

Select Tale.

From Godey's Lady's Book.
ROSES AND CABBAGES;
OR THE
Useful and the Beautiful.

Charlie Anderson was discontented. And who is not discontented? The millionaire who has accumulated immense hoards of wealth, and amassed sums far beyond what his most sanguine hopes had pictured, is not satisfied. The statesman and the warrior who have climbed the ladder of fame to its summit, to whom nations render homage, are not content with what they have achieved.—The author and the poet, though they read their praises in a thousand journals, are not satisfied; neither is the village belle, though a dozen lovers are sighing at her feet. Charlie Anderson, as we said at first, was not satisfied, was not content, though he could hardly assign any reason to himself why he was not.—He had a kind and wealthy father, who supplied him very liberally with money, and a mother who loved him dearly, for he was their only child. Charles Anderson had been in fact a spoiled child, and was nearly a spoiled man. Having never enjoyed the advantages of early poverty and adversity, the school of great men and great achievements, but having from infancy moved smoothly on in conscious security and plenty, he had acquired an indolent forceless habit of mind which was more unworthy from the fact that he was naturally endowed with fine abilities.

But it was no secret regret for wasted opportunities and misspent time that made him discontented at present. He had arrived at that age when men think very seriously on the subject of matrimony, and it was matrimonial thoughts which now disturbed him.—He had reasoned or fancied himself into the conclusion that he could not be happy without a wife, and he was determined to get married as soon as he could. He was not in love by any means.

'As for love,' said he to his grandmother, with whom he was discussing the subject, 'I can love just whom I choose, for that is a matter more of association than anything else, and I am old enough now to let reason have some hand in the business. A man is much more influenced by feeling before he is twenty-five than after that age. But here I am twenty-seven years old, almost an old bachelor; I must bestir myself, and get a rib.'

'And Charlie,' replied his grandmother, 'be sure that you marry a girl that can make a wife in fact, a helpmate; don't throw yourself away on one of these fine stuck-up young ladies, who can do nothing but dress, and play on the piano, and read novels, and talk about moonlight. Get a wife that can make shirts and puddings, and make up beds, and raise chickens and cabbages, and make home comfortable. Girls are different now from what they used to be when I was young. There is Susan Prim; now she is a nice, quiet, industrious girl, just the very one to make a good domestic wife.'

But Charlie's mother, who had rather higher notions than his grandmother, for the family had been 'rising' since she was a girl, put in a word;

'I hope that when Charlie does marry, he will get a wife whom he will not be ashamed to see in society. I would prefer that he should get a lady who is qualified to move in any circle. He does not need a wife to work for him, but one whom he will be proud to compare with the best in the land, and such a one he is entitled to.'

Charlie said no more upon the subject at the time, but he had his own opinion in relation to the subject. He felt perfectly confident that he could follow his reason entirely in the important matter, and never once thought of the possibility of falling in love.—He imagined that it was possible for a young man of susceptibility and refinement to enter into the marriage contract with as much coolness and deliberation as he would take a railroad contract or go into the tea trade, and having escaped, as he thought, the dangers of youthful impetuosity—for he had been in love once—he would be calm and cautious in choosing a partner for life. He had read, in many newspapers and moral essays, the solution of the momentous problem, 'how to choose a wife.' Many wise saws had he perused wherein industry, modesty, meekness, domestic qualifications, &c., were lauded, and fashionable accomplishments decried, the spinning-wheel exalted and the piano abused; the authors of which advice had of course followed the same in their own cases, or more probably could speak with more certainty from having experienced the evils of not doing so. However, Charlie was strong in the belief that he would exercise great caution in choosing for himself a wife, and he was determined to have a good one.

Charlie Anderson was a desirable match for any girl in the village, and so he knew or thought himself to be. He was a fine-looking, healthy young man, with brown hair and bright, grey, intelligent eyes; and he had in

his own right, besides a rich father, a considerable fortune. He had received a classical education, and possessed easy and graceful manners, and great conversational powers.—So, with an ordinary amount of vanity, and forgetting the unaccountable nature of women especially young ones, he imagined that all he had to do was to make his selection according to the rules of philosophy and prudence, then say the word, and the thing would be done. He was acquainted with all the young ladies in the village, and had been flirting with some of them for years, but he was determined to set out now *de nous* with a serious matrimonial intention, to inspect and observe closely the qualities and merits of those young ladies whom he might consider marriageable.

Susan Prim was considered by most of the old folks as one of the best 'chances' for a young man in the whole village. She was a perfect specimen of the 'practical,' and a very good specimen of the 'material' was Susan. She was a bouncing, flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, who had a great reputation for domestic qualifications; just such a lassie as would have been the *beau ideal* of Dr. Johnson, but could scarcely have taken the eye of Byron or Napoleon. Charlie was well acquainted with the family, and did not hesitate, on the recommendation of his grandmother, to make his matrimonial visits in this direction; he wanted to try if he could not 'like' Susan well enough to marry her. He was already acquainted with her, but had never looked upon her with the eye of matrimony.

Susan was the pride of her mother. Mrs. Prim never failed to show off to company the eminently useful and practical abilities of her daughter. One day, shortly after Charlie had determined, as above stated, to enter forthwith into the matrimonial condition, he took dinner with the Prim's. This was a first rate opportunity to learn the merits of Miss Susan.

'Try some of these pickles, Mr. Anderson; they are some of Susan's own making; you will find them excellent; she is a great hand to make pickles.'

'Really, Mrs. Prim, they are very fine, and Miss Susan deserves great credit for them.'

'She is quite an adept in all these things. You needn't blush and be ashamed of it daughter. Here's some heets that she raised herself, and she made the jelly you are eating with your turkey. I am quite proud of Sue, and take credit to myself for her raising. She is one of the most industrious girls I ever saw; she knows how to manage things about the house as well as I do myself. I raised her in the old-fashioned way, to make herself useful.'

Various articles, especially in the pudding and pie line, were found to be productions of Miss Susan's industry. Indeed, she was evidently an excellent housekeeper, could make her own dresses, made the finest shirts for her father, and took pride in having everything about the place marvellously neat. She bore herself very modestly under the encomiums of her mother, and Charlie began to think that she was just the person to make a comfortable home. It was true she had not dark hair or brown eyes, which he would have preferred, but then he could do very well without them, and he had half made up his mind to 'put in' at Squire Prim's by the time dinner was over after which the young folks were shown into the parlor.

The house was finely situated, and from its windows could be seen a very beautiful landscape; the situation was the merest accident, for old Prim never once thought of beauty in selecting its site. It was summer; the whole vegetable creation was rejoicing in new life; the flowers were budding forth in glorious profusion everywhere. Everywhere, did I say? not so; our hero could discover none in the front garden of Prim's house, in the place where flowers ought to be. Charlie had a taste, or rather an eye and a nose for flowers and he expected to see some of them, in pots or in front yard, but there were none; and what struck him as peculiar was the fact that instead of roses and pinks, the practical hand of Miss Susan had planted there sage and beans and onions and cabbages. This he did not exactly like; it was carrying usefulness too far.

'What a beautiful view you have from this window!' said Charlie.

'Yes,' said Miss Susan.

'It seems to me that if I were going to build a residence for myself, I would select a situation for beauty, as much or more than for any other advantage. Do you not think that the scenery which we are accustomed to contemplate has considerable influence in forming our minds and dispositions?'

'Yes.'

'Most of the countries that have been distinguished by great men and heroic actions, which have occupied a large place in the history of the world, and where the light of immortal genius has shone with the most brilliancy, are countries abounding in beautiful scenery, as Palestine, Greece, and Italy.'

'Yes.'

'I see you have a taste for poetry,' said Charlie, taking up a volume which 'ornamented' the centre-table. 'This is my favorite au-

thoress, Mrs. Hemans. Her 'Pilgrim Fathers' is a poem not surpassed in any language or in any age!'

'Yes, she is a very good poet.'

'It is strange that women have not excelled in poetry. It would seem that they are eminently qualified for this species of composition, having more sensibility, more delicacy of feeling, and more ready invention than men.'

'Yes.'

Charlie looked out of the window; he saw browsing on the green hill-side a very fine herd of cattle; they made a picturesque appearance, and so he remarked. He had struck the right cord; this brought Miss Susan out.

'Yes they are mighty fine cattle. Do you see that brown cow off by herself? That is one of the greatest cows that you ever saw; she gives gallons of milk every day; and there's another in the same flock that is almost as good. Pa got the breed from Cousin Joe Williams.'

Charlie found Miss Susan perfectly at home on the subject of raising cows and calves and chickens, and the times and the modes of planting cabbages, &c. And after spending much time in this very useful discussion, he left her, with the promise of bringing her some rare cabbage-seed which his grandmother had recently received.

'Well, Charlie,' said his grandmother, 'and so you spent the day at the Prim's. How do you begin to like Miss Susan; she is a fine smart girl, isn't she?'

'Yes grandma she's smart enough, and a very good girl too.'

'And I suppose you have been courting her all day?'

'Well not exactly; the fact is—'

'Why what objection can you find to her now? You know you said you had outgrown foolish notions about loving pretty faces, and all that sort of thing?'

'Why, the truth is, grandma, Miss Susan is a good enough girl, and I have no doubt would make a very industrious domestic wife, but she lacks mind and refined sentiment.'

'There you are now talking nonsense just like some young boy. What have sentiment and poetry and all that to do with getting married, keeping house, and having all things comfortable about you?'

'Why, you see grandma, a man marries a wife not merely to provide for his comfort and domestic convenience, but as a companion and friend. Man is twofold in his nature, animal and intellectual or spiritual, and he needs aliment for his soul as well as for his body. How is it possible for a man, who has any tastes or desires above mere sensual comforts, to enjoy the marriage state to its full extent with one who has no tastes similar to his own, and with whom he can have no community of sentiment? Woman was designed to be a helpmate to man, not merely in the provision of food and clothing, but in the higher and nobler aspirations of his soul. It is her province to animate him with lofty purposes, and incite him to honorable exertion; to sympathize with him in his triumphs, or soothe him in disappointment and sorrow.'

'Well, well! Charlie; that's all very fine. I am afraid that your mother and your college going have put some mighty flighty notions in your head. But 'mind me; you had better take my advice about this matter. There was your grandfather and me; I am sure we got along mighty well, and we never had any of your notions about sentiment and aspirations, and all that. But do as you please.'

'Did you see Angelina Rosedale at church today?' said Mrs. Anderson one Sunday. 'She is a beautiful girl, isn't she?'

'Yes she is a remarkably fine-looking young lady, and exceedingly graceful.'

'She dresses with such excellent taste.—That's a chance for you, Charlie you must go and see her.'

'Yes, ma'am, I intend to call there to-morrow evening; I have not been to see her since her return from the North.'

'Old Rosedale is rich, you know, and the family is of the first blood. Angelina is the very girl to make a fine appearance in society. She is so very ladylike. She is worth looking after.'

Accordingly the next evening after dressing himself with unusual care, Charlie Anderson set out to visit Miss Angelina Rosedale. Arrived at the house, he passed through a very beautiful flower-garden, redolent with roses and violets; and every other species of flowers; and having knocked for admittance, was ushered into a splendidly furnished parlor, where he had to wait for a considerable time. At length Miss Angelina made her appearance, saluted Mr. Anderson with great dignity and grace, and sank upon a sofa with a languid, exhausted air. Her form was sylph-like, and very beautiful was her face; Charlie thought he had never seen such a pretty lady before.

'And so you have been to the North again, Miss Angelina? I suppose our little town looks rather dull and dingy to you after visiting the splendid northern cities.'

'Why really, Mr. Anderson, I don't know how you live in this little old place all through the summer. I think I should die if I were compelled to stay here.'

'Oh, we manage to get along, after a fashion, with books and various little amusements. I suppose you had a pleasant trip.'

'We had an unusually fine time this summer. Have you ever been at Saratoga? Oh, that is such a delightful place!'

'Did you ever spend much time there?'

'Only about two weeks. We made some very pleasant acquaintances there—the Squeezlephantums from New York, and the Tapewells of Philadelphia; they made quite a sensation; and there was Mr. Dantell, who, you know, is such an entertaining beau.'

'I suppose you went to Niagara also.'

'Oh, yes! We went there also, but did not stay long; the company was not so agreeable as at the springs. We only stayed there a day.'

'But did you have time to see the falls sufficiently in so short a time?'

'Oh, you don't suppose we went there to look at the falls, do you?'

'Why, certainly, Miss Angelina; for what else?'

'Why, to see the people who were there, and to dance and enjoy one's self.'

'But was you not filled with wonder at the sight of the mighty cataract?'

'Oh, yes! Of course, I was,' said Miss Angelina, recollecting herself, and quoting: 'It is one of the most sublime spectacles that the eye of man ever beheld, and fills the soul with emotions of grandeur ineffable. It impresses us with the majesty and omnipotence of the Creator, and our own littleness and insignificance; but pa says they have more ways to cheat people out of their money there than any other place he ever was at.'

It happened that, as Miss Angelina cast her eyes casually in the direction of the door, she saw—oh, horror!—a cat, a dreadful cat enter the room. Now, whether she thought that it became her, as a lady of refined sentiment and delicate, nervous temperament, to become at once immensely terrified, or whether she really did have an antipathy to the harmless little animal, we do not know; but, appropriating one of the screams of the song to her case, she jumped up from the piano, and besought Mr. Anderson, in the most pathetic terms, to protect her from the dreadful creature, and drive it out. Charlie made at puss with great ardor, and in the chase she ran over the feet of Miss Angelina; this settled the matter. There was a sofa convenient; and so the lady fainted at once. The family were alarmed; and not until cold water and salts were abundantly applied did Miss Angelina revive, when after a decent period had elapsed, he took his leave.

'She is very beautiful,' thought he, as he slowly wended his way home, 'and she sings and plays very finely, and has some mind and sentiment; but I find something lacking about her. I don't think she would make a happy home. A man can't live on roses altogether, any more than he can on cabbages.'

Days and months passed away; and still Charlie was a bachelor, notwithstanding his resolution, and notwithstanding Miss Angelina looked very beautiful at him, and he took dinner several times at Mr. Prim's. He had too much intellect and poetry in his composition for the one, and too much philosophy and common sense for the other. Like a sensible man, he was using his reason and calm judgment in the matter.

One evening, as our hero was strolling in the outskirts of the village, his ear caught the sound of a favorite song, sung by one of the sweetest voices that he had ever heard; he paused and listened. The voice proceeded from a little white cottage, with an ivy-covered porch, and a little flower-garden in front—Charlie knew it well as the residence of Mrs. Eaton, a widow lady in humble circumstances; but he could not imagine who it was that made such beautiful music, for he thought it the sweetest voice that he had ever heard. Long did he listen to the strains; and all the way home the sweet tones of the unknown songstress haunted his soul. When he returned home, he inquired of his mother who it was that was staying at the widow Eaton's.

'Why, Mary Eaton, her daughter, who has just returned from school, or rather from teaching school; for she has been teaching for a year. Don't you remember little Mary that used to pass here every day?'

'Oh, yes! I remember her very well now, she had such pretty brown eyes.'

'How came you to inquire about her?'

'Why, I was passing Mrs. Eaton's this evening, and I heard the sweetest voice singing; that I ever listened to; and I could not imagine who it was. I think I must claim old acquaintance.'

'I have no doubt, Charlie, that you will find Miss Mary a very fine girl; and you must take care of your heart, for she is very pretty and accomplished. It is a great pity that she is poor.'

According to his resolution, Charlie, the next evening, called at Mrs. Eaton's; he was ushered into a plain, but neatly furnished little parlor, where he found Miss Mary.—Mary Eaton had not regular features; but her hair was of a beautiful brown, and she had the prettiest brown eyes in the world. It was

not long before Charlie was on the very best terms with the little schoolmistress. They talked about old times and old friends, and Mary sang and played many sweet old songs just to suit Charlie's taste; so he passed a delightful evening, and was half in love, though he did not know it when he started home.

Night after night found Charlie at the widow Eaton's. At first, he labored to find some excuse for his visits; but at last he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that his heart was gone—that he was dead in love. All his philosophy, all his cool reason, had vanished. He actually did not know, he had formed no idea whether Mary Eaton had a domestic turn or not, or whether she could make a comfortable home; he did know that she had a sweet voice, and that the light of her eye thrilled his soul with inexpressible emotion. It was with some misgivings that he broke the news of his intended proposal to his mother; as he expected, she objected and remonstrated. His grandmother thought Susan Prim a much better match; but old Mr. Anderson, who had been crossed in love in youth himself, and had not entirely forgotten that he was once a young man, as old men are so very apt to do, gave his opinion decidedly in favor of Charlie having his own way.

In the mean time, it had never once occurred to the mind of Charlie that perhaps he might meet with opposition to his matrimonial schemes from the young lady herself. It is true that, although he had not directly asked her the momentous question, he had had every kind of encouragement; and he did not doubt for a moment that he had made a favorable impression on Mary's heart, and that his suit would end according to his wishes. It was, therefore, with much surprise and mortification that he received a refusal.

'I will confess to you, Mr. Anderson,' said Mary, 'that I prefer you to any one in the world; but I cannot consent to marry you until you have proved yourself fully a man capable of acting an honorable and useful part in the great dream of life—a part worthy of your opportunities and talents. It may be an absurd thing in me; but I cannot love a man, Mr. Anderson, unless he shows the will and ability to distinguish himself from the masses by intellectual superiority. Perhaps I have read too much history or romance; but it is so. You have an ample field for the exercise of those talents which I know you possess. These are stirring times, and this is a progressive country; we have a great destiny to fulfil, and must all contribute our portion to the grand work. I can do but little myself; but I will exert what influence I can to animate others.'

Charlie attempted no reply; various and conflicting emotions made him dumb. To be reproached for inefficiency, for weakness, by any one, is bad enough; but when that reproach comes from one we love, it stings like a scorpion. Charlie felt humiliated; he almost hated himself, and, between disappointed love, mortified pride, and self reproach, he spent many sleepless hours that night.

From that time, Charles Anderson applied himself to study in earnest. Naturally gifted with eloquence and a fine genius, he soon distinguished himself as one of the leading men of the country and of the State. He was sent to represent his country in the legislature; and three years from the time when Mary Eaton rejected his suit he stood in the halls of Congress, one of the representatives of his State in the great council of the nation.

In the mean time, troubles had come on Mary and her mother. The little property which they had had been taken from them, owing to some defect in the title; and they now depended on the exertions of Mary alone for their support. Charlie had not been to see her since the eventful night of his rejection; for he felt so humiliated that he could not have looked her in the face.

'I always thought you were wrong, Mary, in rejecting Mr. Anderson,' said her mother one evening, as they were talking over their affairs; 'you will never have such an offer again.'

'I could not love him then, mother; and, if he cares nothing for me now that he has become a distinguished man, I cannot help it. It makes me happy though, to think that I have had some influence upon his destiny.'

It is a beautiful evening; the sun is smiling good-night to the budding trees and opening flowers of spring. The door of the cottage is open, and Mary is singing a plaintive old song to her piano. A manly step is heard on the piazza; and when she turns to see who it is, Charlie Anderson is standing in the door.—We pass over the embarrassment of the first greeting, both were agitated. At length, after they had become acquainted again, Charlie gathered courage to make a speech after this fashion: 'I owe to you, Miss Mary, all that I have done worthy of myself and my circumstances, and I have come again to offer you my hand and my whole heart.'

The rest of what was said and done on that occasion is not reported; but Charlie Anderson carried with him to Washington a bride (Concluded on seventh page.)