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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### Dark Hours.

BY MRS. A. B. ST. JOHN.

Oh, there are some dark hours in life,  
When the heart seems charged to breaking;  
The quickening pulse, with fever fire,  
Marks the slumbering passions waking.

When the rapt soul in burning chains,  
Seems writing in its sadness;  
Yet scorns the show of mortal pains,  
And smiles in reckless madness.

So lightning meets the storm cloud's power  
To dim its vivid flashing;  
And revels most when Tempests lower,  
With its echoing thunder crashing.

Or the wild laugh of maniac fears,  
That rings from Passion's struggle;  
Thus fills the soul with grief and tears,  
Its vaulted strength—a bubble!

Yes, there are times we love to feel  
A loneliness in sorrow;  
When from the world's bright charms we steal,  
And shades from memory borrow.

'Tis then we feel that kept remorse—  
The bliss we've madly blighted;  
For Time, whilst on his ceaseless course,  
Gives back no moments slighted.

Hope strews our path with sunny flowers,  
And lures us with bright seeming;  
Yet thorns will spring in fairest bowers,  
And wake the soul's sweet dreaming.

Life gives no joy without a pain,  
Twin-brother with every pleasure;  
Once lost, we ne'er may hope again  
To clasp the vanish'd treasure.

The more we love—the more our fears  
Are mingled with its sweetness;  
Its evanescent bliss appears  
To mock us with its fleetness.

Yes, there are hours, when haggard thought  
Will crowd our troubled soul;  
When joys of life seem dearly bought,  
Beneath its dark control.

## Autumn.

On woodland and on mountain side  
Rich varied tints appear;  
By mossy stones and wandering wave  
Pale leaves are falling here.  
The garden flowers all scattered lie,  
In sorrowful decay,  
And the greenness of the valley slope  
Is fading fast away.

And are the verdure and the bloom  
In their fresh prime so dear,  
That thus the spirit mourns o'er  
The ruin of the year!  
No! 'tis because true types are they  
Of lovelier, dearer things;  
Hopes, joys and transports, unto which  
The heart so fondly clings.

There is a moral in each leaf  
That droppeth from the tree;  
In each lone, barren bough that points  
To heaven so mournfully;  
Mute nature in her silent way  
A mystic lesson tells,  
And they who watch the Sybil well  
May profit by her spells. (Knickerbocker.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine for October.

### LIZZIE LINCOLN, A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

#### CHAPTER I.

Oh! I see the old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims, preaching down a  
daughter's heart. Tenyson.

#### FORM AND FEELING.

They were twin sisters, and so alike in form and feature that at a first glance you could not tell them apart; but you had only to watch them for five minutes to be quite sure that Lizzie was Lizzie and nobody but her own sweet self, and that Priscilla was Priscilla—for in mind, in heart, in expression, they were as different as sunshine and moonlight or a statue and painting, and with the same sort of difference too; both beautiful—but the one cold, calm, pale and still—the other glowing with life, full of spirits, genial and sensitive; Priscilla stately, formal, reserved, apathetic—Lizzie wild, loving, trustful, playful and frank; and as soon as you detected this difference in their natures, you would begin also to perceive that in person, too, they differed slightly; Lizzie had a fuller, richer lip, a deeper, darker eye, a cheek more warmly tinged, and ever changing with her changing mood, a lighter and more yielding form, a step of more aerial grace, a softer, yet a merrier laugh; even her hair had an expression about it that did not belong to Priscilla's;

both were deep brown in hue; but Lizzie had a natural wave that caught the light and changed with it to gold. Every body loved Lizzie and petted her; that is, every body whose love was worth having. Lizzie was welcome and refreshing to their hearts as a sunbeam, or a flower, or a singing bird, or a balmy breeze, or a shower at noon in midsummer, and Lizzie loved her friends warmly and faithfully, without stopping to ask herself why. She did not blind herself to their faults, but she loved them faults and all—she was a rare, sweet child at heart, though fifteen summers had somewhat subdued and softened her too impetuous temperament.

They lived with their mother—a widow of moderate means—in a picturesque village of England, and at the time my story commences were in hourly expectation of a visit from an uncle, by the father's side, supposed to be rich, and known to be cross, gouty and disagreeable.

'Elizabeth,' said Mrs. Lincoln, seating herself at a window to watch for his arrival, 'I must once more enjoin upon you, that policy, as well as duty, requires of us to humor your uncle in every whim, to agree with him in all things.'

'But, mother!' said Lizzie, with a pleading look, 'I never can act from policy, and as to pretending to agree with him when I don't, that would be an absolute impossibility to me. I will promise to do all that is right to please him.'

'I do not choose to argue the matter, Miss. Remember that I insist upon your obedience. I only wish you were as precise in other matters as you are in your absurd notions of right and wrong. You, my dear Priscilla, will, I am sure, obey me without a question.'

'Certainly, mamma!' replied the demure young lady in a placid voice.

The tears sprung to Lizzie's lovely eyes; but she smiled them away, and going to the piano-forte, began to play and sing in a soft, soothing voice, her mother's favorite song—

'Though storms may gather o'er us,  
The sun will smile again;  
Though dark the way before us,  
We're led by Love's true chain.'

'Though sadly leaves the bosom,  
Joy always follows care;  
There's many a summer blossom  
In winter's tangled hair!'

Two young and distinguished-looking men, passing at the time, involuntarily glanced in through the open window, and as Lizzie raised her head at the sound of their voices, she encountered from a pair of dark grey eyes a momentary glance of earnest admiration which she never afterward forgot. For almost the first time in her life, Lizzie Lincoln fell into a deep reverie; but it was soon broken by the arrival of a carriage, from which alighted a bundle of shawls, flannel, ugliness, gout and grumbling, which was introduced by Mrs. Lincoln to her daughters as their invalid uncle.

Lizzie, before he entered, had silently placed the easiest chair, with a stool before it, in the pleasantest corner of the room; but she allowed her mother and sister to assist him into it without offering her aid.

'My dear sir,' said Mrs. Lincoln, 'you are looking ten years younger than when I last saw you, and so like my poor, dear husband!'—her husband by the way had been considered a remarkably handsome man—'Doesn't he, Priscilla? Doesn't he, Lizzie?'

'Very much,' said Priscilla. And nothing said Lizzie; but walked quietly out of the room.

'That is a singular young person—that daughter of yours, ma'am—grumbled the old gentleman, 'don't think she takes much pains to please her rich uncle.'

'Oh! my dear sir, you must forgive her; she is timid to a fault. Is she not, Priscilla?'

'Yes, mamma,' said echo.

And where did Lizzie go? My youthful readers, if you have not kind and warm hearts like hers, you will never guess, but I dare say you have, and that you would have done the same thing. She went straight to the spare chamber appropriated to her uncle, to see that every thing was arranged for his comfort, then into the garden, whence she brought fresh flowers to adorn the room, then to her own little chamber, from which she took a tible to lay on the table by his bed and then into the kitchen to oversee the preparations for his supper.

Meanwhile, the two young men pursued their walk and their conversation.

'Yes, my dear Howard,' said he who had attracted Lizzie's notice, 'I tell you the simple truth; I am weary of my rank, my wealth, and the insufferable attentions which they bring upon me from ambitious daughters and maneuvering mamma's. How delicious it would be to settle quietly down in this charming village with such a wife as that bright, beautiful, artless-looking girl whom we saw just now through the window! But I fear I shall never marry, for I shall always be haunted by the idea that my wealth is the object of attraction. Unless—Howard! I have it! Glorious!—and, with his fine, manly face kindling and glowing with enthusiasm, the young earl passed on in earnest conversation with his friend. Perhaps he will reappear ere the close of the story; but in the mean time we must introduce our readers to a new chapter and a new schoolmaster.

#### CHAPTER II.

'Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.'  
At twenty-two years of age Charles Welford came to the village of S—, poor and unknown, but his mild dignity of manner, his prepossessing appearance, his youthful and handsome countenance, gain-

ed him a host of friends, and the small number of pupils to which he had limited himself was soon made up. Mrs. Lincoln sent Lizzie and Priscilla to be perfected in French and Italian—and the former made wonderfully rapid progress—if not in the languages, at least in the affections of her teacher.

'Miss Lincoln,' the master would say, endeavoring, but in vain, to look stern, 'I shall be obliged to detain you after school hours, if you persist in talking and laughing; and Lizzie would blush and maintain a demure composure for the next three minutes and a half—then he would hear the little gipsy buzzing away again, for the least sound of her sweet voice always attracted his notice, and calling her to him with a grave face, but inward delight he would point silently to a little chair at his side.

Poor Lizzie half pouting, half pleased, 'with a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye,' would quietly obey. I rather think Lizzie liked the punishment upon the whole; for his dark eyes had talked to her soul a language more pleasant than French or Italian—and after looking earnestly up to them for a moment to discover if he were really offended—reassured by the glance of affectionate interest which he returned to her inquiring gaze, she would study for hours by his side, happy and tranquil, and silent as a dove in its woodland nest.

Now and then, when she had been more than usually wild and uncontrollable, Mr. Welford would feel it his duty to detain her after the other pupils had left, in order to give her a serious lecture upon the lightness of her conduct; but the serious lecture generally ended in a long ramble through the woods after flowers to assist their botanical studies. And during these rambles would confide to each other's sympathizing hearts their memories, their hopes, their tastes and preferences. Lizzie, with all the simple trustful tenderness of a child, and Charles with the frankness natural to a spirit still fresh, pure and untrammelled.

'Do you know, Mr. Welford,' said Lizzie one day, 'I would give a great deal that my uncle was poor!'

'Poor! Lizzie—what a strange wish! Why?'

'Oh, because—he is so ill, and cross, and unhappy that I pity him from my heart, and I would be so very, very kind to him if he were not rich; but as it is, mother makes me treat him coldly.'

'How! I do not understand you. I thought she has all attention to him and wished you to be so too.'

'Yes! that is the very reason I wish he were poor! She keeps being kind to him, and she is so good, she indulges his whims and agrees with him in his queer opinions—and so I make it a rule to be inattentive to him, except in his absence, and then I do all I can for his comfort; but that is not much. I should so like to soothe his pain by reading to him, or singing, or caressing him. I am afraid he won't live long, and he seems to suffer a great deal at times—oh! don't you wish he were poor?'

Lizzie was right! Ill in mind and body, the unhappy old man, was daily wasting away. Of all his relations, of all the world, Lizzie Lincoln was the only one he loved, and she alone of all apparently neglected him. Yes! in spite of her neglect he loved her. He struggled against the preference, but in vain; he could not help it—she was so frank, so sweet, so frolicsome, and, above all, so like his favorite brother. Impertuned, beset, followed, favored upon for his wealth alone, he had become disgusted with life, and his naturally kind heart embittered by suspicion.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### MUFFINS AND MYSTIFICATION.

'Mrs. Lincoln, don't you prefer cold muffins to hot ones?' asked the uncle at breakfast one day, with a look of dogged determination that rather mystified his auditors. Mrs. Lincoln changed an involuntary wry face into an acquiescent one—if there was any thing she preferred hot rather than cold it was a muffin—and replied, 'Oh! decidedly my dear sir! They are infinitely more palatable cold. I only ordered hot ones to please you. We will have some cold ones immediately. John, bring some cold muffins.'

A sardonic smile flickered on the old gentleman's furrowed face as he turned to Priscilla—

'And which do you prefer?'

Priscilla, as usual, glanced at her mother and then replied—

'Cold ones, sir, of course.'

'Of course,' he replied sarcastically—'And you, Miss Lizzie?'

Lizzie looked up frankly in his face—'Uncle, you know I like hot ones best, and I think your taste a very singular one if you prefer them cold.'

'Who said I preferred them cold? Not I. Come, Lizzie, we will share this nice one together, and here comes John with the cold for your mother and Priscilla. Hand them to your mistress, John. I am sorry, ladies, you have been eating hot muffins merely on my account.' And he glanced at Lizzie so comically while her mother reluctantly helped herself to the unpalatable bread, that she could scarcely restrain a smile.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### DEATH AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

A few weeks after the conversation alluded to in the last chapter, the old man sent for the family to his bedside, which he had not left for several days, and with a half repressed chuckle of satisfaction, informed them that he had an important secret to reveal. Mrs. Lincoln bent eagerly over him, Priscilla seated herself with her usual quiet composure, and Lizzie half drew back.

'You have repeatedly told me, madam, that it was

for my own sake, you valued me so highly—for my own superior qualities of mind and heart, for my striking resemblance to your deceased husband, not for my wealth—that wealth was nothing in the eyes of affection, etc. I thank you as you deserve for this assurance. I will not insult you by a moment's doubt of its sincerity.' Mrs. Lincoln smiled benignly, and Lizzie turned impatiently to the window—'I have taken you to your word, and fully trusting to its truth, have made my will accordingly. It is in the hands of my solicitor. I have left the whole of my vast property, in specie and landed estate—with the exception of a trifling gift to one who is very dear to me—to a distant relative, the only one who has never troubled me with his company, his attentions, or his flattery, a poor apprentice at a dry goods store in America.'

Unable to conceal her disappointment and vexation, Mrs. Lincoln hurried from the room, Priscilla followed with a still stater step than usual, and Lizzie, springing from the window, clasped her uncle's hand, exclaiming, 'I am so glad! I am so glad! Now I can nurse you with pleasure, and love you as I choose!'

The old man was speechless at first with surprise and joy, at length he exclaimed—'Is it possible you really care for me?'

'Dear, dear uncle, were you not kind to my poor father in trouble? Did you not assist him with your purse and your influence? and do you think I can ever forget it?'

The invalid sunk back on his pillow with closed eyes, through which tears, the first he had shed for long years, stole over his withered cheeks and murmuring, 'thank God!' fell into a tranquil sleep, still holding Lizzie's hand fast locked in his. From that time until his death, which happened in a few days she nursed him with the tenderness and attention of an affectionate daughter.

Mrs. Lincoln was agreeably surprised to find on the opening of the will, that the 'trifling gift to one very dear to him,' was no less than a sum of £2000 bequeathed to her daughter Elizabeth.

The latter generously, or as she said justly, shared this sum with her mother and sister, and affairs went on before, excepting however the rambles after flowers in the woods grew larger and more frequent.

'We are trying to find the little blue 'Forget-me-not' which Mr. Welford is sure grows in these woods somewhere,' said poor Lizzie, blushing and smiling when one day a friend questioned her rather

#### CHAPTER V.

##### LIZZIE AND A LOVER.

Autumn had come, with its cheerful fires, its picnic fetes and evening dances, and with it came to the village of S—a young and wealthy nobleman who fell desperately in love with Lizzie at a party, and one afternoon when she came into her mother's little parlor looking particularly bewitching in her little straw bonnet and graceful mantilla, and found him there alone, he suddenly offered her his hand and heart. But Lizzie laughed the matter off, by telling him she could not possibly stop to accept it, as she was in a great hurry to go into the woods, in search of a certain little blue flower called the 'Forget-me-not.' Away she tripped, and when she returned an hour after sunset the youth had vanished, and the village 'that knew him, knew him no more.'

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### A TABLEAU VIVANT.

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee. Tenyson.

A flood of warm golden light from the setting sun poured in through a vista of the woods, and lighted up a picture there well worthy of such an illumination.

A young and graceful girl was leaning against the trunk of a noble tree. Her straw bonnet lay on the mossy rock beside her. Her soft curls fell showering round her face, as she bent over a flower which she held in her hand. It was the little blue 'Forget-me-not' from whose mystic petals many a romantic village maid had learned her destiny. Leaf after leaf the blushing girl pulled off, murmuring as she did so, in a low and trembling tone, half sportive, half in earnest, 'He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me—he loves me not—only one leaf remained—He loves—the flower was gently withdrawn, and the hand that held it pressed passionately to the lips of a noble looking youth who had stolen unperceived around the tree. 'Let me speak for the last leaf, Lizzie,' he whispered, 'He loves thee more than life! Dear one, may he believe his love returned?' Lizzie smiled through her tears—'he drew her to his heart!'

For a moment the lingering sunshine rested softly on the fair tableau, then passed and left it to the holier light of love.

#### CHAPTER VII.

'You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,  
How meekly she blest her humble lot,  
When the stranger William had made her his bride,  
And love was the light of their lowly cot.'

'Have you found the blue 'Forget-me-not' yet?'

'I said the good old rector of S—, with a meaning smile, to a fair and white-robed maiden at his side, as they sat with others at the bridal feast about a year after the performance of the forest-tableau—Lizzie Welford looked up in her husband's eyes, which were bent fondly upon her, and smiled, but did not reply.

Pleasant and comfortable, but simply furnished, was the cottage in which the schoolmaster and his beautiful and happy wife passed the first few months of their marriage. But Charles grew restless then,

and persuaded Lizzie—who never could resist his persuasions—to take a little journey with him.

In their own humble chaise, they travelled through the delightful and richly cultivated country, and Lizzie was enchanted with almost all she saw—There was but one drawback on her happiness; and that had always been her chief trouble from childhood—her sympathies were too powerful to allow her to behold poverty or misery in any shape without a pang of pity and an ardent wish to relieve it; and this her humble means would not always allow her to do. As she passed some beggars on the road to whom she had thrown some silver, she turned to her husband with tears in her eyes and said—

'Oh, Charles! I never care for wealth for my own sake, but would it not be a divine happiness to possess the power of relieving others?'

Charles smiled, rather too gaily she thought, but he pressed her hand so tenderly that she could not chide him. At the close of the second day's journey, they came to a beautiful and extensive park, and then a glimpse of a magnificent mansion. Lizzie thought it must be a palace. Her eyes flashed with delight, and then filled with tears. She was excited and nervous she knew not why. She had read of such places, but she had never seen one, and she begged Charles to stop the chaise for a few moments, that she might gaze her fill. 'We will drive through the park,' said her husband, 'I know the over well.' She thought his voice trembled, and looking up in his face she saw that it was lighted up with a glow of lofty exultation, which so well became his refined and aristocratic beauty that she involuntarily raised his hand to her lips and kissed it fondly, yet with a vague fear for which she could not account. They drove through the park to the principal entrance of the house; as they approached it was flung wide open, and from a train of liveried servants stepped forth an old man, who smiled an earnest welcome as he respectfully assisted Charles to alight. Lizzie was dumb with wonder.

'Come,' said her husband, holding out his hand. 'Where are you taking me, Charles?'

'To my home,' dear Lizzie, he exclaimed, 'pressing her fondly to his bosom, as he bore her half fainting into the library, where a pleasant fire was kindled. 'Welcome to my home—to the home of my father! my own, my precious wife!'

'And who then are you, husband?' asked the bewildered and half frightened Lizzie, sinking on a sofa by his side.

'My dear Howard,' said he laughing, to a young before you welcome me introduce me to my wife.'

'The Earl of E—, dear madam,' said his friend, coming forward with a smile.

'The Earl of E—, sweet cousin, echoed Charles, 'think you that dear forehead will ache beneath this toy?' And taking from a casket a coronet of diamonds, he placed it on her head and kissed her tearful eyes. And what did the youthful countess do? Forgive her Edipette! Forgive her Mr. Howard! She was weary—almost exhausted with excitement and fatigue—and closing her lashes still wet with tears, upon her husband's shoulder, she murmured a blessing upon his name, and fell fast asleep like a tired child, as she was—'Courteous reader! if you have not already followed her example you may do so now—for my story is ended.'

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