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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 425.

LITERATURE.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

Wilde Collins's New Story.

A Tale by the Brilliant English Novelist, from the N. Y. World.

(The second instalment has not yet been received from Mr. Collins's publisher by the World.—Ed.)

TWO YARDS OF JACONET, OR A HUSBAND.

BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

From the Atlantic Club Book, 1874.

"I wish," said Mary Ann, "I had two yards of jaconet. I want it very much to complete this dress for the next birthday at Richmond. I want besides a pretty large lot of pattern ribbon. I want a feather—a white feather—to my last bonnet. I want—"

"Well, my dear," said Louisa, her companion, "well, my dear, it seems you have never enough. Pray how many more things do you want besides?"

"More!" returned Mary Ann, "why a hundred more, to be sure, said she, laughing; "but I'll name them all in one—"

"Indeed," said Louisa, "this is the first time I ever heard you talk of such an article. Can't you select one from among your many admirers?"

"A fig for your admirers! I'm tired—I'm sick, I'm disgusted with my admirers. All come and make silly compliments; one says, Miss B., how pretty you look to-day; another stinks me with his silly looks; another is so desperately in love with me he can't talk; another is so desperately in love with himself, that he talks forever. Oh! I wish I were married! I wish I had a husband; or at least two yards of jaconet to finish the dress for the Richmond campaign."

Mary Ann B.—was a gay, young, rattling creature who had lost her father and part of her heart at fourteen. She was now seventeen; possessed a fine figure, rather emaciated; not tall, but very gracefully off. Her profuse auburn ringlets clustered negligently round a pair of cheeks in which the pure red and white mingled so delicately that where the one began or the other ended no one could tell. Her eyes were dark blue, but possessed a lustre when lighted up with feeling or enthusiasm which defied any one to distinguish them from burning black. Her motions were light, airy and graceful. Her foot and ankle were most elegantly formed; and her two small white hands, with soft, tapering fingers, were as aristocratic as could be imagined by Byron or an Ali Pasha. Since the death of her father, which was a period of about two years or more, she had had no admirers, several decided offers, and not a few who had hoped, but durst not venture upon the fatal question. She laughed at their offers, ridiculed her admirers, and protested she would never marry until she had brought in at least a hundred thousand feet. For several countries round up and down the James River she was quite a toast among the young planters.

In those days the White Sulphur and Hot Sulphur Springs were not much frequented; but people of fashion in lower Virginia, the wealthy planters, were just beginning to escape to the Blue Mountains during the autumnal months. In one of those excursions the party, of which Mary Ann made a lively member, was overtaken one afternoon in a rain-storm at the entrance of one of the gorges of the mountains. The party was travelling in an open carriage, with a sort of top, and the semblance of that of top, or of a shower broke over them with sudden violence. On the present occasion the leather top afforded to the ladies a very inadequate shelter from the torrent which fell down from the dark, heavy clouds above. The first horse they approached was therefore truly welcomed. They dismounted, went in and found several young gentlemen surrounding the hickory fire which was crackling merrily on a large, wide hearth.

A young man of rather modest, easy, but unobtrusive manners rose at the approach of Mary Ann and offered her a chair. She accepted it, with a slight inclination of the head and a quiet glance at his general appearance. Nothing remarkable took place at the interview; but a few days after, when they had reached the foot of one of the mountains, which was appropriated as the place of gayety and fashion, the young gentleman was formally introduced to Mary Ann as Mr. C., from Williamsburg, in Western Virginia. In a very short time he became devoted admirer of Mary Ann—was extremely and delicately attentive, and, of course, gave rise to many surmises among the match-makers and match-breakers of the Springs. At the close of the season he put forth his pretensions in form. He offered himself formally to Mary Ann. As usual, she spent a whole night in thinking, crying, deliberating, grieving, wondering, and next morning sent him a flat refusal. So this affair, which is a specimen of about thirty or forty she had managed in this way, was considered closed beyond all hopes of revival. The parties never again met till the moment we have now reached three them accidentally into each other's

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"How long have you been in Williamsburg, Mary Ann?" asked her companion, "I have been here only three days and I have only picked up three beaux. What a dull place this is. It is called the 'classic shade'—and the 'academic groves of the Old Dominion,' and all that sort of thing. One of the professors enticed me two or three hours the other evening with the laws of Dido and Æneas. I wish I had a couple of yards of jaconet."

"Or a husband, either. I don't care which; come, my love, let's go shopping in this classic town."

The two ladies immediately rose, it was about noonday, put on their bonnets, took their parasols and sallied forth.

"For a husband or jaconet, you say?"

"Two yards of jaconet, or a husband,"

"How pretty you look to-day; another stinks me with his silly looks; another is so desperately in love with me he can't talk; another is so desperately in love with himself, that he talks forever. Oh! I wish I were married! I wish I had a husband; or at least two yards of jaconet to finish the dress for the Richmond campaign."

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feeling of regret.

"Why, now what's the matter with you? After refusing so many are you going to throw yourself away on a shopkeeper? A descendant of one of the most ancient families in the country to marry a shopkeeper?"

"Alas! Louisa, what is descent? what is fashion? what is all the life I have led? Do you see that little white house with green blinds across the street? I was one evening in that house, and I saw enough to satisfy me that I have been pursuing pleasure instead of happiness. Oh! if I could only feel as that young wife does!"

"You laugh. I am sure I do not think of Mr. Collingwood; but there was a time when his soft, affectionate, quiet manner did touch me most sensitively."

"Have you got the gloves you bought?" asked Louisa.

"Mr. Ann looked. She had forgotten them on the counter or lost them."

"We must return for them, then," said Louisa.

"Never," said Mary Ann. "I can never look at him. I am sure he despises me. O, if he only knew what I feel—what pangs pass through this heart—I am sure he would not."

"Come, come," said Louisa; "we must return and get the gloves."

"Oh! the jaconet or a husband, most assuredly. You remember your resolution when you set out?"

Mary Ann smiled, while her eye glistened with a tear. They returned home, however, and sent Cato, the colored servant, for the article they had forgotten.

After this adventure it was seen that a visible change came over the manners and spirits of Mary Ann. Her gay, brilliant sallies of wit and ridicule were moderated amazingly. She became quite pensive, singularly thoughtful for a girl of her unusual force of spirits. When Louisa rallied her on her shopping excursion she replied, "Indeed, Louisa, I do not think I could marry Mr. Collingwood, besides he has forgotten any feeling he may have entertained towards me." In a few days after this event a party was given one evening at a neighboring house. The family in which Mary Ann resided were all invited. The moment of reunion approached, and Mary Ann, dressed with great elegance but less splendor than usual, found herself at the head of a cotillon, surrounded by several young gentlemen, students of William and Mary, professors, planters and merchants. They were all pressing forward in every direction, talking and catching a word or a look from so celebrated a belle. Mary Ann, however, did not appear to enjoy the group that surrounded her.

She was shooting her dark eyes easily and negligently towards the entrance, as every new face came forward, to see all the party. The music struck up, and, rallying her attention, she immediately stepped out and danced with a young man of grace for which she was so particularly remarkable. At the close, as she stood up beside her partner, throwing a beautiful auburn ringlet back upon her white round neck, her eye caught with sudden emotion a quiet, gentle looking person at the other end of the room. It was Mr. Collingwood. She immediately cast down her eyes and looked narrowly at her left foot as she moved it to the toe backwards and forwards, as if it were, for some of thought or to divert her thoughts. In a minute she looked up again in the same direction. Mr. Collingwood still stood in the same position, watching every motion she made and every look she cast around her. She blushed, and felt embarrassed, going altogether wrong in the cotillon.

"What in the world are you thinking of?" asked Louisa.

"I scarcely know myself," said Mary Ann.

In a few seconds the cotillon was brought to a close and Mary Ann's partner escorted her to a seat. Mr. Collingwood approached through the crowd and stood before her.

"How is Miss—?" exclaimed Mr. Collingwood with suppressed emotion.

Mary Ann muttered out a few words in reply. She dropped her glove. Mr. Collingwood picked it up.

"This is not the first time you have lost a glove," he said, with a smile.

She received the glove, and cast upon him a look of inconceivable sweetness.

"Do you dance again this evening, Miss—?"

"I believe not; I think I will go home."

"Going home?" said he; "why, the amusements have scarcely begun yet."

"They are ended with me," said she; "for the night. I wish my servant would fetch my cloak and bonnet."

"Oh! you can't surely be going home already?"

"Indeed I am."

"Well, said he, with a smile, "I know your positive temper of old. Allow me to get your cloak and hat for you."

"Certainly."

Mr. Collingwood left the room. Louisa and several other females crowded round her persuing her on all sides not to leave the party or to be gone.

She would not remain. Mr. Collingwood appeared at the door. In the hall, for it was the fashion then and there to do so, Mr. Collingwood took her bonnet and put it on.

"Allow me," said he, "to tie the strings."

She nodded assent, and while he was tying the strings under her chin she could not help looking at his soft cheek. He was in ecstasy—she was quiet and resigned. He took the cloak—he unfolded it—he stood in front of her—her eyes met—both blushed—he pulled the cloak around her shoulders—she folded it round and round her bosom. He trembled like a leaf; she trembled also. He pressed her warmly to his heart, and whispered in her ear, "Oh! Mary, if I may hope—yet indulge a hope?"

For a moment they were left alone. Her head sank upon his breast; she could not speak, but her heart was like to burst.

"Will I—dare I expect to be yet happy?" Their warm cheeks met; their lips realized it in one long, long respiration. They tore away from each other without another word—everything was understood between them.

"At this moment Mrs. Jamieson, the good lady of the mansion, came up and insisted that Mary Ann should not go so early to bed. The sacred month of June, the Hindoo calendar, and the appearance of Ganesh, the elephant of the original tribes. But Mr. Collingwood is the great event of the religious year. This falls in the month of June or July, according as the moon is in the Hindu calendar. Its object is to convey Jagannath, with his brother and sister, from his temple to his country house, a mile distant.

Contrary to what has been almost uniformly asserted, the worship of Jagannath is absolutely bloodless. The spilling of blood in any way pollutes the whole edifice, and a special troop of servants are at hand to remove any sacrificial food which may have been thus profaned. Yet so catholic is Vishnuism to all forms of belief that within the sacred inclosure is a temple to Binala, one of the wives of Siva, who is worshipped with midnight orgies and and bloody sacrifices. But various obsecrations have crept into the system, some of which rival the lascivious mysteries of ancient Babylon. Mr. Hunter calculates the annual revenue of the temple and abbeys amounts to £28,000.

There are twenty-four high festivals the year, each occupying several days, or even weeks. At the Red Fowler Festival, occurring about Easter, and lasting three weeks, a bull procession is formed on the sacred lake. At the Bathing Festival the images are brought down to the lake, and a procession is fastened to their noses, so as to give the appearance of Ganesh, the elephant of the original tribes. But Mr. Collingwood is the great event of the religious year. This falls in the month of June or July, according as the moon is in the Hindu calendar. Its object is to convey Jagannath, with his brother and sister, from his temple to his country house, a mile distant.

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