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THE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 29, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

AWHAY LIFE IT IS TO HAVE NO WORK TO DO.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
From the burning iron's breast,
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intense glow—
Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do!

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
To dent the curse still clings to earth
From often time till now—
Not while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do!

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue fields—
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave—
Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do!

Ho! ye upon whose fevered cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day
And half the weary night,
Who labor for the souls of men,
Champions of truth and right—
Although ye feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do!

Ho! all who labor—all who strive—
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour,
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower—
Oh, to your brightness and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do!

Selected Tale.

THREE OF US.

Such a spring day as it was!—the sky all so mild blue, hazy on the hills, warm with sunshine overhead; a soft south wind, expressive and full of new impulses, blowing up from the sea, and spreading the news of life all over the brown pastures and leaf-strewn woods—The crocuses in Friend Allis's garden-bed shot up in gold and sapphire from the dark mould; slight long buds nestled under the yellow-green leafage of the violet-patch; white and study points bristled on the corner that May was thick with lilies of the-valley, crocus, and fragrant; and in a knotty old apple tree two bluebirds and a robin did snarl duty, singing of summer's procession to come; and we made ready to receive it both in our hearts and garments.

Josephine Boyle, Letty Allis, and I, Sarah Anderson, three cousins as we were, sat at the long window of Friend Allis's parlor, pretending to sew, really talking. Mr. Stepel, a German artist, had just left us; and a little trait of Miss Josephine's, that had occurred during his call, brought out this observation from Cousin Letty:—

"Jo, how could thee let down thy hair so before that man?"

Jo laughed. "There is a little innocent, Letty, with your pretty dialect! Why did I let down my hair? For Mr. Stepel to see it, of course."

"That is very evident," interposed I; "but Letty is not so innocent or so wise as to have done wondering at your caprices, Jo; exposed, if you please, for her education."

"I do not pretend to be wise or simple, Sarah; but I didn't think Cousin Josephine had so much vanity."

"You certainly shall have a preacher-bonnet, Letty. How do you know it was vanity, my dear? I saw you show Mr. Stepel your railway with the serene satisfaction; how you made your crevel cherries, and I didn't make my hair; which was vain?"

Letty was astounded. "There has a gift of speech, certainly, Jo."

"I have a gift of honesty, you mean. My hair is very handsome, and I knew Mr. Stepel would admire it with real pleasure, for it is a rare color. I took down those curls with quite as simple an intention as you brought him that little picture of Cole's to see."

Josephine was right,—partly, at least. Her hair was perfect; its tint the exact hue of a new chestnut-skin, with golden lights, and shadows of deep brown; not a tinge of red blushed in as auburn; and the light broke on its glittering waves as it does on the sea, tipping the undulations with sunshine, and scattering rays of gold through the long, loose curls, and across the curve of massive coil, that seemed almost too heavy for her proud and delicate head to bear. Mr. Stepel was excessively enthusiastic about its beauty, and Jo as cool as if it had been a wig. Sometimes I thought this peculiar hair was an expression of her own peculiar character.

Letty said truly that Jo had a gift of speech; and she, having had her say about the hair, dismissed the matter, with no uneasy recurring to it, and took up a book from the table, declaring she was tired of her seam;—she always was tired of sewing! Presently she laughed.

"What is it, Jo?" said I.

"Why it is 'Jaue Eyre,' with Letty Allis's

name on the blank leaf. That is what I call an anachronism, spiritually. What do you think about the book, Letty?" and she, turning her little figure round in the great chair toward the little Quakeress, whose pretty red head and apple-blossom of a face bloomed out of her grey attire and prim collar with a certain fascinating contrast.

"I think it has a very good moral tendency, Cousin Jo."

The clear, hazel eyes flashed a most amused comment at me.

"Well, what do you call the moral, Letty?"

"Why,—I should think,—I do not quite know that the moral is stated, Josephine— but I think thee will allow it was a great triumph of principle for Jane Eyre to leave Mr Rochester when she discovered that he was married."

"Jo flung herself impatiently in the chair, and began an harangue.

"That is a true world's judgment! And you, you innocent little Quaker girl! think it is the height of virtue not to elope with a married man, who has entirely and deliberately deceived you, and adds to the wrong of deceit the insult of proposing an elopement! Triumph of principle! I should call it the result of common decency, rather,—a thing that the instinct of any woman would compel her to do. My only wonder is how Jane Eyre could continue to love him."

"My dear young friend," said I, rather grimly, "when a woman loves a man, it is apt, I regret to say, to become a fact, not a theory; and facts are stubborn things, you know. It is not easy to set aside a real affection."

"I know that, ma'am," retorted Jo, in a slightly sarcastic tone; "it is a painful truth; still, I think a deliberate deceit practiced on me by any man would decapitate any love I had for him, quite inevitably."

"So it might, in your case," replied I; "for you never will love a man, only your idea of one. You will go on enjoying your mighty theories and dreams till suddenly the juice of that 'little western flower' drips on your eyelids, and then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you caress 'the fair large ears' of some donkey, and hang rapturously upon its bray, till you perhaps discover that he has pretended, on your account solely, to like roses, when he has a natural proclivity to thistles; and then, pitiable child! you will discover what you have been caressing and—I spare you conclusions; only, for my part, I pity the animal! Now Jane Eyre was a highly practical person; she knew the man she loved was only a man, and rather a bad specimen at that; she was properly indignant at this further development of his nature, but reflecting in cool blood, afterward, that it was only his nature, and finding it proper and legal to marry him, she did so, to the great satisfaction of herself and the public. You would have made a new ideal of St. John Rivers, who was infinitely the best material of the two, and possibly gone on to your dying day in the belief that his cold and hard soul was only the adamant of the seraph, encouraged in that belief by his real and high principle,—a thing that went for sounding brass with that worldlywise little philosopher, Jane, because it did not act more practically on his inborn traits."

"Bah!" said Josephine, "when did you turn gypsy, Sally? You ought to sell *dak-kerpen*, and make your fortune. Why don't you unfold Letty's fate?"

"No," said I, laughing. "Don't you know that the affidavits always exhausts the priestess? You may tell Letty's fortune, or mine, if you will; but my power is gone."

"I can tell yours easily, O Sibyl!" replied she. "You will never marry, neither for real nor ideal. You should have fallen in love in the orthodox way, when you were seventeen. You are adaptive enough to have moulded yourself into any nature that you loved, and constant enough to have clung to it through good and evil. You would have been a model wife, and a blessed mother. But now—you are too old my dear; you have seen too much; you have not hardened yourself, but you have learned to see too keenly into other people. You don't respect men, except exceptions; and you have seen so much matrimony that is harsh and unlovable, that you dread it; and yet—Don't look at me that way, Sarah! I shall cry!—My dear! my darling! I did not mean to hurt you—I am a perfect fool!—Do please look at me with your old sweet eyes again!—How could I?"

"Look at Letty," said I, succeeding at last in a laugh. And really Letty was comical to look at; she was regarding Josephine and me with her eyes wide open like two blue larkspur flowers, her little red lips apart, and her whole pretty surface face quite full of astonishment.

"Wasn't that a nice little tableau, Letty?" said Josephine, with preternatural coolness.

"You looked so sleepy, I thought I'd wake you up with a bit of a scene from 'Lara Aboukir, the Pirate Chief; you know we have a great deal of private theatricals at Baltimore; you should see me in that play as Flashmorla, the Bandit's Bride."

Letty rubbed her left eye a little, as if to see whether she was sleepy or not, and looked grave; for me, the laugh came easily enough now. Jo saw she had not quite succeeded, so she turned the current another way.

"Shall I tell you fortune now, Letty?—Are you quite waked up?" said she.

"No, thee needn't, Cousin Jo; thee don't tell very good ones, I think."

"No, Letty, she shall not vex your head with nonsense. I think your fate is patient; you will grow on a little longer like a pink china-aster, safe in the garden, and in due time marry some good friend,—Thomas Dugdale, very possibly,—and live a tranquil life here in Slepington till you arrive at a preacher bonnet, and speak in meeting, as dear Aunt Allis did before you."

Letty turned pale with rage. I did not think her blonde temperament held such passion.

"I won't! I won't! I never will!" she cried out. "I hate Thomas Dugdale, Sarah! I thee ought to know better about me! thee knows I cannot endure him, the old thing!"

This chumax was too much for Jo. With

raised brows and a round mouth, she had been on the point of whistling ever since Letty began—it was an old, naughty trick of hers; but now she laughed outright.

"No sort of inspiration left, Sally! I must patch up Letty's fate myself. Flatter not yourself that she is going to be a good girl and marry in meeting; not she! If there's a wild, scatter-brained, handsome, dissipated, godless youth in all Slepington, it is on him that testy little heart will fix,—and think him not only a hero, but a prodigy of genius.—Friend Allis will break her heart over Letty; but I'd bet a pack of gloves, that in three years you'll see that juvenile Quakeress in a scarlet satin hat and feather, with a blue shawl, and green dress, on the arm of a fast young man with black hair, and a cigar in his mouth."

"Why! where *did* thee ever see him, Josey?" exclaimed Letty, now rosy with quick blushes.

The question was irresistible. Jo and I burst into a peal of laughter that woke Friend Allis from her nap, and bringing her into the parlor, forced us to recover our gravity; and presently Jo and I took leave.

Letty was an orphan, and lived with her cousin, Friend Allis. I, too, was alone; but I kept a tiny house in Slepington, part of which I rented, and Jo was visiting me.

As we walked home, along the quiet street overhung with willows and sycamores, I said to her, "Jo, how came you to know Letty's secret?"

"My dear, I did not know it any more than you; but I drew the inference of her tastes and her character. She is excitable,—even passionate; but her formal training has allowed no scope for either trait, and suppression has concentrated them. She really pines for some excitement; what, then, could be more natural than that her fancy should light upon some person utterly diverse from what she is used to see? That is simple enough. I hit upon the black hair on the same principle, 'like in difference.' The cigar seemed wonderful to the half-frightened, all-armed child; but who ever has seen a fast young man without a cigar?"

"I am afraid it is Henry Malden," said I, meditatively; "he is all you describe, but he is also radically bad; besides, having been in the Mexican war, he will have the prestige of a hero to Letty. How can the poor girl be undeceived before it is quite too late?"

"What do you want to undeceive her for, Sally? Do you suppose that will prevent her marrying Mr. Malden?"

"I should think so, most certainly!"

"Not in the least. If you want Letty to marry him, just judiciously oppose it. Go to her, and say you come as a friend to tell her Mr. Malden's faults, and the result will be, she will hate you, and be deeper in love with him than ever."

"You don't give her credit for common sense, Jo."

"Just so much as any girl of her age has in love. Did you ever know a woman who gave up a man she loved because she was warned against him?—or ever if she knew his character well, herself? I don't know but there are women who could do it, from sheer religious principles. I believe you might, Sarah. It would be a hard struggle, and wear you to a shadow in mind and body; but you have a conscience, and for a woman with a heart as soft as pudding, the most thoroughly rigid streak of duty in you; none of which Letty has to depend on. No; if you want to save her, take her away from Slepington; take her to Saratoga, to Newport, to Washington; turn her small head with gaiety; she is pretty enough to have a dozen lovers at any watering place; it is only propinquity that favors Mr. Malden here."

"I can't do that, Josephine. I have not the means, and Miss Allis would not have the will, even if she believed in your prescription."

"Then Letty must stay here and bide her time. You believe in a special Providence, Sarah, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Then cannot you leave her to that care? Circumstances do not work for you. Perhaps it is best that she should marry him, suffer, live, love, and be refuted by fire?"

"My heart smelt at the prospect of these possibilities. Josephine put her arm round me. 'Sally,' said she, in her softest tone, 'I grieved you, dear, this afternoon. I did not mean to grieve myself most. Please forgive me!'—'I haven't anything to forgive, Jo,' said I. 'What you said to me was true, painfully true, and being so, for a moment pained me. I should have been much happier to be married, I know; but now I don't think of it. I have lost a great deal. I have

married him I should live and die a wretched woman. Was it not better to live alone?"

"But, Sarah,—if he loved you?"

"He did not,—not enough to hurt himself; he could not love anything so much better than his ease as to suffer, Josey; I was safe. He thought, or said, he loved me; but he was mistaken."

"Safe, indeed! he ought to have been shot!"

"Hush, dear!"

There was a long pause. It was as when you lift a wreck from the tranquil sea and let it fall again to the depths, useless to wave or shore; the black and ghastly hulk is covered; it is seen no more; but the water palpitates with circling rings, trembles above the grave, dashes quick and apprehensive billows upon the sand and is long in regaining its quiet surface.

"I wonder if there ever was a perfect man," said Jo, at length, drawing a deep sigh.

"You an American girl, Jo, and don't think at once of Washington?"

"My dear, I am bored to death with Washington *à l'Americain*. A man!—how dare you call him a man?—do you know he is a myth, an abstraction, a plaster-of-Paris cast? Did you ever hear any human trait of his noticed? Weren't you brought up to regard him as a species of special seraph, a sublime and stainless figure, inseparable from a grand manner and a scroll? Did you ever dare suppose he ate, or drank, or kissed his wife? You started then at the idea; I saw you."

"You are absurd, Jo. It is true that he is exactly, among us, what demigods were to the Greeks,—only less human than they. But when I once get my neck out of the school-yoke I do not start at such suggestions as yours; I believe he did comport himself as a man of like passions with others, and was as far from being a hero to his *vale-de-chambre* as anybody."

By this time we were at home, and Jo flung her parasol on the bench in the porch, and sat down beside it with a gesture of weariness and disgust mingled.

"Why will you, of all people, Sarah, quote that tinking, superficial trash of a proverb, so palpably French, when the true reason why a man is not a hero to his lackey is only because he is seen with a lackey's eyes,—the sight of a low, convention-ridden, narrow, uneducated mind, unable to take a broad enough view to see that a man is a hero because he is a man, because he overlaps the level of his life, and is greater than his race, being one of them? If he were of the heroic race, what virtue in being heroic? it is the assertion of his trivial life that makes his speciality evident,—the shadow that throws out the bas-relief. We chatter endlessly about the immense good of Washington's example: I believe its good would be more than doubled, could we be made nationally, to see him as a 'human nature's daily food,' having mortal and natural wants, tastes, and infirmities, but building with and over all, by the help of God and a good will, the noble and lofty edifice of a patriot manhood, a pure life of duty and devotion, sublime for its very strength and simpleness, heroic because manly and human."

The day had waned, and the sunset lit Josephine's excited eyes with fire; she was not beautiful, but now, if ever beauty visited her with a transient caress. She looked up and met my eyes fixed on her.

"What is it, Sally?—what do I look like?"

"Very pretty, just now, Jo; your eyes are bright and your cheek flushed; the sunshine suits you. I admire you to-night."

"I am glad," said she, naively. "I often wish to be pretty."

"A waste wish, Jo!—and yet I have entertained it myself."

"It's not so much matter for you Sarah; for people love you. And besides, you have a certain kind of beauty; your eyes are beautiful,—rather too sad, perhaps, but fine in shape and tint; and you have a good head, and a delicately outlined face. Moreover, you are picturesque; people look at you, and then look again,—and any way, love you, don't they?"

"People are very good to me, Jo."

"Oh, yes! we all know that people as a mass, are kindly, considerate, and unselfish; that they are given to loving and admiring disagreeable and ugly people; in short, that the millennium has come. Sally, my dear, you are a small hypocrite—or else,—but I think we won't establish a mutual admiration society to-night, as there is only two of us; besides, I am hungry; let us have tea."

The next day, Josephine left me. As we walked together toward the landing of the steamboat, Letty Allis emerged from a green lane to say good-by, and down its vista I discerned the handsome, lazy person of Henry Malden, but I did not inform Letty of my discovery.

A year passed away, to me with the old monotonous routine; full of work, not wanting in solace; barren, indeed of household enjoyments and vicissitudes; solitary, sometimes desolate, yet peaceful even in monotony. But this new spring had not come with such serene neglect to the other two of us three. Against advice, remonstrances, and entreaty from her good friends, Letty Allis had married Henry Malden, and in attire more tasteful, but quite as far from Quakerism as Josephine had predicted beamed upon the inhabitants of Slepington from the bow-window, or open door, of a cottage *very ornée* indeed; while the odor of a tolerable cigar served as Mr. Malden's exponent, wherever he abode. And to Josephine had come a loss no annual resurrection should repair; her mother was dead, she too, was orphaned,—for she had never known her father; her only sister was married far away; and I kept an old promise in going to her for a year's stay at least.

Aunt Boyle's property had consisted chiefly in large cotton mills owned by herself and her twin brother, who dying before her left her all his own share in them. These mills were on a noisy little river in the western part of Massachusetts,—in a valley, narrow, but picturesque, and so far above the level of the sea that the air was keen and pure among the mountains. Mrs. Boyle had removed here from Baltimore, a few years before her own death, that she

might be with her brother through his long and fatal illness; and, finding her health improved by change of air, had occupied his house ever since, until one of those typhoid fevers that invest such river gorges at certain seasons of the year entered the village about the mills, when, in visiting the sick, she took the epidemic herself and died. Josephine still retained the house endeared to her by sad and glad recollections; and it was there I found her, when, after renting the whole of my little tenement at Slepington, I betook myself to Valley Mills at her request.

The cottage where she lived was capacious enough for her wants, and though plain, even to an air of superciliousness, without, was most luxurious within,—made to use and live in; for Mr. Brown, her uncle, was an Englishman, and had never arrived at that height of irascible *ton* which consists in shrouding and darkening all the pleasant rooms in the house, and skulking through life in the basement and attic. Sunshine, cushions, and flowers were Mr. Brown's personal tastes; and plenty of these characterized the cottage. A green terrace between him and river spread out before the door for lawn and garden, and a tiny conservatory abutted upon the brink of the terrace slope, from a bay window in the library, that opened sideways into this winter garden.

I found Jo more changed than I had expected; this last year of country life had given strength and elasticity to the tall and slender figure; a steady rose of health burned on either cheek; and sorrow had subdued and calmed her quick spirit.

I was at home directly, and a sweeter summer never glowed and blushed on earth than that which installed me in the Nook Cottage. Out of doors the whole country was beautiful, and attainable; within, I had continued resources in my usual work and in Jo's society; for she was one of those persons who never are uninteresting, never fatiguing; a certain silent charm pervaded her conversation, and a simplicity quite original startled you continually in her manner and ways. I liked to watch her about the house; dainty and fastidious in the extreme about some things, utterly careless about others, you never knew where or when either trait would show itself. She was scrupulous as to the serving of meals for instance—almost to a fault; no carelessness, no slight neglect, was admitted here, and always on the spotless damask laid with quaint china stood a tapered vase of white Venice glass, with one, or two, or three blossoms, sometimes a cluster of leaves, the spray of a wild vine, or the tasseled branch of a larch tree jeweled with rose-red cones arranged therein with an artist's taste and skill; but perhaps while she sharply rebuked the maid for a dim spot on her chocolate pitcher or a grain of sugar spilt on the silver, her white Indian shawl lay trailed over the Divan half upon the floor, and her gloves fluttered on the doorstep till the wind carried them off to find her parasol hanging in the honeysuckle boughs.

But, happily, it is no one's duty to make other people uncomfortable by perpetually tinkering at that trait in them which most offends our nature; and I thought it more for my good and hers to learn patience myself than undertake to beat her into order; the result of which was peace and good-will that vindicated my wisdom to myself; and I found her, faults and all, sufficiently fascinating and lovable.

A year passed away serenely; and when spring came again, Josephine refused to let me leave her. Our life was quiet enough, but with such beautiful nature, and plenty to do, we were not lonely—less so because Jo's hands were as open as her heart, and to her, all the sick and poor looked, not only for help, but for the rarer consolation for living sympathy and care. Her shrewd common sense, her practical capacity, her kindly, cheerful face, her power of appreciating a position of want and perplexity and seeing the best way out of it, and, above all, her deep, and fervent religious feeling, made her an invaluable friend to just that class who most need her.

In the course of this spring we gained an addition to our society, in the person of Mr. Waring, the son of a gentleman who had bought the mills at Mrs. Boyle's death, but who had hitherto conducted them by an overseer. He had recently bought a little island in the middle of the river, just below the dam, and proposed erecting a new mill upon it; but as the Tuxis (the Indian name of our river) was liable to rapid and destructive freshets, the mill required a deep and secure foundation and a lower story of stone.

This implied some skillful engineering, and Mr. Arthur Waring, having studied this subject fully abroad came home from Boston and took up his abode at Valley Mills village. Of course, we being his only hope of society in the place, he made our acquaintance early. I rather liked him; his manner was good, his perceptions acute, his tastes refined, and he had a certain strength of will that gave him force to a character otherwise common-place. Josephine liked him at once; she laid his shyness and *brasqueri*, which were only the expressions of a dominant self-consciousness, to genuine modesty. He was depressed and moody, because he was bored for want of acquaintance, and missed the adulation and caresses that he received at home as an only child; but Jo's swift imagination painted this as the trait of a reflective and melancholy nature disgusted with the world, and pitied him accordingly; a mild way of misanthropic speech that is apt to invest young men, added to this delusion; and, with all the energy of her sweet, earnest disposition Josephine undertook his education—undertook to teach him faith and hope and charity, to set his wayward soul, to renovate his litter opinions, to make him a better and happier man.

It is a well-known fact in the philosophy of the human mind, that it is apt to gain more by imparting than receiving; and since philosophically it becomes fact, does not mercifully adjust its results to circumstances; but rushes on in implacable grooves, and clears its own track of whatever lies thereon by the summary process of crushing it to dust, it did not pause now for the pure intention and tender heart which in teaching another love to men, and learnt far better than her pupil.

Mr. Waring was but a man; he did not love Josephine—he admired her; he loved nothing but himself, his quiet, his pleasure and while she ministered to either, he regarded her with a species of affection that put on the mask of a divine passion and used its language. A thousand little things showed the man fully to me, a cool spectator; but she who needed most the discerning eye regarded this gay bubble as if it had been a jewel.

Perhaps I blame him too severely, for it was against the very heart of my heart that he sinned; possibly I do not allow for the temptation it was to a young man, quite alone in a country village, without resources, and accustomed to the flattery and caresses of a devoted mother to find himself agreeable in the eye of a noble and lovable woman. Possibly, in his place, a better man might have sought her society, drawn her out of her reserve for his own delectation, confided in her, worked upon her pity, claimed her care, played on her simplicity and ignorance of the world, crept into her heart and won its strength of emotion and its generous affection,—in short, made to love her, without saying so, honestly and openly. Yet there are some men who have done it, and even yet, while I try to regard Arthur Waring with Christian charity, I feel that I cannot trust him that I do not respect him—that, if I dared despite anything God has made, my first contempt would light upon him.

In the autumn, while all this was going on, I received a painful and wretched letter from Letty Malden, begging me to come to her. I could not resist such an appeal; and one of Josephine's little nieces' having come to spend the winter with her, I hurried to Slepington, —not, I am sure, in the least regretted by Mr. Waring, who had begun to look at me with uneasiness and sometimes defiant eyes.

I found a miserable household here. Mr. Malden had in no way reformed. When did marriage ever reform a bad man? On the contrary, he was more dissipated than ever; and whenever he came home, the welcome that waited for him was a little calculated to make home pleasant; for Letty's quick temper blazed up in reproach and reviling that drew out worse recrimination; and even the little, wailing, feeble baby, that filled Lucy's arms and consoled her in his absence, was only further cause of strife between her and her husband. Often, as I came down the street and saw the pretty outside of the cottage, waving with creepers, and hedged about with thorns, whose gay berries decked it as for a festival, I thought of what a good old preacher among the Friends once said to me: "Sarah, thee will live to find shows are often seems; thee sees many a quiet house, with gay windows, that is hell inside."

I soon found that I must stay all winter at Slepington. I had a hard task before me—to try and teach Letty that she had no right to neglect her own duty because her husband ignored hers. But six months of continual dropping seemed to wear a tiny channel of perception; and my presence, as well as the efforts we made together to preserve order, if not serenity, in the house, restored a certain dim hope to Letty's mind, and I began to see that the "purification by fire was doing its work in slow pain, but to a sure end."

Selfish as it was, I cannot say that I felt sorry to return to Jo, who wrote for me in April, urging me to come as soon as I could, for Mr. Waring had fallen from the mill-wall and broken his leg, and the workmen in their confusion had carried him to her house, and she wanted me to help her. I learned, on reaching Valley Mills, that the new building on the Island had been completed far enough to resist a heavy freshet, that had swept away part of the first story, where the mortar was not yet hardened; and it was in traversing these wet stones to ascertain the extent of the damage, that Mr. Waring had slipped, and unable to recover his footing, fallen on a heap of stones and received his injury.

My first question to Josephine was, "where is Mr. Waring's mother?"

"He could not send for her, Sally," said she, "because she is not well, and he feared to startle her."

"H'm!" said I, very earthily.

Josephine looked at me with innocent grave eyes—dear, simple child!—and yet for anybody that little island in the middle of the river, just below the dam, and proposed erecting a new mill upon it; but as the Tuxis (the Indian name of our river) was liable to rapid and destructive freshets, the mill required a deep and secure foundation and a lower story of stone.

This implied some skillful engineering, and Mr. Arthur Waring, having studied this subject fully abroad came home from Boston and took up his abode at Valley Mills village. Of course, we being his only hope of society in the place, he made our acquaintance early. I rather liked him; his manner was good, his perceptions acute, his tastes refined, and he had a certain strength of will that gave him force to a character otherwise common-place. Josephine liked him at once; she laid his shyness and *brasqueri*, which were only the expressions of a dominant self-consciousness, to genuine modesty. He was depressed and moody, because he was bored for want of acquaintance, and missed the adulation and caresses that he received at home as an only child; but Jo's swift imagination painted this as the trait of a reflective and melancholy nature disgusted with the world, and pitied him accordingly; a mild way of misanthropic speech that is apt to invest young men, added to this delusion; and, with all the energy of her sweet, earnest disposition Josephine undertook his education—undertook to teach him faith and hope and charity, to set his wayward soul, to renovate his litter opinions, to make him a better and happier man.

It is a well-known fact in the philosophy of the human mind, that it is apt to gain more by imparting than receiving; and since philosophically it becomes fact, does not mercifully adjust its results to circumstances; but rushes on in implacable grooves, and clears its own track of whatever lies thereon by the summary process of crushing it to dust, it did not pause now for the pure intention and tender heart which in teaching another love to men, and learnt far better than her pupil.