" And she shall drink
Suspicion's dark draught to the lees;
And all her flower of household peace
Shall fade and drop to scentless dust.

I read the future. With that sun
Whose light dies out, my pain is done.
She takes the burden I lay down,
Let me sleep now—the day is gone;
I shall not see her marriage morn.

II.

She's dead, I hear. So best—far best.
When life has nothing more to give,
When hope is cold and breath is pain
Why then—to die is surely gain,
'Tis, at the least, escape and rest.

She must have thought so; if to live
For me meant only scorching shame
And endless labour, and the frown
Of God and man—and if I knew
That dying I should leave my name
Blotted from memory—I too
Would lay the fleshly burden down.

Would I? Alone with my own soul
I ask the question, and lay bare
Its secret writing; where one sole
And single passion ruling there
Speaks, giving self-deceit the lie.
I love him—love him: and to leave
This world, made vital by his breath,
(Though longer life were tenfold death
And it were painless peace to die),
Were such hell-torment I would cleave
Through fiercest anguish, deepest stain
To life, and brave fate's curse again.

Would she?—Why ask I? She is gone,
I wear his ring upon my hand—
I have his kisses, bear his name—
No thing that lives can bar my claim
To all he is or shall be. None
Can break or loose the sacred band
That knits us: he is mine alone,
His love my life, his look my law.
Yet—in the whisper "I am blest,"
Is there a dark doubt unconfessed?
And do I seek to cheat to rest
A jealous reptile in my breast
That gnaws, and evermore shall gnaw?
For when I met him yesternight
I knew he knew it, though no word
Betrayed him: some quick inner sight
Saw shadows droop and veil my light.
Caresses chilled me—tender tones
Fell hollow on my heart like stones
Upon a coffin: then there came
A thought that scorched me like a flame.
And once, at night, he—sleeping—stirred,
And stirring murmured, not my name;
And then there woke this awful dread,
This secret terror of the dead.

Death sanctifies and sets apart.
The image of the loved and lost
Is shined within our heart of heart
Assailed from spot of sin or stain.
Thoughts by no taint of evil crossed—
Remembrance never touched by pain—
Tribute of tears that gently fall
Refreshing tender memories—
Are theirs who, lost to earthly eyes,
Can yet our living sense enthrall,
And the dead past to life recall
With all its freight of smiles and sighs.

God! if I thought it could be so!
That she, forsaken, steeped in sin,
And cold in her dishonoured shroud,
Could still one fond remembrance win
From me—his wife—as pure as snow
And warm as Aetna's lava flood!
Cannot my love suffice him? Love
Eternal, love unbounded, strong
As southern tempest, or tide wave?
Can she, who like a worn-out glove
He once threw by, without one thought
Of perjured word or ruin wrought,
Thus silently avenge her wrong
From the dark mystery of her grave?
Or can so weak, so vile a thing
Still keep the power to stab and sting?

Weak? All the majesty of death
That feeble shrouded form enfolds;
The mightiest monarch that draws breath
Wields not the power that dead hand holds.
Vile?—when earth's latest dross and stain
Death's cleansing fires have purged away,
Who shall the spirit dare arraign,
Or deem that guilt remains with clay?

Vanquished she conquers: dying lives
And works a subtle vengeance; she,
Beyond doubt's reach, looks back and gives
A heritage of doubt to me.
He loves me; graven on my soul
I hold that truth, and guard it well.
But, if the stone shall backward roll
From sepulchre of buried years
And softened memories, tender tears
Be hers whose dust therein is laid,—
The outcast living, sacred dead—
I dare not ask, I cannot tell.
And I, through all the years to come,
Must bear doubt's torment—and be dumb.

Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

THOSE who despise fame seldom deserve it. We are apt to undervalue the purchase we cannot reach, to conceal our poverty the better. It is a spark which kindles upon the best fuel, and burns brightest in the bravest breast.—*Jeremy Collier*.