

The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim, On a rich man's table, rim to rim: One was ruddy and red as blood, And one as clear as the crystal flood. Said the glass of wine to the pale brother, 'Let us tell the heart of each other. I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth, And the prodigious and grandest soul which fell under my touch, as though struck by lightning. Where I was a king, for I reigned in might, From the heads of kings I have torn the crown, From the heights of fame I have hurled men down: I have blasted many an honored name; I have taken virtue and then shewn shame; I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste, That has made his future a barren waste. Far greater than a king am I, Or than any army beneath the sky. I have made the train from the iron rail; I have made good ships go down at sea, And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me, For they said, 'Behold, how great you are, Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall. For your might and power are over all. Ho, ho, pale brother, anaged the wine, 'Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?' Said the water glass, 'I cannot boast Of a king detested or a crowned host, But I can tell of a heart, once sad, By my crystal drops made light and glad— Of thirst I've quenched and of pain I've eased, Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved; I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain, Flowed the river and played in the fountain, Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky. And every where gladdened the landscape and eyes; I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain; I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain; I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill; That ground out flour and turned at my will; I can tell of manhood, and turned at my will; That I lifted up and crowned anew. I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid; I gladden the heart and soothe the maid; I set the chain-wine captive free, And all are better for knowing me. These are the things that I have done— The glass of wine and pale brother— As they sat together, filled to the brim, On the rich man's table rim to rim.

RACHEL'S FATE.

A TALE OF CAPE ANN. Within a week the young couple were married. Then, when the brief honeymoon was ended, Sam gave Phebe a long, silent, lingering embrace and went. To judge by the tears that were shed on this occasion, Rachel and Mrs. Scudder felt the parting even more than Phebe. The latter did not weep or utter a word. Only her pale visage and the way she fell back against the wall told of her poignant grief. Nor did Sam breathe a syllable either. But when he was out of sight he pressed Old Harry again and again to his lips. The raven did not seem surprised; it made no attempt to escape. Old Harry and Sam had always been good friends. Now that both were bidding adieu to Cape Ann, which was never again to be their home, they appeared to like each other more than ever. One moonlight night, not long after Sam Bowline had sailed, a large, rakish schooner might have been observed lying to about half a mile from the beach, directly opposite the widow Scudder's abode. For once in his life the captain of this craft felt nervous, as accompanied by five other men, he rowed towards a narrow cove that was sheltered from the breakers by a rocky islet. "How will she take it? Will she faint? Will she heap imprecations upon me? Will she die of fright in my arms?" were questions which bold, reckless Dick asked himself a score of times as the skiff drew near to the shore. In a little while he came to Rachel's home, and, peeping through the west window, which was partly open, he beheld the object of his affections seated between her parent and Phebe. The old lady had been reading the Bible, but at this moment she was listening to something that Rachel was saying. "Well, I own that Dick was always a hard boy to manage—disobedient and ever so saucy," observed the latter; "but for all that he was not really bad. As far back as I can remember he was kind to me; his hand was ever ready to lift me on the pillow; he brought me the earliest wild flowers; and once, when I was lost among the sand-hills, he stayed out a whole night till he found me. O Phebe! say what you may against Dick, I will always take his part." "Humph! I know that he thinks more of you than any other girl on the Cape," answered Phebe, "and what puzzles me is that you did not accept him when he proposed; for I am pretty sure that he did propose." "I refused to offer because I love mother more than I love him," replied Rachel. "He wished me to go far, far from mother—to where I might never see her again." At this moment the door opened, and lo! the very one of whom they were speaking stood before them. He was armed with a cut-throat and a pair of pistols, and never had Dick looked so like a dare-devil as now—except for his eyes, which, strange to relate, were moistened with tears. The widow and her daughters quickly rose to their feet. "Dick, Dick, what has happened? What brings you here at this hour?" cried Rachel, who recalled with throbbing heart his last, ominous words—"I will make you my queen whether you will or no." She had often thought of these words since he uttered them. He had now come to carry out his threat? "And who is this man I see gliding behind you?" she continued. Who is he? Speak!" "And there is a face gazing in the window," said Phebe, trembling. "You surely would not steal my child from me!" exclaimed the widow, boldly stepping between Rachel and the intruder. "Calm yourself, dame. There is nothing to fear. The wicked spirit has left me, thank the Lord, and not for all the world would I rob you of dear Rachel. Moreover for her sake I here solemnly vow never to shed a drop of human blood; and in the end I will make her the richest woman in the colony." At these words, to their surprise, Dick fell on his knees and kissed Rachel's feet. Then, rising up, "Blessed Angel!" he continued, "if any being could have persuaded me to live ashore that being would have been yourself. But an impulse I cannot resist drives me from Cape Ann. Farewell! farewell!" Then he turned and rushed out of the house. "I verily believe that Dick is possessed by Satan. The Lord be praised, he is gone!" said Rachel, shaking her head. "These pistols and cut-throat are signs of evil omen. I hope my fears may not come

true." Presently, without speaking a word, Rachel went to the door and listened. All was still save the roar of the ocean. "He is gone—gone. Shall I ever see him again?" she murmured. Then, before her mother could prevent her, she hastened out into the night and sped with winged feet towards the beach. "Is that you, my beloved?" exclaimed Dick, turning round when he heard her footsteps. Rachel made no response, but paused and bowed her head, for there were strange men present. Dick bade his companions continue their way to the boat. Then, taking Rachel by the wrists, as he had done once before—but now it was a gentle, loving grasp—"Dear girl," he said "you are my good angel. If you would only come with me my whole life would be changed. I shall be on the wide sea like a lost bark without you." "Oh! I cannot leave my mother," answered Rachel. "But for mother I might go with you." "True, true," said Dick; "and she has been like a mother to me. It was an evil spirit which prompted me to take you from her. But not all the train-bands in the colony could make you safer than you are at this moment—here with Dick who loves you with his whole heart and soul, who would die for you." "I know you would not harm me," said Rachel looking confidently at him; while the moon, which peeped from behind a cloud, revealed plainly enough what her fond heart was whispering. "And Dick, I could not bear to think that I might never see you again. It is why I have followed you." "Well, if some day I returned with plenty of gold—some day, perhaps years hence—would you sail away to my dominion and be my queen?" inquired Dick earnestly. "I would marry you if you came back penniless," answered Rachel. "But we must live here on Cape Ann." "Impossible!" murmured Dick in a voice too low to be heard. He now gazed a moment on her in silence. It was a solemn moment; then, flinging his arms about her neck, he gave Rachel one passionate embrace and disappeared. A few minutes later his skiff was gliding swiftly towards the schooner. The young woman lingered where she stood listening to the sound of the oars; nor was it until Phebe had called her a dozen times that she answered: "May the Lord bring him back to me!" sobbed Rachel, as she bowed her head on her sister's shoulder; and Phebe invariably repeated the words—for she was thinking of Sam Bowline—"May the Lord bring him back to me!" "Goodness gracious! How did it hold last night?" said Mrs Scudder one October morning—the first October after Dick and Sam's departure. "I did not sleep very soundly," answered Phebe. "Nor I," said Rachel. "I had a dream," went on Phebe, "in which I saw Sam's schooner off Cape Ann. She was scudding under bare poles, and—would you believe it!—in spite of the hurricane, Old Harry was perched on top of the mainmast." "Well, I saw the Shark with her jib and mainsail blown to ribbons," said Rachel. "Dick was lashed to the wheel. The big waves were sweeping the deck. He called to me and just then I awoke." "I remember the time when I had exactly such dreams," observed the widow. They used to come during the equinoctial storm. And one night in a vision I saw your dear father's schooner foundering. Sure enough he never came home; and I solemnly believe that the Almighty, in his goodness, did vouchsafe to his poor wife one last glimpse of him before the ocean swallowed him up." "I pray the Lord that that horrid pirate whom we heard about last week may not catch my Sam!" said Phebe. "They say the Pirate's vessel can out-sail anything that floats," remarked Mrs. Scudder. "Well, he'll not capture the Shark," said Rachel. "The Shark! Ugh! don't breathe that name," said Phebe. "It is just the name one might expect Dick to give his schooner." "You are always picking at poor Dick. Pray be more charitable," said Rachel a little nettled. "Well, the last time Dick was here he certainly looked like a desperado, and I am very glad that you did not marry him," continued Phebe. "Hush! hush! Do not wax hot over Dick," interposed the widow. Rachel made no reply to her sister's speech. She merely bowed her head on the table, and if a tear fell to the floor it fell unseen. "But if this night had been tempestuous the day which followed was calm and beautiful. And the day was made more beautiful still by the return of Sam Bowline, who entered without rapping on the door. "I was expecting you ere long, but hardly so soon as this; you are truer than your word," cried the joyous Phebe, as she clasped her to his heart. "Alas! I can be with you, my darling wife, only a few days," answered Sam. "For you must know that a terrible buccaneer has suddenly appeared on the Spanish main. The villain is creating great havoc among the shipping; and I have been commissioned by some merchants of Boston—who know how nimble my schooner is—to go in pursuit of him. They have armed me with four twelve-pounders; and should I get within range of the pirate let him beware!" "Quite a compliment to the good qualities of my namesake," said Phebe smiling. "Well, I can barely outbid Kidd on a wind. Going free, I think he may have the smarter craft," continued Sam. "You have seen him then?" said Rachel. "Yes, once when I was steering for Charleston with a cargo of pineapples; and if a fog had not hidden me from view Sam Bowline might not have been here today." "What dreadful creatures pirates are!" exclaimed Phebe. Then, dropping her voice to a whisper and glancing at Rachel, she added: "May it be possible that this new sea-robber is—Dick?" "Oh! I understand—you need not whisper. You will say anything against Dick? But I love him!" broke out Rachel. With this the latter withdrew to her chamber to mourn unseen; for down deep in her heart Rachel had some misgiving about her lover. "And yet," she murmured, "Dick solemnly promised

never to stain his hands with blood. No, no, this Kidd cannot be my Dick." "Phebe, you should not hurt poor Rachel's feelings as you do," spoke Mrs. Scudder. "Although she is your sister, she may get to hate you; and then think of me living with two daughters who are enemies!" "Well, mother, I cannot help disliking Dick," answered Phebe. "And I wish that I could set Rachel against him, for Dick is a bad egg. Hard as you begged him to live ashore and mind the farm, he ungratefully refused; and what is more, but for him my dear Sam would have remained on his father's farm, and my heart would not have been torn with anxiety every time the wind howls and the sea rises." "Well, dear Phebe," interposed Sam Bowline, "nattering her gently on the cheek, 'your mother is right; let us not accuse Dick without better proof. The pirate's vessel is indeed very like the Shark; but for all that it may not be the Shark.'" As Sam had said, he was able to tarry only a brief space with his young spouse; in less than a week he was again bounding over the billows, steering south in quest of the much dreaded Kidd. Long and lonesome was the winter which followed, and it was made all the more lonesome by the coldness which sprung up between Rachel and Phebe. They were still fond of sitting in the big chimney as when they were children; but now they sat apart instead of side by side. They seldom exchanged a word, and heavy grew their mother's heart at this estrangement between them. "Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of this dreary winter. Towards the middle of February Mrs. Scudder and her daughters went to a corn-husking. They were gone several days, and on their return home imagine their surprise to find a bagful of Spanish doubloons concealed under Rachel's bed. How did it get there? During the same month the merchants of Boston were greatly alarmed by the appearance of Kidd off the coast of Massachusetts. When the long-wished-for Spring arrived Phebe confidently expected another visit from her husband. But, alas! spring and summer passed away, likewise another autumn and another winter; and still Sam Bowline returned not. But now and again came news from Marblehead, telling how the Phebe Scudder was ever in close pursuit of the buccaneer; and this cheered Phebe's heart a little, for it proved that Sam was alive and doing his duty. "Why does he come not, not for my sake only, but for the sake of his baby boy?" said Sam, and more than once the horrid fear came over her that Dick and Sam might have met in the mid-ocean and fought and gone to the bottom together. The sisters were now without a mother; the good Mrs. Scudder was dead, and a common grief had brought Rachel and Phebe's hearts together anew. 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