

Poetry.

FARM, SHOP, STORE, WITH WILLING POWERS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"Farm, shop, store with willing powers, How divinely through all hours Do you bliss from Labor give?" Many a household ever cries, And, rejoicing they so live, Boams an answer from God's skies, "Work Away!"

What in Man through centured story Surely crystallizes glory? Listen to the rushing streams, Sound reply in their long course: "It is never baseless dreams; It is wide-eyed, firm-armed Force— Work Away!"

On how many trophies splendid, Down the far long years descended, Names of makers shine, and yet Hero the fruit of earnest worth Nevermore can die; 'tis set In man's mastery on earth— Work Away!

So our Race shares each endeavor; Once won, all is forever. O, the bleat, tremendous fact! How it pillars on the sod That more and more by good Act Men are images of God— Work Away!

Force, not in contented sleeping, But thy God-born mission keeping, Let us always reverence thee By new victories of worth, While firm-armed, exultingly Shouting o'er responding earth, WORK AWAY!

SNUG UP.

Come! closer and closer together, Snug up to the jolly hearth fire! If round us be grim scowling weather, We'll snug up the nigher and nigher— Snug up!

Winds may chatter and clatter about, The wolf through the lattice may grin; Who cares for the chaos without? We're deaf to the clatter, within— Snug up!

A tear for the one empty chair, (Set it tenderly back to the wall,) But the little blue feet in the shivering street, God pity them—pity us all! Snug up!

Tales and Sketches.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE; OR, THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

CHAPTER I.

There was a struggle going on in Edith's mind. Her desire to meet Frank was such that she almost forgot a long-cherished awe she had of his companion; but yet she could not bear the idea of going purposefully forward to meet them. Something of this she expressed to her cousin; but Grace was determined, and proposed sitting down on the rocks for a while, to make certain which direction the gentlemen would choose; they did so, and in a little time it became evident that Frank had also observed them. They recognised his figure quite plainly, and saw that he, after saying a few words to his companion, was hastening towards them with a quickened step. Assured of this the cousins rose, and advanced to meet them. Frank warmly expressed his pleasure at seeing them: "Ever since I met Miss Willis," he said, "it has been running in my head that I might have this pleasure. I dare say she has acquainted you with our rencontre, although it did occur something less than an hour ago."

"You are right; we have heard all the particulars," said Edith; "among them, how long you have been in Lawnborough without making your arrival known to us."

"Most fortunately, here comes my friend, Mr. Travers to save me from the consequences of this fact. Not that I am without an excuse, but only that, although sufficiently powerful, it is not a ready one. Allow me to introduce you." This ceremony over, Edith and Grace turned in the direction of home, and walked on for some moments in conversation with the gentlemen who accompanied them.

Frank felt amused to see the admiration which Ernest's countenance expressed whenever he looked on Grace. It was with surprise that he himself observed how much she was improved since he had last seen her; but just now his mind was occupied with quite another subject, and taking advantage of a moment when a difficulty in their path had slightly separated them, he offered his arm to Edith, leading her on at a quicker pace, that he soon engaged in conversation with Grace, upon the different points of interest that his short stay had acquainted him with in the neighborhood. Grace was an agreeable companion for converse on such a topic; she spoke in a lively pleasing manner, and although it was seldom that she made an observation of any superior cleverness, or uttered a sentiment of more than common interest, her

sweet voice and extremely lovely countenance gave a charm to words which certainly had no intrinsic merit, and perhaps led Mr. Travers to judge her well-informed and agreeable, long before he followed his usual custom, he would have formed an opinion so decidedly favorable. Meantime, words of great interest to both were passing between Frank and Edith. "Edith," said the former, rather abruptly, "you know of my engagement with Mary Lester?"

"No," replied Edith, "only guessed it; and became satisfied of the truth of my conjectures from something Grace lately heard from one of her London correspondents. I have sometimes felt hurt, Frank, to think that you kept such a secret as this from me." "You were wrong to do so, Edith. I did not attempt to hide my attachment from you; our engagement was too speedily at a close to communicate that to you. I was about to tell you it was the false information which I received upon first coming here, that Mary Lester was staying with you, that led me to abstain from calling at your house. To-day, Miss Willis re-assured me on this point, whilst she took from me all hope of preserving my arrival secret."

"How could you hear that Mary was with us? That the Lesters have resided nearly two years at Lawnborough, you, surely, were not ignorant?"

"Yes, indeed, even now part of what you say is news to me; Miss Willis said they were at the Lodge. I did not suppose that it was more than a temporary residence."

"I will not attempt to penetrate all this mystery, Frank," said Edith, laughing; "between Mary and myself there has been little confidence on this subject. You know how much has existed between us, still, from what I have observed of both, I cannot help wishing you would go to her, Frank; perhaps the misunderstanding which has separated you would then be explained; I cannot believe that it is anything more. Is there any insuperable bar to your doing this?"

Frank was silent.

"You love her still?" asked Edith.

"If so, should I not have sought her at your home, instead of avoiding old and dear friends, when I believed her to be there?"

"That is a question I shall give no answer to; a lover's inconsistency might be the best reply, perhaps; at any rate, I would rather believe anything than that you should be capable of withdrawing a love you had once bestowed, unless for the most sufficient reason and this I will never suppose you have received from Mary."

"You are friends, Edith?"

"We are, and through intimate knowledge of each other. On all but this one subject there is perfect confidence between us; I would not betray it by giving you what impression I may have gathered of her feelings, whilst you so determinately conceal your own from me."

"You have chosen your words well, Edith, and my feelings would be very different to what they are if I could resist their enticement—here is all I love to say, do with it what you will. My love for Mary is as true as ardent, as when I first sought hers; I am persuaded it will never change, yet I have often bitterly reproached myself when the folly of preserving an affection which has been thrown back upon me, and of hoping to penetrate a mystery which appears to have been rendered purposely obscure; I am as ignorant as you of the cause that separated us—she pronounced it irresistible—refused to see me—denied all explanation. Do you not now agree with me, Edith, in searching the patience of a love which is proof against such treatment?"

"Indeed I do not, Frank; you knew Mary too well to suspect her of caprice or change—her very character compelled you to believe her. You could only hope that time and altered circumstances might reverse her decision—a doubt of her constancy ought never to have been more than momentary."

"You speak warmly, and reconcile me to myself, Edith. My love would hardly have lasted if such had not been the most frequent temper of my mind; not, however, without a struggle, as you may suppose."

"No, that would have been expecting too much from you. I may say now, that I believe Mary's regard for you is as unchanging as yours; and I do not believe she will any longer refuse you the explanation you desire. Will you so far trust the justness of my observation as to ask it of her once more?"

"I could not refuse if I would, Edith; Mary is too dear to me, to reject any hope of winning her."

"It is a hope which I am certain will not deceive you, Frank."

"Thanks, thanks, dear Edith, for those words. I was miserable enough when I heard she was here, and yet could not resolve to seek her. You have decided me, and you have given me the best hope I have indulged for many months. How early can I see her to-morrow?"

"You must not now be too impatient, she will need some preparation; her health has suffered much of late, and proves that, at least, she was not indifferent when she caused you so much pain. Let me see her first; I can take a message from you, and I trust, bear one back which will give you satisfaction."

"It is what I was about to propose, Edith; you cannot measure the happiness you have been the dispenser of this evening. Dear

Edith, you were always a kind and sympathetic friend; now you are more, you—"

"Nay, nay, Frank," said Edith, "be moderate; see how you are surprising your friend—he certainly thinks you are making love to me; believe me, you may do so to-morrow to the right person," she whispered, as they ascended the steps leading to the hall door of the Grange, where Mr. Travers and Grace had preceded them.

As Grace entered she heard the door of the drawing-room open, and said, laughing, "Here comes mamma to talk of wet shoes, and staying out too late; she little thinks how well attended we have returned. No, Mr. Travers," she continued, as he spoke of leaving them, "we cannot spare Frank yet, and I hope you will allow us the pleasure of your company whilst he stays."

As Grace had prophesied, Mrs. Cambley's first words were a reproof for their long delay, and imprudence in walking so late—the dim light hid the figures of the gentlemen from her view, and Grace laughed merrily. "Dear mamma," she said, "do not scold us now, you should have something better to do; it is quite an unexpected pleasure to see Frank in Lawnborough, is it not?"

"Frank!" said Mrs. Cambley, with surprise, "I am delighted to see you; it is indeed a gratification I did not look for."

"Will you extend your kind welcome to my friend, Mrs. Cambley?" said Frank, introducing Mr. Travers as he spoke.

At the mention of his name, Mrs. Cambley addressed him in a few words of peculiar graciousness; she had often heard Frank speak of his friend, besides hearing from other quarters much regarding him, and it had been her wish that through their mutual intimacy with Frank, he might receive the introduction to her house. For she remarked how impossible it was to look upon any one as a stranger whose name, when Frank was with them, so frequently made a part of their conversation, and added a few complimentary words, which Edith observed were received with rather a stiff bow, and a more haughty air than Mr. Travers had before assumed. Mrs. Cambley then led the way into the drawing-room, and after a few moments spent in conversation, of which inquiries concerning old friends formed the principal part, and therefore one in which Mr. Travers took little share, the gentlemen rose to take their leave; but this Mrs. Cambley would on no account permit.

"We have old-fashioned habits in this part of the world," she said, "and at this time of the year, when the young people generally walk in the evening, we have an early supper, in which I trust you will not refuse to join; it would be very unlike old times indeed, if Frank left us so soon."

As the bow with which Mr. Travers responded to the former part of this invitation appeared sufficiently to accede to it, Frank did not hesitate to resume his seat by Edith, from whom, as the opportunity occurred, he asked and received information of one of whom the pleasure of speaking had long been denied him. Under these circumstances, it was natural that the office of entertaining Mr. Travers should again fall to Grace; the assurance she felt of previous success, and her desire of pleasing one of whose fastidiousness and cold reserve she had heard so much, gave to her manners an animation and loveliness which increased the effect her beauty was always likely to produce. When they were gathered round the supper-table the conversation became more general. At first it was of a very gay tone; Frank's spirits rose with those of all present, and the merry laugh often rang through that large cheerful apartment, now glowing with light, and presenting a perfect appearance of elegance and comfort.

Perhaps the influence of such a scene was felt by none more keenly than by Mr. Travers, to whom it was as strange as agreeable. The very unexpectedness of such an interruption to the quiet which he had promised himself would be the result of his visiting Lawnborough, gave a keen zest to this suddenly-occurring opportunity of enjoying its society. It was a happy evening to all there, and for a while we would linger over it, spending a few words of description upon two of the company, whose appearance has yet been scarcely more than glanced at. To describe beauty, such as Grace Cambley's, it needs an eloquent pen, and even at the best, the pen were a poor tool to portray a loveliness which the glowing pencil of a Titian might well fail to express in all its bright rich coloring. A high, but somewhat narrow forehead, marked out with abundance of wavy hair, glossy black—a pure white skin, just tinted with a shade of rose, which deepened into a most lovely crimson with the least emotion—lips, bright red, generally slightly parted, displaying two of the upper teeth, small and finely shaped, of an ivory whiteness; added to which, she possessed a most delicately-chiselled ear, behind which the thick curls fell around a well-curved throat—eyes which were very lovely, almond-shaped, and in their shade, deep black, melting, not fiery, with the long lashes falling around them like a heavy fringe, which veiled, but could not conceal their deep beauty. Her figure was graceful, slender, and rather above the middle height. With the first glance at such a form as this, a feeling arouse of unmingled admiration and delight at the display of so much perfection and grace. A longer acquaintance might quarrel with an expression which was too unvaried, and some might feel a disappointment that it so little evidenced

an elevation of soul which should harmonise with the exquisite loveliness of the outward form. Otherwise there was nothing to detract from the power of her beauty—no little vanity, or expression of self-conceit; from such feelings the noble tenor of her education had saved her. Rarely brought into competition with other girls, never having spent more than a couple of years from home, she had, through long custom, regarding her beauty as unquestioned and unrivalled, as indeed it was, thought of it with out much interest, and seen its effect with indifference; if there had been anything to rouse a comparison between her and her cousin, another appreciation of herself might have been perceptible; but the very distance at which they were placed in this respect helped to keep her mind free from the influence a knowledge of her own superiority might have acquired.

To turn now to Edith is, indeed, to present a striking contrast; scarcely could there be found two countenances with a more widely marked difference. The power of Edith's face rested only in its changing expression; her features were irregular, her complexion not brilliant, yet, with any exciting emotion, a deep color mounted to her cheek, and added a brightness to her dark eye, which would kindle at the hearing of a lofty thought, or the expression of a kindly sentiment, whilst her mouth could wear a pleasant loving smile, although, at this period of our history, it was too often passively fixed, and even at times wore a somewhat scornful expression. It was not remarkable, then, that in company with strangers, or amongst whom she was indifferent, and with whom she had little in common, she was considered decidedly plain, especially when seen by the side of her cousin; but it was otherwise with those few whom she loved, and between whom and herself there existed an intimacy of feeling and taste; they found a charm in her face, that acquired a deeper influence, because they knew it was not always there, but that it needed the touch of affection upon the full chord of love, or the warm spark of thought, to arouse a latent feeling ere it would display itself.

Towards the close of the evening, the conversation round the supper-table assumed a graver tone; a casual remark of Mrs. Cambley's had turned it upon Italy. Italy! around her name alone lie thoughts, rich and glowing, bound together by a chain of association powerful in all ages, and to few hearts voiceless. Yet its introduction was the cause of some embarrassment to Edith. Mr. Travers mentioned that Naples was the last spot they had made any stay at previous to their return home, Edith, with a warmth of manner unusual to her, expressed her longing desire to visit Italy, adding, "I cannot tell you how much sorrow it would give me to know that Italy will always be as much beyond my reach as it now is; I cannot give up the hope that one day I shall tread its earth and—"

She was checked by a rather harshly-uttered remark from Mrs. Cambley, "Nay, Edith, you need not visit to the land of the improvisatore to learn to rhapsodize."

Edith blushed and paused; she felt as if she had given way to a strained expression of a sentiment, which, nevertheless, she knew to have a very real and truthful existence; her confusion was increased when, as she glanced, she discerned a slight tone of sarcasm in Mr. Travers's succeeding address to her. "Miss Barton should remember," he said, "how many travelled ladies visit this land of expectation every year, and return from it little better, and scarcely wiser; she may not then be inclined to rate the privilege so high."

Edith thought she had then appeared absurd to others beside her aunt, and in a manner peculiarly painful to her mind; her pride was particularly sensitive to anything which might bring upon her the charge of having assumed a feeling for the sake of effect or of playing a part; occupied with the fear of this, she at first paid little attention to the conversation which immediately followed.

"Surely, Ernest," said Frank, "you might as justly undervalue the advantages which science may reap from those regions, where is unravelled the entire scroll of the visible heavens, and where may be seen, at the same time, all the productions of the earth, because the inhabitants of the tropics neither appreciate nor improved them, as speak coldly of Italy, because she does not profit the thousands who visit here, with silly aims and empty heads; the power of boasting that they have been there may foster their conceit, and there the influence will end."

"Your illustration is certainly correct," replied Mr. Travers; "but it also enforces the justice of my observation, when you consider that it is by connexion with a certain amount of previous knowledge, or elevation of intellect, that both acquire their truest estimation, I should do wrong, indeed, to depreciate the treasure Italy holds; it is a garner rich in stores; beauty there exists in its fairest forms; from thence the poet draws his inspiration, the sculptor takes his model; music is whispered there on every breath, and to Italy poetry owes a bright, peculiar imagery; but her name is fraught with sadness; to us she appears as a harp, whose music once flowed forth divinely, until a rude hand violently tore its strings away, and stayed its gushing notes of harmony; silent are those which remain, yet, let a master's hand touch them, ever so lightly, and they will again sound forth sweet melody. Although in melancholy and unconnected strains, each

note will be of perfect tone, but the music, as a whole, powerless."

(To be Continued.)

TRUE UNTO DEATH.

Dusk crept over the city hours ago. The hurrying crowd has found a resting place, and the sounds of labor has ceased for a brief season. I am a Southern refugee. Far away, where Summer sits a queen the long bright year through, my home lies a mass of blackened, unsightly ruins, as yours were when that terrible night whose date is too recent to be forgotten—hence, merciless flames rioted like fiends amidst your household goods. There was another—we were two of thousands—who had not where to lay her head when they drove us, like thieves, from the luxury amid which we were born. Sweet Annie M.—Wild grasses grow over her pulseless heart, while mine throbs on. The proudest blood of the South run in her veins. While her father was yet a penniless man, without profession or name, she eloped from school, and was married without so much as "by your leave," to a pompous suitor, whose white locks and venerable years, backed by a million dollars, appealed more strongly to the favor of her family than her own.

Blinded by the adoration she bestowed upon her husband, the young wife hastened with him to her father, with never a doubt but that they would be welcome, or at least forgiven; to find herself a discarded, disowned outcast, the door of home closed against her forever, and the curse of disobedience resting upon her head.

In a wild and rugged section of one of the southwestern States stood a poor dwelling—half farm-house, half cottage, where the mother—a kind and generous woman, used to privations and hardships all her life—cooked the frugal meals, washed the home-made linen and scoured the hard, white floor with her own hands; and the father, sturdy and independent, toiled upon his scanty acres, and literally "earned his bread by the sweat of his brow."

This was the birth-place and home of Annie's father—and here her mother found a refuge. No pomp and show met the disheartened and humiliated fugitive bride; but love gave her tenderest greeting to a refuge from which she never went until her last home was ready, and she borne out to sleep in the valley. The daintily-reared girl became the idol of the household, and in that vine-covered cot, where love transformed poverty into luxury, and content sweetened hardship, were passed the happiest days of her life.

"Little cared she—this bonnie bride, this love-crowned queen of her husband's heart—for the palaces wherein kings dwelt. Soon a new joy stirred in her bosom, and day after day she busied her cunning white fingers with embroidery and bits of muslin; and here, a year after her marriage, she sang soft, sweet lullabies over her first-born, a little daughter, whom she named Annie. "Surely," she said, with solemnly tender eyes, "my cup runneth over."

"Sweet little mother! I seem to see now, as she lay, with her baby on her arm, studying the pink, placid, expressionless face of the sleeping mite of humanity, persuaded that it was the "very picture" of the dark, handsome, bearded face that bent smiling over his treasure.

But a shadow, dark as the grave in its gloom, hovered over the dear, new home—the shadow of the Angel of Death, who stood at the portal.

Softer grew the voice of the young mother, and slower the step that tended downward to the valley of shadows. A mighty yearning was in her heart to see her father once more, to hear his voice pronounce forgiveness and give assurance of protection to her babe, so soon to know, as she had, the want of a mother's love and guidance. "I cannot die if I may not see him; I could not rest in my grave at last if I do not hear him promise," she pleaded, as she tossed with fever-crimson cheeks and lips. So he came in time to hear her last eloquent appeal, to grant her petition with tears and sobs, and to pour out unavailing prayers that her life might be spared him. True to his promise against her husband, he stipulated that the child should never bear its father's name, but adopt that of its mother—Annie M.—

Objection could not be made at such a time; but when, with her last words, she asked that it be left in care of her husband's mother, his wrath blazed fiercely, but the will that never bent before yielded to the pleading eyes of his dying child as they followed him, and he sealed his consent upon the lips that would ask no more of him on earth. An hour later with her hand clasped in her husband's, and her head pillowed on the bosom where it had lain in his infancy, she slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Mr. M.— returned home after the funeral; but slaves were sent to take care for the babe; the cottage was made comfortable, and even elegant, and every luxury surrounded the little being. The loss of his wife was a terrible blow to the husband, who reproached himself for the blindness of the love and the rashness of the youthful passion that had led him to take her from inheritance and friends, to share his poverty and struggles. Nothing was left him now but fame—no home on earth—no hope but for position—no love, no wife, no mistress, but ambition. The babe she had