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"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

From the Lackawanna Herald.

The Song of the Sexton.

Parody on Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

With spade, and shovel and bier,
And slow and solemn pace,
The sexton buildeth the narrow house,
For man's last resting place;
And as the victim fell,
And the funeral moved along,
He rang sad tones from the muffled bells,
And sang the Sexton's Song.

Toll! toll: toll!
'Twas in soft moonlight beams,
From the lone pilgrim, the freed soul
Flew to the land of dreams:—
Yonder the mourner goes,
And life's sojourner sleeps,
Like a tired traveller, whose repose,
Some guardian angel keeps.

Toll! toll: toll!
Sad is the song I sing;
The merry boy hath as sweet a blush,
As the first rose of spring;
Death's bow-string, twanging, flew;
And the gold-tipped arrows came,
Ere life's long mountain walks he knew,
Or the copse-clad paths of Fame.

Toll! toll: toll!
For the beautiful must die!
The blue-veined pulses sink to rest,
And soft shades closed her eye:—
Oh! for some merry voice—
To mingle in the breath
Of the dirge, whose mellow utterance,
Could charm the couch of Death.

Toll! toll: toll!
For the man of age hath slept!
He who hath toiled with human cares;
And, alternate, laughed and wept;
Weary became his steps,
The mind and the eye grew dim;
The sunshine and the storm of life,
Slumber alike with him.

Toll! toll: toll!
Still 'tis a silver tone,
The mimic warning, echoed forth,
From some far spirit-zone:
Counting eternal hours,
Over the Spirit's birth,
As it soars on crystal sunbeams up,
Beyond the clouds of earth.

Toll! toll: toll!
And with a viewless tread,
Echo the dirges o'er hill and dale:
Requiems for the dead.
I love to ring the chimes,
For prayer—and the vesper bell,
But I shall toll the march of death,
And lock the slumberer's cell.

Yet I have walked at night,
Where Sexton's ghosts did dare
To fling around me "ropes of rock,"
And shake their "bells of air;"
Quietly fell the snow,
Whitening each willow limb;
Hurriedly past footsteps go,
And the village lights grew dim.

"Toll! toll: toll!"
Such was my dream of fear:
And the poor Sexton's weary limbs,
Were stretched upon the bier;
Here was spread the pall,
And toll! toll: toll!
Solemn and sad, my neighbors all
Prayed for the Sexton's soul.

So toll! toll: toll!
'Tis a part that must be played,
Gems from the starry zenith fall,
And sunset tinges fade;
So will the living light
Of man's imprisoned mind,
Fade from its mystic dwelling here,
And wander unconfined."

Thus with shovel and bier,
And slow and solemn pace,
The Sexton Built the narrow house,
For man's last resting place;
And as the victim fell,
And the funeral moved along,
He rang sad tones from the muffled bell,
And sang the Sexton's Song.

Miscellaneous Sections.

From Author's Home Gazette.

The Reformed Couple.

BY LINDA LINWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

We begin our story by describing the possessions of the principle actors therein.

In one of the Southern States is a pretty white house, half-hidden from view by the foliage of the trees; beautiful greensward and various kinds of shrubbery adorn the yard in front. About thirty yards distant in the background, are three neat cottages of servants, each with a shade tree in front and a garden in its rear. No dilapidated fence, no fields overrun with briars, are to be seen.—Right tassled corn is rustling in the summer breeze; cotton, with a profusion of red and white blossoms, gives promise of an abundant yield—a well trimmed orchard is bending beneath its load of fruit—snow white sheep, and plump, sleek cattle are contentedly grazing in rich pastures, where singing rills run joyously amid beautiful willows, which bend gracefully over their bright waters.

Henry Wentworth is proprietor of this lovely and well cultivated farm, and it is his guiding mind that keeps every thing in such fine order. He has been for three years a married man—his wife is young and beautiful—they have a lovely babe who has begun to smile on his parents, and is the delight of the family, which has also another member, the fair and gentle Marion Wentworth, the only sister of the husband, whom she loves with all the warmth of a sister's heart. He and his wife, with their child, are all the world to her now that her parents are gone from earth, and she has no other near relatives.—She and Fanny Waters (now her brother's wife) had loved each other from childhood, and her presence in the family adds to the enjoyment of all.

No mercenary motive caused this young couple to unite their destinies, and it seems as though there can be nothing to prevent their enjoying as much happiness as ever falls to the lot of humanity, but this is not the case.

Had Henry Wentworth been as careful to keep a well ordered mind as a neat farm, had he been as anxious to root angry passions from his heart as to destroy evil weeds from among his plants, peace would now be dwelling in his breast, and presiding over his household. Instead of ruling his own spirit, he indulged in a fretful, fault-finding disposition. His anger sometimes rose so high, that loud and severe language was used. His servants were however, so accustomed to this, that it threw not over their countenances the gloom of discontent.

'Don't feel bad if master Henry *does* scold mighty hard sometimes,' said they to the servants. Fanny brought there. 'He's just like old master, sort o' childish, but you must take care to mind him, or he'll send you off; he never keeps folks about him that don't do their best to please him. He is a right good master in some things. He gives us good victuals and clothes, takes mighty good care of us when we are sick, and gives us plenty of time to work crops for ourselves.'

The servants were not miserable, for each had a family circle, wherein they might love and be loved. Marion was not unhappy, for she had bent her neck to the easy yoke of Christ, from whom she received such strength, that every burden was light for her. But Fanny, having loved her husband with all the warmth of youthful affection, could not be happy when treated with unkindness by him. She had not learned to trust in God, and such a heart, when deprived of earthly love, is apt to become a desolate waste.

Henry Wentworth had a remarkable horror of being governed by a wife. Since his marriage, he had heard it said of an acquaintance that his wife led him where she pleased. To be thus spoken of he considered a deep disgrace, and resolved not to bear such a character before the world. In consequence of this resolution, several disagreeable circumstances took place, one of which we will relate.

Fanny wished to have rose-bushes in the yard. Henry said he disliked them because they were so liable to spread.

'We will not permit this,' said she; 'Marion and I will be happier if we are permitted to look on the roses, and enjoy their fragrance. I think you can hardly deny us so innocent a pleasure.'

As she said this, she looked so pleadingly and smiled so sweetly, that he was on the point of yielding, but a foolish fear of losing his authority prevailed, and he replied.

'I shall not permit them to grow in the yard.'

This incident, with many others, caused Mrs. Wentworth to draw a painful contrast between her husband and her parents, who after she arrived at years of discretion, denied her no request, without making her understand that to grant it would be improper. What a pity that any man should deny his wife cheap and innocent gratifications merely to show the strength of his will!

At first, when Henry Wentworth began to speak harshly to his wife, conscience reproved him; but unfortunately he had read many essays on the duties of wives, and scarcely any good advice for husbands. She should always be cheerful, thought he, and welcome me with gladness in her countenance. This she generally did, when he came in with unclouded brow; but when she saw that from some cause he was in an ill humor, she feared the consequences, for he was certain to find fault, the house was in disorder, the bread half baked, &c. For a long time she exerted herself to please his taste and fancy, whether she succeeded or not, was chiefly owing to his moods, and to do him credit, he was perhaps half the time in a pleasant temper; but the fond, self-sacrificing love she had felt for him, began to decline under repetition of acts and words like the following:

One morning, after tasting his coffee; he looked at her angrily saying, 'Who made this coffee?'

She answered that she had made it. He then walked to the head of the table, took the coffee pot and poured its smoking contents out of the window. Fanny burst into tears and left the room.

'Now you are going away to pout,' was his unfeeling remark.

'Oh, brother, how can you do so?' said Marion. 'You will kill Fanny.'

'I'll teach her to make better coffee, said he. 'But let me assure you, I shall allow no one to interfere in the management of my wife.'

Long and bitterly did the young wife weep but at length recollecting that her child might need her attention, she dried up her tears, and returned to the breakfast room. Marion had cleared away the things, but fragrant coffee was soaking in the pot, and warm cake, wrapped in a clean white cloth, were near the fire. Marion spoke, saying:

'Little Eddy still sleeps; come, eat something before he awakes.'

'O! if Henry were like you, how happy should I be,' and the tears again rained down her face.

Marion put her arms around her, and also wept. At length she said:

'I believe Henry is often deeply grieved with himself for his unkindness to you.'

'If you would only tell me so, it would be like balm to my bleeding heart, for then I should believe he loved me; but he never expresses any regret.'

That day was far from being a happy one for Henry Wentworth. He felt that he had done wrong, but his false views of things prevented him seeing his own conduct in its true light. Fanny's tears were a reproof. He had never seen his mother thus moved, though often treated harshly by his father. Had he known how she was brought to suffer so quietly, his feelings might have been different.—In youth her heart was warm and tender; but the cold blasts of unkindness had rendered it in a degree cold towards her husband. A stern sense of duty caused her to receive his reproaches in a meek and quiet spirit.

When Henry thought how unmoved his mother always appeared, he blamed his wife for such exhibitions of feeling, not knowing how often she (his mother) had thus wept, before her warm and youthful affections had been chilled. Had she continued to love her husband as at first, she would soon have sunk into the grave, for like poisoned arrows are cruel words from those we fondly love. We will not, however, say that she did not love her husband. She was a christian, and knew that she would violate the law of God by withholding affection from him. He also had some excellent qualities which she could love and admire.

When Henry came home to dinner that day, he praised the pudding and the roast, and made himself as agreeable as possible. Fanny also appeared cheerful, and began to believe he really did regret his harshness. Had he only said, 'I grieve that I pained you,' she would have been certain of this, and all would have been well. Why should not husbands and wives act thus towards each other? He, who knows what best can heal the bitter waters of strife, has said that the wronged one must receive an expression of repentance, and in that event, forgiveness must not be withheld. (Read Luke xvii, 3, 4.)

After a calm of some days, his stormy temper again broke forth. Fanny at length became so much alienated from him, that instead of weeping she received his reproaches with sullen looks. 'I will not love one who cares nothing for me,' said she to herself. Not long after she formed this resolution, she began to give the angry retort, and sometimes assailed him with bitter words without just cause. She also otherwise annoyed him.

He was in the habit of throwing out of doors whatever he found on his bed on retiring to rest. One night he threw out a garment on which she was sewing, and had thoughtlessly left there. She immediately went to the wardrobe, took some article os his clothing, and tossed it out. A quarrel ensued, and his garment got the benefit of the dew that night.

The fourth year of their marriage found the young couple very unhappy. Fanny now loved her husband less than she did his gentle sister, and seldom exerted herself to please him; therefore he had real cause for complaint. The firm principles of piety which had kept his mother in the path of duty, were waiting in his wife. Had she, however, been conscious of being beloved by her husband, she would have been a good, affectionate wife.

"Love, and love only, is the loan of love,"

is the sentiment of a distinguished poet, when speaking of friendship. It is equally true of that affection which is felt in the conjugal relation. Love with Fanny found no return, and it no longer went forth to her husband. He considered himself a most unfortunate man. Often, when he wished to converse cheerfully, she was in ill humor, and she scarcely ever gave him the soft answer which turneth away wrath. Her maid, who had grown up with her, and once thought nobody as good and pretty as her young mistress, said one day to her mother—

'I never did think Fanny could be so fretful.'

The reply was—

'I always knew she would not love anybody that didn't like her. When she was a child, if she did anything naughty to me, I would say, 'Miss Fanny, you know aunt Silla loves you, and you make her sorry.' Then she would come and put my cheeks, and say, 'I love you too, and won't do so again.''

Marian Wentworth with deep grief saw this state of things. She loved them both, and instinctively understood the cause of her sister-in-law's unamiable temper. She still hoped that her brother could be induced to act in such a manner as to win back his wife's love. 'Poor Henry, I pity him,' she said to herself—'He planted thorns in his own path, which now pierce him daily.' One day, on opening her Bible, these words met her eyes: 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' Encouraged, she prayed continually for that wisdom which might enable her to lead those dear ones to peace and happiness.

CHAPTER II.

It is a balmy morning in Spring. Henry Wentworth and his sister are on horseback. A protracted meeting is being held ten miles distant from their home, and they have started early, to be in time for the morning service. Their way is across a retired part of the country.—Now they pass through a beautiful woodland, ringing with the songs of birds, and anon they emerge into an open country, where cultivated fields, green meadows and blossoming orchards, are smiling in the sunlight and glistening with dewdrops.

These scenes, so full of gladness to the peaceful heart, filled Henry with sadness, for he felt that there was a painful contrast between his own feelings and the aspect of nature. That morning, Fanny was in a very unhappy mood, and refused to accompany them to church, without giving him any reason for choosing to remain at home. As he rode along, thinking over the scenes of strife, through which he had lately passed, they neared a grave-yard. The tomb-stones of their parents were distinctly seen. Slowly and sadly they passed that quiet abode of the dead, busied with the thoughts of the past. When Marion looked at her brother, she saw that his eyes were moist with tears. At length, he said—

'If all women were like our mother, how much happier the world would be! at least, I should be less miserable.'

Marion had long wished for such an opportunity. She knew that to speak to him on the subject which had lately occupied her thoughts, would be useless, unless he were in a proper frame of mind; but he was now sad and subdued. She told him he might yet be happy, and avoiding as much as possible what would give him pain, reminding him of his harshness to his wife, telling him how she had wept in her arms, and said, if she could only believe that he was grieved with himself for treating her thus, she could love him as well as ever. She had seen her exertions to please him, and marked her sadness when she failed, until the tender plant of love, unblest with the dew of kindness, had withered and died. 'You spoke of mother,' said she. 'It was her firm trust in God which gave her strength to bear her trials. She was also a devoted Christian, and felt that she was required to love and reverence her husband, notwithstanding his harsh treatment. Fanny makes no pretensions to enjoy the faith of the child of God; but if you can win back her love, she will be to you everything you can wish.'

'Does she seem to love you as well as ever?' said Henry.

'She does; and told me that the cause of her refusing to go with us to-day, was that she believed Eddy to be unwell. I offered to remain with her, but to this she earnestly objected, saying it always gave her pleasure to see me happy.'

'I believe,' said Henry, 'that I have imbibed erroneous ideas. I often heard father say, that the duty of wives was uncomplaining submission, and always saw mother yield her wishes to him so readily, that I imagined husbands had a right to be stern, and exacting, and women were in duty bound to submit without a word. I feel inclined to do what you suggest, but fear for myself. My temper, naturally violent, has acquired a giant's strength by indulgence, and may overpower reason.'

'Pray for strength, brother,' said Marion, pray earnestly, and in faith, and the victory will be yours. 'Seek and ye shall find,' is a promise on which to found your faith. God will not refuse us anything which will make us better, when we seek him with all the heart.'

During the day's services they heard a sermon in which the speaker dwelt much on the advantages of meekness. 'The meek shall inherit the earth,' said he, 'is proved by observation and every day's experience. They only enjoy fully its blessings, for to those of an opposite character, the purest joys of love and friendship are embittered and often destroyed by angry passions. Meekness proves a shield against insult, calumny and ridicule.' But we need not follow the speaker any further. It is sufficient to say, that before the services closed, Henry Wentworth had resolved to become a better man.

When they arrived at home, they found little Eddy alarmingly ill. Fanny had sent for a physician, who came soon after their return. At Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth's earnest request, he remained with them all night, and afterwards visited them daily. But no earthly power could arrest the progress of the disease. In a few days their home was dark; for he who had been the delight of all hearts, (including the servants) was sleeping in the silent grave.

On no one did the night of sorrow settle with such blackness, as on the young mother. Since she conceived the thought that her husband loved her not, she had felt for her beautiful boy an affection uncommon even for a mother, for he was her only joy. During his sickness she could scarcely be persuaded to take rest or food, and when she saw him breathe his last, she fell fainting to the floor.—Hours elapsed before she was restored to any degree of consciousness. Partial delirium succeeded, a physician was sent for, who pronounced that she was suffering with brain fever. After consigning his precious child to the tomb, Mr. Wentworth took his station by the bedside of his wife, and did everything he could to alleviate her sufferings. The most of the time she lay in a kind of stupor, sometimes talking. Deep anguish filled his heart when he heard her say—

'They have taken away my child. I have no one to love me now. Henry loves me not—he never did love me.'

This was more than he could bear. He hastily left her in the care of Marion, and sought a place where he might, unseen, give vent to his feelings. He there prayed for his own forgiveness—for her recovery, and vowed that if her life were spared, he would dedicate the remainder of his life to the performance of every duty required of him by his Heavenly Father, towards that now stricken one—towards every creature which He had made, and towards his God.

After weeks of suffering, the fever and delirium had subsided, but she remained as feeble as an infant, whose life is only numbered by days. Then first she perceived how untiring was her husband in his attentions. It was he who oftenest chafed her cold hands, and applied to her lips the life preserving stimulant. It was he who lifted her so tenderly to another couch, that hers might be made more comfortable. It was he who watched her feeble pulse so constantly, lest the flickering flame of life should suddenly go out, (which is sometimes the case in this disease, after the fever leaves the patient.) Too feeble to converse, she often lay looking at her pale but handsome husband with a kind of wonder. One day, after lying very quiet with her eyes closed for some time, she heard Marion say, in a low voice—

'Now Fanny sleeps, let me entreat you to take some rest.'

'Ask me not to leave her,' was his reply, 'she is not yet out of danger. I can rest no where so well as by her side. I would make some amends for the grief I caused her when in health, and sure—my life is so bound up in hers, that when I am not near her, the fear that she may become suddenly worse, drives sleep from my eyes.'

He does indeed love me, thought Fanny, and this assurance contributed to her more rapid recovery.

Her strength, at length, returned sufficiently to enable her to sit in an easy chair.

One day Henry was sitting by her side. He took her pale hand and pressed it to his lips, saying—

'I fervently thank God that you are spared to bless me.'

'Dear Henry,' said she, 'I once thought you did not love me, and often caused you pain by my unreasonable conduct. Can you forgive me?'

'Forgive you?' said Henry. 'It is I who should ask your forgiveness.'

He then related the conversation between himself and Marion during their ride—the sermon which so deeply impressed him—his firm resolution to reform, and his distress when she seemed so near death.

'I trust,' said Fanny, with tears of joy there are yet many good days for us, for which we should feel largely indebted to Marion. She is our good angel.'

'She is, indeed, and all the reward she seems to desire is our happiness,' said he.

According to Marion's prediction, Fanny became everything her husband could wish. He became truly religious; she also walked with him the narrow way of life. Their good example also had a salutary effect upon their servants, some of whom also chose the pleasant ways of wisdom.

Years have passed since the death of little Eddy. Two more lovely children enliven their home, where peace and contentment now dwell. Marion has found another home, and another heart, which beats in unison with her own. But she still loves, as warmly as ever, her brother and sister, who have always considered her their angel of deliverance.

Grace Greenwood.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The gifted writer who has won such a wide and beautiful reputation around the hearthstones of this country, under the name of GRACE GREENWOOD was born in Pompey, a quiet agricultural town in Onondaga county, N. Y. Her family name was Sara G. Clarke, which by her marriage with Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, in October last, is again changed; but the appellation by which she will be best known in the history of American literature, is that under which she made her earliest appearance in the field of authorship, and attracted a multitude of appreciative and admiring readers.

The first years of her childhood were spent with her parents, and a large family of brothers and sisters, in a pleasant rural home in her native place. Here she acquired that face-to face familiarity with nature, that wild passion for out-door sports and exercises which made her a sort of Die Vernon at an early age, and which, if we may judge from her writings, the experience of maturer life has never quite taken out of her heart. No one but a genuine country-girl, with eye and soul alive to all the enchantments of woods and waters, and verdant fields, could have given the living description of Beauty which we find in one of her published letters.—"Beauty," says the jocund Grace, "is no fragile, ringed, and powdered ball-room belle; but a wild, blooming, vigorous nymph of the mountains, a bounding, sparkling Undine, amid green dells and dashing waterfalls. Her eye flashes not back the glaring brilliancy of the gay saloon, but warm sunshine and clear starlight; and her voice is not tuned to the harp and guitar, but sings with the wild bird and laughs with the rivulet. Hebe herself was no luxurious resident of a marble palace, with silken couches and velvet carpets, but reclined beneath the shades and danced amid the dews and moving splendors of the sacred mountain of the Gods. The Muses and Graces were all young ladies of rural propensities and most unrefined habits."

A little incident of her childhood is related in one of her juvenile works, which shows the precocious development of that spirit of enterprise and romance which seems to be ingrained in her natural temperament. On a certain occasion it appears that the young madcap had called forth the displeasure of her affectionate mother, by indulging in a wild equestrian performance which had nearly ended in broken bones. 'It happened,' says Grace, 'that I had on that day a nice new dress, which I had sadly soiled by my fall from the pony; so that when I reached home, my mother was greatly displeased. I suppose I made a very odd appearance.—I was swinging my bonnet in my hand, for I had a natural dislike to any sort of covering for the head. My thick, dark hair, had become unbraided and was blowing over my eyes. I was never very fair in complexion, and my face, neck and arms had become completely browned by that summers exposure. My mother took me by the shoulder, set me down in a chair, not very gently, and looked at me with a real frown on her sweet face. She told me in plain terms that I was an idle careless child! I put my finger in one corner of my mouth, and swung my foot back and forth. She said I was a great romp! I pouted my lip and drew down my black eye-brows. She said I was more like a wild young squaw than a white girl. Now this was to much; it was what I called 'twitting upon facts' and it was not the first time that the delicate question of my complexion had been touched upon without due regard for my feelings. I was not to blame for being dark.—I did not make myself,—I *had* seen fairer women than my mother. I felt that what she said was neither more nor less than an insult; and when she went out to see about supper, and left me alone, I brooded over her words, growing more and more out of humor, till my naughty heart became so hot and big with anger that it almost choked me. At last I bit my lip and looked very stern, for I had made up my mind to something great. Before I let you know what this was, I must tell you that the Onondaga tribe of Indians had their village not many miles from us. Every few months parties of them came about with baskets and mats to sell. A company of five or six had been to our house that very morning, and I knew that they had their encampment in our woods, about half a mile distant.—These I knew very well, and had quite a liking for them, never thinking of being afraid of them, as they always seemed kind and peaceable.

To them I resolved to go in my trouble. They would teach me to weave baskets, to fish and to shoot with the bow and arrow. They would not make me study, nor wear bonnets, and they would never find fault with my dark complexion. I remember to this day how softly I slid out of the house that evening. I never stopped once, nor looked round, but ran swiftly till I reached the woods. I did not know which way to go to find the encampment, but wandered about in the gathering darkness, till I saw a light glimmering through the trees at some distance. I made my way through the bushes and brambles, and after a while came upon my Indian friends. In a very pretty place, down in a hollow, they had built them some wigwams with hemlock boughs. There were in the group two Indians, two squaws, and a boy about fourteen years old. But I must not forget the baby or rather pappoose, who was lying in a sort of cradle, made of a large, hollow piece of bark which was hung from the branches of a tree by pieces of the wild grape vine. The young squaw, its mother, was swinging it back and forth, now far into the dark shadows of the pine and hemlock, now out into the warm firelight, and chanting to the child a wild Indian lullaby. The men sat on a log, smoking gravely and silently; while the boy lay on the ground, playing lazily with a great yellow hound, which looked lean and starved, like all Indian dogs. The old squaw was cooking the supper in a large iron pot, over a fire built among a pile of stones.

"For some time, I did not dare to go forward, but at last I went up to the old squaw and looking up into her good natured face, said, 'I am come to live with you and learn to make baskets, for I don't like my home.' She did not say anything to me, but made some exclamation in her own language, and the others came crowding round. The boy laughed, shook me by the hand, and said I was a brave girl; but the old Indian grinned horribly and laid his hand on my fore head saying, 'What a pretty head to scalp!' I screamed and hid my face in the young squaw's blue cloth skirt. She spoke soothingly and told me not to be afraid, for nobody would hurt me. She then took me to her wigwam, where I sat down and tried to make myself at home. But somehow I didn't feel quite comfortable. After a while the old squaw took off the pot, and called us to supper. This was succotash, that is, a dish of corn and beans, cooked with salt pork. We all sat down on the ground near the fire and eat out of great wooden bowls with wooden spoons, which I must say tasted rather too strong of the pine. But I did not say so then—by no means,—but ate a great deal more than I wanted, and pretended to relish it, for fear they would think me ill-bred. I would not have had them know but what I thought their supper served in the very best style, and by perfectly polite and genteel people. I was a little shocked, however by one incident during the meal. While the young squaw was helping her husband for the third or fourth time, she accidentally dropped a little hot succotash on his hand. He growled, like a dog, and struck her across the face with his spoon. I thought that she showed a most Christian spirit, for she hung her head, and did not say anything. I had heard of white wives behaving worse.

When supper was over the boy came and lay down at my feet and talked with me about living in the woods. He said he pitied the poor white people for being shut up in houses all their days. For his part he should die of such a dull life he knew he should. He promised to show me how to shoot with the bow and arrows, to snare partridges and rabbits, and many other things. He said he was afraid I was almost spoiled by living in the house and going to school, but he hoped that, if they took me away and gave me a new name, and dressed me properly, they might make something of me yet. Then I asked him what he was called, hoping that he had some grand Indian name, like Uncas, or Miantonimo, or Tuslimalahah; but he said it was Peter. He was a pleasant fellow, and while he was talking with me I did not care about my home, but felt very brave and squaw-like, and began to think about the fine belt of wampum, and the head dress of gay feathers, and the red leggings, and the yellow moccasins I was going to buy for myself, with the baskets I was going to learn to weave. But when he left me, and I went back to the wigwam and sat down on the hemlock boughs by myself, somehow, I could not keep home out of my mind. I thought first of my mother, how she would miss the little brown face at the supper table, and on the pillow by the fair faces of my blue-eyed sister. I thought of my young brother Albert, crying himself to sleep, because I was lost. I thought of my father and brothers searching through the orchard and barn, and going with lights to look in the mill-stream. Again I thought of my mother, how, when she feared I was drowned, she would cry bitterly and be very sorry for what she had said about my dark complexion. Then I thought of myself, how I must sleep on the hard ground, with nothing but hemlock boughs for covering, and nobody to tuck me up. What if it should storm before morning and the high tree above me should be struck by lightning. What if the old Indian should not be a tame savage after all, but should take a fancy to set up the war whoop and come and scalp me in the middle of the night. [illegible] The bell in the village church rang for evening devotions at home. I looked round to see if my new friends were preparing for worship. But the old Indian was already fast asleep, and as for the younger one, I feared that a man who indulged himself in beating his wife with a wooden spoon, would hardly be likely to lead in family prayers. Upon the whole, I concluded I was among rather a heathenish set.—Then I thought again of home and doubted whether they would have any family worship that night, with one lamb of the flock gone astray. I thought of all their grief and fears, till I felt that my heart would burst with sorrow and repentance, for I dared not cry aloud.

Suddenly I heard a familiar sound at a little distance,—it was Carlo's bark!—Nearer and nearer it came; then I heard steps coming fast through the crackling brushwood; then little Carlo sprang out of the dark into the firelight, and leaped upon me, licking my hands with joy. He was followed by one of my elder brothers, and my *mother!* To her I ran. I dared not look in her eyes, but hid my face in her bosom, sobbing out, 'O mother, forgive me!' She pressed me to her heart, and bent down and kissed me very tenderly, and when she did so, I felt the tears on her dear cheeks.

"I need hardly say that, I never again undertook to make an Onondaga squaw of myself though my mother always held that I was dark enough to be one, and I suppose the world would still bear her out in her opinion."

While she was still a school girl, her parents removed to the city of Rochester, where she enjoyed the excellent educational advantages of that place, and gained her first experience of the social life to which she has remained enthusiastically attached. Writing several years after, Grace pays a feeling tribute to the temporary residence of her early years. "Rochester," she says, "was for some years my well-beloved home; here it was that I spent my few school-days; received my trifle of book knowledge; for much learning has never made me 'mad' or 'blue.' It was here that woman's life first opened upon me; not as a romance, not as a fairy dream, not as a golden heritage of beauty and of pleasure, but as a sphere of labor, and care and endurance; an existence of many efforts and few successes, of eager and great aspirations, and slow and partial realizations. Life has thus far been to me severely earnest, profoundly real, and my days of romantic pleasures and ideal visions are yet to come."

In 1843, she removed, with her parents, to New Brighton, Pa., where she has since resided, until her recent marriage, although spending a very considerable portion of her time in Washington, Philadelphia, and other eastern cities. Soon after her removal to New Brighton, she commenced her career as authoress.—Her first productions, under the signature of 'Grace Greenwood,' were contributed to the *New York Mirror*, then under the editorial care of George P. Morris, and N. P. Willis. The brilliant literary lights of both those gentlemen did not make them indifferent to the promise of rising genius. They at once discerned the sterling merit of their contributor, reached forth to her the hand of friendly welcome, spoke those words of kindly encouragement which are so grateful and precious to the heart of the timid aspirant and challenged for her writings the public favor, which they have since enjoyed in no stinted measure. In the recollections of those eminent men, we are sure there can be few brighter passages than the effusive sympathy which, in this as well as on numerous other occasions, they have accorded to the first modest efforts of youthful genius.

Among the poetical pieces which attracted the greatest share of admiration, may be reckoned the "Ariadne," the "Horseback Ride," and "Pygmalion."—These were succeeded by various compositions in prose which at once attracted notice, piqued curiosity, and made the name of 'Grace Greenwood' a prime favorite among the numerous popular contributors to the widely circulated magazines of the day. In connection with other literary labors, she was the editor of the Ladies Book for a year. Her first volume, entitled 'Greenwood Leaves,' was brought out in 1850, by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston. It consists of a collection of tales, sketches, and letters, showing the genial powers and exuberant vivacity of the writer to singular advantage. In 1851, she published a volume of "Poems," and an admirable juvenile story-book, called "History of my Pets." A second series of "Greenwood Leaves" was issued the following year, and also another juvenile work, called "Recollections of my Childhood."—Each of these excellent works for the benefit of young people (though not without a charm to readers of every age) has been received with cordial delight and well in England as our own country.

In the spring of 1852, Grace was enabled to carry into effect a long cherished desire to visit Europe. She passed about fifteen months in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, and the Tyrol, gratifying her native love of art by the study of its choicest specimens in the galleries of the Old World, gaining fresh materials for poetry in the scenery and associations of a foreign land, forming an acquaintance with several of the most distinguished celebrities in literature, and enlivening the social circles in England in which she was warmly received by the irresistless attractions of her witty piquancy, originality, and Young American freedom from the slavish trammels of European society. She returned from her transatlantic tour in August last, and has since prepared a record of her travels, entitled "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe," which will shortly be issued by Ticknor, Reed and Fields.—This volume it may be predicted, will possess as great an interest for the public in general as any of her previous works. With her wonderful powers of observation, and never failing tact for selecting the subject matter suited to give a living, daguerreotype sketch of her impressions, and her