

ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
NEW JERSEY.

HAMMONTON TRACT OF
AND IN NEW JERSEY.

THEY THOUSANDS JAMES,
USE OF THE TRACT OF

From the St. Andrews Standard, Nov. 20, 1867.

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No 47

Poetry.

"Consider the Lilies of the Field."

English Prize Poem, University of Toronto, 1867,
by W. H. Ellis, B. A., of Toronto.

O weary child of toil and care,
Trembling at every cloud that lowers,
Come and behold how passing fair
Thy God hath made the flowers.

From every hill-side's sunny slope,
From every forest's leafy shade,
The flowers, sweet messengers of Hope,
Bid thee "Be not afraid."

The Wild-flowers blossom in yonder bowers,

With their sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

With their sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

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I couldn't bear it. Indeed I could not. He's poor. I know, but he's a gentleman, and I like him so much.

No more of this absurdity, my dear, said Mr. Richmond, he has been artful enough to make you think him perfect, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Lucilla.

With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

It's so naughty of you, said Mrs. Richmond. But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa.

When he has seen the letters there'll be no more of this absurdity, my dear, said Mrs. Richmond. Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance.

He used to be very romantic himself in those old times, said Mr. Richmond. Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him.

So does Fred, said Lucilla.

And that life would be worthless without me, and about my being beautiful, (he thought so, you know). I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little, said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dare not promise that he would. She consoled her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and as she placed them into one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as these were, and drew them out.

Those letters were to Lucilla also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a maid old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolding them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that letters were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same number and much more romantic than those the music-master had written to her daughter Lucilla—A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty, and frightened, and some thing in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, more angry and determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair and demanded:

The letters, in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket and pulled it out again with a frightened look. Those absurd letters, if you please, my dear.

And then the little woman faltered. I—that is—believe—yes, dear, I believe I have them, and gave him a pile of white envelopes, enriched with a blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla, said the indignant parent. I am shocked that a child of mine should practice such a lie. I mean let us see. Number one is a letter, June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us, Lucilla—

Let me see—ah! From the first moment he loved you, eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. With your smiles for his good, he would have both faith and fortune, poor as he is!

Fiddlers, Lucilla. A man who had common sense would always wait until he had a fair opportunity before he proposed to any girl. Praise of your beauty—the loveliest creature he ever saw! Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. Most hear from you or die! Dear, dear, how absurd!

And Mr. Richmond dropped the letter, and took up another.

The same stuff, he commented. I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would never go in to such rhapsodies, I assure you. Ah! in number three he calls you "an angel!" He is so romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?

Those would fain lead me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest, I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I want to remain so to you.

Green leaves, want to remain so to you, said Mr. Richmond. I don't say anything of the kind, said Lucilla. He never knew you would object.

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on silence until the last sheet lay under

his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage he started to his feet.

Infamous! he cried; I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him—I'll murder him! As for you, my dear, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

Oh, papa, are you crazy? Frederick never stopped a such thing. Let me see this letter. This is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love-letters to mamma, written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, too, you know?

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm chair in silence, very red in the face.

How did this occur? he said sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond retreating into a corner, with a handkerchief to her eyes sobbed.

I did it on purpose? and passed as though she expected a sudden judgment. But hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

You know, Charles, said she, it's so long ago since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first, how papa and mamma objected; and how last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is good if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back and plainer myself; women have more time to remember you know. And we have been very happy, have we not?

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might as well be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room before the result of the love story was next morning. It was favorable to the young teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and not gone half so far as elopement; and in due course of time the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the approbation of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little rose had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

THE PRETTY HAND.

I am not a bashful man. Generally speaking I am full of confidence and forward as most of my sex. I dance well, dance well, when I make my bow; and I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to.

Yet, there was one period of my life when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then, I sometimes did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the said hands and feet consists my greatest beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago I fell in love. I did not walk into it quietly, weighing my idyl's perfection against her defects. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

Mr. Hayes, Miss Arnold, said a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love.

She was fairly like figure, with long, brown curls floating down over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky blue dress.

Her large dark blue eyes were full of saucy light; yet, oh! how tender and loving they could look.

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquettes that ever teased the heart out of poor man, Susan Arnold was the most bewitching.

I would pass an evening with her and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; She was very cautious.

Not a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved me, and yet her would linger in mine, her color rise if I looked my feelings, and her eyes down, to be raised again in an instant, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid most emphatically, and in the next sentence would add: I never did love, but I should take a fancy to any body, I should love him dearly!

dearly! She would say carefully, I never saw anybody yet worth settling my thoughts upon.

I tried a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. I proposed outright; I could not. She had a way when ever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention, a profound interest, that was equivalent to knocking me down, it took all the breath out of me.

One evening somewhere, I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such headaches, and the pity, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with: The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you,

and to keep you from over study. I advise you to do it—if you can get any body to have you.

Indeed, I said, rather piqued, there are only too many. I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking others hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me! I added conceitedly, though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating.

Neither can I, said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity.

Can't you? I said I hoped—hoped—Oh! that dreadfully attentive face of hers.

That is, Miss Susy, I thought perhaps—Oh! my head! my head! and I buried my face in the cushion.

Does it ache so very badly? she asked, tenderly, and she put her cool little hand in among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me all the way to the toes of my boots.

My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave, but all the way home, the soft cool touch of those little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this, it became necessary for me to leave home on business. One thing was certain, I could not leave for months, perhaps years, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my most faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's.

Susy was in the parlor at the piano alone! She nodded gaily, as I came in, but continued her song. It was, I've something sweet to tell you.

At this words, I love you! I adore you! she gave me such a glance. I was ready to prostrate myself; but sweeping back the curls with laughing defiance, she warbled, But, I'm talking in my sleep.

Then, I cried you love me when you sleep? May I think so?

Oh! yes, if you choose; for Rory O'More says that dreams go by the contraries, you know.

I sat down beside her. Ah, Rory's idyl dreamt she hated him.

Yes, said Susy, that was the difference between his case and yours.

We chatted away for a time. At last I began, Miss Arnold I came up this evening to tell you that I—

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me. I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray, it would be easy to declare my love.

Miss Susy, I said, I am going to Paris to-morrow.

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to see her face, but her curls fell over it.

I prepared to catch her, if she faints or confront her if she wept.

I listened for the sob I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but throwing back the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and said, gaily,