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THE MUSK-ROSE*.

A SKETCH FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

BY E. L. C.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."
Gray.

LATE one afternoon, Fanny went to carry home a dress which she had just completed, when, as she was quitting the shop, Madame Legrande requested, as a favor, that she would take it, and leave it on her way, at No. 20. — Street, as all her hands were engaged, and the hour was already past when she had promised it should be sent. Fanny was in haste to get back to Harry, but she could not refuse, and again taking up the parcel, she hurried along in the direction named by madame, stopping at last, before a slight gate of wrought iron, on the arch of which she saw the designated number. Passing through an area filled with ornamental trees and shrubs, she ascended a broad flight of marble steps, towards the door of the stately mansion, which bore engraved on a brass plate the name of Doctor Delford,—a name which she had often heard coupled with praise, and which its owner had rendered not less eminent by his benevolence and kindness of heart, than by his great professional skill. As with a timid hand Fanny pulled the bell, a wish that she might find courage to speak with the doctor respecting Hal, arose in her mind; but before she could resolve whether to ask for him or not, a servant opened the door and admitted her into a spacious hall, where he bade her wait till he had delivered the parcel to his mistress. She was wearied, and sat down upon a chair to rest till his return, when suddenly a gush of fragrance swept across her, bringing to her the very breath, as it seemed, of her Musk-Rose, so familiar was its sweetness to her senses. She looked around, and there she saw it—there, through an open door, her own plant—she never could mistake it—standing

on a marble pedestal near the window of a beautiful apartment—but which, beautiful and tasteful as it was, contained nothing in her eyes so graceful and so lovely as that cherished rose-tree.

She arose and stood looking fondly towards it. How it had grown—it was loaded with clusters of exquisite buds, and full-blown flowers, and as the light breeze stole through the window, and scattered the white and fragrant petals like a shower of snow-flakes upon the carpet, and swayed with a gentle motion the delicate branches of the bush, she fancied they beckoned her forward, and with a noiseless step she advanced, and yielding to a sudden gush of feeling, pressed her lips with passionate tenderness upon its leaves, and gemmed them with the unconscious tears which fell fast and bright from her eyes. What visions of early joy and happiness did the renewed sight of this household plant cause to rush upon her—bearing her, as by some magic spell, far from the dark, solitary attic where she was wearing out her life in hopeless toil, to the green fields and breezy hills of Bloomingdale, to the cottage garden, through whose flowery vistas rung the merry voice of Hal; and the grape-vine arbour, where in the soft summer evenings, she had so often sat to watch his gambols with her mother.

"Oh," thought Fanny, and unconsciously she uttered her thoughts aloud—"oh that I might carry but one of these dear roses to poor Hal—but ah, I dare not, for they are no longer mine to pluck!"

"Yet for all that, you shall have one for Hal, my dear, and another for yourself, if they will

* Conchoidal.