

Original.

ANGLING;  
OR, THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

—  
BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.  
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GEORGE LEWIS was a genuine lover of the angle, and talked with more enthusiasm upon the gentle art than any other subject. Not that he would sit in patient abstraction waiting for a nibble until the spider had wove his net upon his rod, as is set forth by the witty Johnson, who thus represents a miserable-looking wight, whom he impiously calls an angler. Shade of the amiable Izaak, pardon him!

The amateur of the gentle science is well aware, that *patient hope* is far from being the only requisite test of a good angler; much more depends upon the skilful throw of the all but invisible line, the fidelity of his artificial flies, and that indescribable tact that indicates a natural *genius* for the art. Now these are delicate shades of excellence undistinguishable to the common observer, but not the less real. Perhaps a certain lumpy equality of the nervous system is essential, and most certainly an exalted and refined intellect: for it is our solemn opinion, that no vulgar plodding mind is capable of understanding, far less of appreciating the many niceties and beauties of the art. Good Izaak, speaking upon this very subject of an aptitude for angling, saith, "men are to be born so," that is, born anglers.

Then a love for the science pre-supposes the greatest purity of moral character—for how can one conversant with the grating melody of the brook, singing ever its sweet song of purity; the lake, sheltered like a veiled bride, in the midst of mountain solitudes; and the forest echoing only the language of love and innocence, how can such an one indulge in unholy, and untidy exciting emotions? No, he could hold no companionship with these, were a guilty conscience his; and their holy influences, like the fabled amulets of the east, will shield him from temptation and danger.

If our readers doubt all this, let them read the good, ay, the beautiful pages of the great father of the science. Let them note how the enthusiasm of the delightful old man is divided between love for his art, and love for the beautiful in nature, and the excellent in virtue. With what elegant simplicity he embellish his art, by simple and natural allusions to Scripture authority. Charles Lamb has said, "It will sweeten a man's temper any day to read Izaak Walton," and he, albeit, bred in the anti-natural manner of a city, was of a kindred spirit, and worthy to sit even at the feet of the good Izaak. Read him, then, most beloved reader, and become, as thou most assuredly wilt, more amiable in thy character, and more devoted in thy religion.

Now, be pleased to apply all that we have said upon anglers and angling to the hero of our story, and thou wilt at once perceive that no mean compliment was intended when we called him a genuine lover of the angle. Yes, George Lewis might have been chosen by the Patriarch himself for a companion in his sports, being, as he was, "free and pleasant, and civilly merry:"

and here let us remark by way of parenthesis, how perfectly well bred the good angler must have been: could any language more pithily describe the accomplished gentleman, than the few words we have quoted above?

Perhaps it were well for George Lewis, that the providence of his father, ensured him something more than a *competence*, or we much fear his fortunes might have stopped far short of what is usually understood by that most indefinite phrase. As it was, he seemed no ways disposed to add to his patrimony, by any of the many avenues usually sought for the acquisition of wealth. We will not affirm that necessity might not have sharpened his acquisitiveness, to use the concise language of Phrenology, but as it was, he was content to "let well enough alone."

He was bred to the law, and might have become eminently successful, as his address won him every cause in which he engaged. But the consciousness of superior abilities was quite enough for him, without making much effort to exhibit them. It is well known that those whose pretensions in any case, whether in religion, manners or literature, are somewhat questionable are far more eager to exhibit their qualifications than those whose standing is undeniable and acknowledged.

It is probable George Lewis might have written poetry under some powerful stimulus, love, for instance, but as the passion was still a desideratum to him, he was content with humble prose. He was known amongst the ladies as "the handsome proud young man," for he had never been known to offer any *particular* attentions to a lady of any age; and he seemed in a fair way of living and dying a bachelor, notwithstanding all the benevolent exertions of kind-hearted matrons with marriageable daughters.

It was a lovely morning in June. Lewis had sought one of the many beautiful glades of water with which our luck settlements abound, and which are usually denominated ponds, but at a future day, will receive the more elegant appellation of Lakes, and become classic by the pen of the poet and historian.

Sebago Pond is one of the most beautiful of the miniature seas, sparkling as it does like a gem in the midst of the green hills of Maine. At the time of our story, the forest trees were thick to the water's edge, and the wild vine festooned from tree to tree, formed natural arbors of delicious coolness and verdure. The truant school-boy forgot his lessons and the birch in prospective, or, like the martyr, armed himself for the trial, the moment he entered these colonnades arched by the vine, and the heavy clusters hanging in wild luxuriance above his head.

Sebago has always been distinguished not only for its fine scenery, but for the size and excellence of its trout. It is a favorite resort for amateurs of the gentle science to this day. Here George had brought his splendid materials for the sport, the jointed rod, and hook of flies, and all the et-ceteras of an accomplished artist.

It was, as we have said, a fine morning in June. An almost imperceptible wind stole from the sweet south, warm and coy, and hardly stirring the young, rich foliage, that now glowed with that deep, intense green, peculiar to the early part of the season. White clouds,

like couches of the eider down, rested upon the blue sky, and the noisy swallow pursued his prey in low circuits, and almost drowned the melody of the forest bird; objects loomed up with a distinctness that reminded one of the mirage of the desert. The opposite shores seemed to approximate, and the landscape above, every rock, and tree, with farm-house, and smoke curling from chimney-top, with grazing herd and snowy flocks, reposed like a duplicate world upon the peaceful lake.

Lewis sauntered leisurely along, so absorbed in the beauty and romance of all about him, that his object seemed likely to be forgotten. He, however, descended the bank, where a small point projected into the water, verdant with grass and turf, shelving over the roots of the old trees, where they stretched out into the still lake. The branches dallied with the blue waves, and cast that portion of the beautiful pond into a twilight shadow. It was the ideal of an angling spot, for there the sportive fish might be seen in clusters, poised upon the waters, their thin fins just quivering in the light.

Lewis had stumbled over a "cape-bonnet" upon the grass, before he observed the spot he had selected was already occupied. A young girl was quietly angling, with her rude apparatus, in this most picturesque of all places. George, of course, was suitably careful not to disturb her, till his curiosity was somewhat allayed. We must frankly own, that the delightful morning, and the employment so congenial to his own taste, made the little maiden, as she sat under the green canopy, look exceedingly well. Lewis certainly *did* think of wood and water nymphs, and all that sort of thing, but we prefer a sober description, divested of romance, and such an one as our readers may rely upon being entirely accurate. Our city readers will probably be greatly shocked, but we must study truth rather than fastidiousness.

There could be no manner of doubt, that the girl was in very humble life. One foot lightly pressed a projecting root, while the other was bent under her upon the grass. The one visible was small and white, but its covering was certainly entirely primitive, being what nature had furnished at the time of her birth; or, as the country girls often say, she had on her "wedding stockings." Her dress consisted of a blue petticoat, and a short frock, open at the throat, the sleeves reaching only to the elbow, and drawn about an exceedingly round and well turned waist. There was a beautiful air of repose in her attitude, that contrasted finely with her round, nervous-looking limbs. Her neck and arms were slightly sunburned, but that was a trifle where the contour was so perfect, and where the rich chestnut hair, falling in long massive curls upon her shoulders and bosom, revealed so much of youth and life.

She might have been sixteen, certainly not more. She started, upon hearing a slight stirring of the trees, and the motion probably saved a wily little fish, that might otherwise have been lured from its pure element. She half turned her head, and uttered, impatiently—

"There, you've made me lose it."

The person she addressed, seemed other than she expected; for, she started, shook back her abundant hair, and, looking up, disclosed a pair of large brown eyes,

deeply fringed, and a Hebe-like face, upon which the blush was deepening, and spreading even to her neck and arms. She quietly concealed the naked foot, and dropping her eyes, commenced drawing in the line.

George was too much of a man of the world, to allow the pretty rustic to be long discomposed, and he stooped down to adjust the rod, telling her, at the same time, that she mustn't leave her sport for him, as he would go further down the pond.

"Oh, no—this is the best place," she replied, with perfect simplicity; and then she half rose, but it was quite evident she didn't like to expose her naked feet to one with just the dress and manners of the stranger.

"Then, you must stay, too, and you shall use my rod, and, perhaps, catch the very fish you lost by my means."

The girl made no other reply than what is contained in the eloquent smile of innocence and youth, and resumed her position.

George proceeded to open the pole, and placed an artificial fly, neat and beautifully constructed, upon the hook. She watched the operation with evident surprise, but made no remark, that might betray her ignorance. When all was completed, she took it from his hand with a blush and a smile, and then, with mock soberness, gave him hers, made of a hazel branch and a tow line, in exchange.

George Lewis laughed, but his hand trembled as he took it from the arch girl, and, somehow, he had never felt less at his ease. The child-like simplicity of the little rustic awed while it charmed him.

"Oh, but you mustn't sink my fly so deep in the water, let it move thus, very gently. But what shall I call you, my pretty girl," he said, looking into her eyes with ill-concealed admiration.

The girl blushed deeper than ever, and looked timidly, almost anxiously up, as she replied in a low voice—

"June, sir."

"And my name is George."

An arch smile played over her face, and she replied—

"Mr. George, then, I must call you."

"No, no—call me George—I won't tell you my other name—you didn't yours."

She laughed, with the free, ringing laugh of a child. At this moment a noble trout sprang to the hook, and a dexterous jerk of the pole landed it upon the bank. Jane, forgetful of her naked feet, surveyed the beautiful victim with evident delight.

"I shall cook it for my grandmother's dinner; there is nothing else that I prepare that seems to suit her."

This is, certainly, not very romantic, thought George, but it is quite amiable, he thought, again. He wasted a deal of rhetoric in trying to prevail upon Jane to wait, while he should add another trout to her grandmother's dinner; but, she resolutely declined, saying, she was feeble and aged, and ought not to be left alone.

Lewis looked vexed—it was a glorious day for angling—but, then, he could not fail to see Jane home, and she must come again to catch trout for her grandmother.

"Oh, yes—I often come down to the pond to fish."

"Angle, my dear," interrupted George. Jane half stared, and half pouted; but she went on:

"I like to come down to the pond, it is so very beautiful—and the trees and the birds. Don't you think it very beautiful?"

"Very, very; but, when will you come again, Jane, to-morrow?"

"If my grandmother should want another trout, I will. Shall you come?" she added, half smiling and blushing.

"Most certainly—and you must come every day, Jane, and I will lend you my rod and flies; and, mind, you must call it angling, not fishing."

Jane laughed, and promised. By this time they had reached the small, low house in which she lived, and Jane timidly asked him to enter. George declined; after going a few steps, he turned and observed Jane in the same attitude in which he had left her, standing in the door with her bonnet in her hand. He kissed his hand to her, and her whole face was instantly covered with smiles and blushes.

George had scarcely, in his whole life, been guilty of so much gallantry before, and now it was elicited by a bare-footed country girl. He laughed when he thought of the thing. Then he thought of her brown hair and soft eyes, and pretty white feet gleaming up from the green grass—her sweet smile and appropriate language—there was nothing vulgar about her, and he was more than reconciled to himself, and half in love with Jane.

The next day was a storm—the wind swept from the hills, and wrought the lake into angry waves, and the rain fell fast and steady; the elms flung their long branches as the wind rushed, and creaked them upon the low-roofed house. The fowl gathered under the lee of sheds and fences, and looked dripping and dejected. The men were occupied in mending and making the various implements of husbandry, and the girls turned the wheel with merry songs, tossing their many curls as they stepped back and forth with the quickly-twisted thread.

George Lewis tried to amuse himself with his books, but they were unaccountably dull; he looked every fifteen minutes from the small window, to assure himself that it would rain all day. Yes, there was no prospect of any thing else. The old farmer, with whom he boarded, had predicted as much, and there was nothing to gainsay him. He tried to read, but he thought only of Jane. He was thrown upon his own reflections—there was nothing else he could do. But they were vague and indistinct, and the bright face of Jane might be seen, if thoughts were visible, thrust into the most profound and logical of his conclusions.

Then came Conscience with her stern sense of justice, warning him to beware how he disturbed the quietude of a young heart—how he dared, even in thoughtlessness, cause his image to mingle with the visions of its youth and guilelessness, when he would leave it only to pine in solitude and desertion. He took down the "Complete Angler," and read the story of the pretty milk-maid, Maudlin, and imagined she might have looked somewhat similar to Jane—and then he thought of the wise caution of the good angler to his companion—"Let Maudlin alone," and he resolved to profit by it, as well as by his other beautiful hints and counsels. Yes, he would act worthy of his vocation.

The Sabbath rose bright and beautiful—the lake heaved and blushed in the morning light like the breast of a maiden who has just listened to the witching story of love—the trees every where hung heavy with moisture, and glittered in the sunshine, while the birds awoke the forest with a wild jubilee of music.

The earth had never looked so beautiful to the subject of our story. His moral sense had been refreshed by the reflection of the day before, in which the pure-minded Jane had mingled, even like his guardian spirit of innocence and love. And now the beauty of the Christian Sabbath, and its harmony with the wants of the human soul, struck him with a new sense of its appropriateness.

We need not describe the gathering of a congregation at a New England church. All know how the scattered inhabitants are seen to emerge from field and pasture, entering the highway over stiles, or the still more primitive bars—how green lane and forest shade send forth their quiet, orderly groups, with their subdued voices and respectable attire.

All can conceive the perfect neatness of the nicely-ironed Sunday gowns, with which the maidens appear, each carrying a fan and a pocket-handkerchief carefully folded. Then the young men with their well-brushed and long preserved "best suit," and the yokemates with their white hose and stout shoes, and the regulated step of all, as if this were the one day for walking well, for looking well, and behaving well. It is the Sunday air, never to be mistaken, never to be confounded with the manners of any other day in the week.

George saw all this, but it struck him with a new feeling; a sense of its appropriateness—the harmony of all with the primitive lives of the inhabitants—it was the waving of the mantle of the Pilgrims, though centuries had borne them away with the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Then he thought of Scotland, and the wonderful coincidence of mind and manners between our own people and that hardy, virtuous race.

The services were simple and appropriate, and though many a bright eye timidly glanced at the stranger, and many wondered who and what he could be, yet his presence disturbed none of the proprieties of public worship. George saw nothing to shock his city habits, except the circumstance of the whole congregation turning their backs upon their clergyman during the service of prayer.

As he left the church, he observed an aged female leaning heavily upon the arm of a young girl, who notwithstanding her change of dress, he was quite certain must be Jane. As he passed, she looked up, and her whole face instantly brightened with smiles and blushes. He could do no less than walk beside her. She certainly looked very beautiful in her gingham frock and snug cottage bonnet, filled, as it was, with her rich dark curls. And then her elastic foot scarcely looked prettier in its black, laced slipper than when peering nakedly from the green grass.

"My grandmother," said Jane, in a faint voice, by way of introduction.

The old lady stopped short, to the evident dismay of the girl, and made a strong effort to raise her bowed form, and lift her shrivelled face to that of the strangers;

while her head trembled, and her thin lips were compressed over her toothless gums, till nose and chin were in danger of approximation.

"My grandmother; well, and who may this fine spark be?"

Jane colored crimson. Lewis touched his hat respectfully, and replied, "My name is Lewis, madam," and he proffered his arm to the old lady in his best style. She was instantly appeased, and commenced giving a detail of her infirmities, to which Lewis listened with the greatest deference; for respect for the aged was one of his strongest characteristics.

Jane walked beside her grandmother nearly silent, not even exhibiting a dash of rustic triumph as group after group passed by with marks of recognition, and wondering how the fine-looking stranger happened to be upon such good terms with old Mrs. Bryant.

On reaching the house, Lewis was urged to stop and take tea with them, an invitation he would have declined in accordance with the resolutions of yesterday, but he could not resist the smiles and asking looks of Jane. He seated himself in one of the high-backed, flag chairs that stood by the open window. A grape-vine had been planted beneath, and the bright sun struggling through its thick leaves painted their delicate tracery upon the floor.

A few shelves or "dressers" occupied one corner, upon which were neatly arranged pewter plates and basins, bright as silver, some brown mugs, and plain earthen cups and saucers. In another corner stood an old-fashioned walnut desk, glossy and black with age, and a table of the same material, with small crooked legs and club feet, stood under a little looking-glass, considerably inclined. Beneath the glass hung two or three profiles cut in black paper, and framed in oval frames, a pair of "shears," and a skein of brown linen thread, and a pincushion made of colored silk, ornamented with tassels upon each angle. We like to be particular about these things, knowing that our readers can't go themselves and see the little room.

Upon the table lay a large "Family Bible," open at the fourteenth chapter of Job, and a Psalm Book Jane had just laid down with her fan. Upon the desk he observed "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," "Baxter's Call," "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Life of Washington," "Morse's Geography," "Murray's Grammar," "Pike's Arithmetic," and the "Student's Companion." In the four last was written, "The property of Jane Bryant," and in one of them, in another hand, was the couplet,

"Steal not this book, my kindest friend,  
For fear the gallows will be your end."

Jane made her appearance with an apron of blue check over her gingham frock, and the old lady took her pipe and seated herself in the corner, where she continued to puff away with great diligence, only removing it at intervals to make inquiries of the stranger as to his place of residence, his family, etc., all of which were answered to her satisfaction, except the one appertaining to his visit to the village. She could not, for her life, understand how or why a young, healthy man should

come a long journey just to pull a few fish out of the water, unless, indeed, he meant to sell them.

Lewis shook his head. "What, not sell them? Then what do you mean to do with them?"

"I shall send a part for Jane to cook for your dinner, madam."

Mrs. Bryant looked mollified. "Ay, ay, Jane was gone a long time the last time I sent her down to the pond, but she caught a nice large one."

George looked at Jane, and she smiled and blushed crimson. The table, with its snowy tow and linen cloth,

"Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess  
Save that of Fairly fair,"

or Jane's, as the reader will understand, was soon spread. The thick apple pie, and cream biscuit, were excellent; and the black tea and cream unexceptionable. Jane presided with the prettiest grace in the world, blushing and trembling, and half dropped the cream-pitcher in passing it to her guest, whereupon her grandmother scolded in round terms. Upon the whole, however, things went off in very good style, though Mrs. Bryant declared that she never knew Jane to act half as bad before.

Trout were uncommonly plenty that year, and so gullible, that they swallowed the hook with scarcely a demur, and the consequence was, that Mrs. Bryant almost every day had one upon her table, and the donor was often, very often invited to dine upon the dainty prepared by the pretty hands of Jane; more especially as he instructed her to cook them after the most approved method of anglers, which was far more palatable than the uncivilized method to which they had been accustomed, namely, that of frying them in pork—yes, in pork. Tell it not in Gath.

George Lewis, as a good angler, was suitably shocked, and very careful not only to teach the proper method, but also to provide sundry delicate condiments, which went still farther to conciliate the old lady. But when he one day placed a large shawl, of the most approved pattern upon the bony shoulders of the ancient dame, he became at once securely installed in her good graces. From that time forth, Jane was permitted not only to go at all times down to the pond, and angle with George Lewis, but to roam all about the woods and gather wild-flowers, and learn their names and classes, with him for her companion and instructor.

Alas, for poor Jane; she desired nothing more, and often might her ringing laugh be heard in the shadow of the green trees, down by the beautiful lake, where she bent over to peer at the fish gathering in the still waters of the bank.

Poor girl! often upon her return home, she might be seen looking anxiously at a pair of small black slippers, which were fast "falling into the sea and yellow leaf." True, the glass had been often restored by the white of an egg, yet all wouldn't do; it was quite evident they were nearly worn out. Her grandmother had often told her she would have no more that summer, but she still wore them, for she couldn't bear to walk with George Lewis

with bare feet. She didn't mind going without stockings, but bare feet couldn't be thought of.

At length, in springing across a little brook, as George took her hand from the opposite side, she felt her shoe give way, and upon examination, it was found nearly ripped from the sole. The poor girl burst into tears, and hid her feet beneath her upon the turf, for the toes were peeping from the rent.

"What shall I do? What will my grandmother say?" she exclaimed sobbing.

"Don't cry," said her companion, trying to suppress a laugh, "you look quite as well without shoes, Jane."

Jane looked up, and was certainly a little angry, for she wiped her tears, and said with a good deal of emphasis—

"It will do for you, Mr. Lewis, (she had always before called him George,) to laugh at such things, for I suppose you have a plenty of money, but it is very different with a poor girl, who hasn't a cent in the world. Not a cent."

"You shall have a dozen," said Lewis, a little roguishly, and throwing a whole handful of coin into her lap.

Jane arose with considerable emphasis, and the bright silver was scattered all amongst the green grass.

"Good bye, Mr. Lewis; I shan't come down to the pond again."

"Jane, Jane, just stop one moment."

Jane didn't stop, nor turn, but she walked just the least bit in the world slower. George was soon at her side, and when he said in a very low voice, "Miss Jane, I am sorry if I have offended you," the girl's face, for an instant, was covered with smiles, but when she looked up and saw the expression of Lewis' face, there was a something that looked so melancholy about it, and something, too, in her own heart, that made her burst into tears.

Alas! George had forgotten the wise counsel of the angler, "let Mandlin alone," and he felt now the spell that had been woven in his destiny. He took the hand of Jane within his own, and they sat down there in the still forest, and George wiped the tears from her eyes, but neither spoke. They sat long, long, but words were needless in that mysterious intercommunication of soul with soul. It was love—such as angels might own and bless.

"I must leave you, Jane," said the youth in a low, hesitating tone. "You must forgive me, too, that I have staid so long."

The tears swelled from beneath the long lashes of the girl, and her hand trembled. Lewis removed the little sun-bonnet from her thick curls, and drawing her to his bosom, pressed a kiss upon her cheek. A slight shudder passed all over her, and she gently rose from his arms.

"You will come back next summer," she said timidly, yet looking earnestly in his face.

"I fear not, Jane. I may never return. Shall you think of me sometimes, Jane?"

Jane looked as if she wondered how he could ask such a question—her color varied, and the red lip quivered, but she spoke not a word.

"You will be married, Jane, to some of these country

beaux that seem to admire you so much, and then I shall be forgotten."

Jane looked reproachfully at the speaker, and attempted to rise.

"Stay awhile longer, Jane; we may never meet again, and do not let us part in coldness."

Jane put both hands over her face, and the tears struggled through her fingers. George tried to speak, but so heavily did the sense of the wounded feelings of the guileless girl press upon him, that he could not utter a word. He dared not declare definitely his own attachment, as that would but add to his injustice.

"Do not weep, Jane," he said, wiping the tears from his own eyes. "Will you not promise to forget me? Will you not be cheerful and happy when I am gone, and forget you have ever seen me?"

"Never, never, George! I shall think of you every day, and every hour in the day. And will you not think of me? Oh, I should love to think you would not forget me."

Lewis pressed the child-like girl to his heart, and felt truly she could never, never be forgotten. But then she could never be his; his proud mother would spurn such an alliance. Bitterly did he regret the thoughtless selfishness of which he had been guilty. But if Jane suffered, he felt that he should be a sufferer too, and his sufferings must be heightened by the pangs of remorse.

Their walk home was nearly silent. Jane felt a deep, deep weight at her heart, and the beauty of the wild flowers, and the music of the birds appeared in vain to her senses. The loveliness of the earth, for the first time, failed to awake an echo in her young bosom. A shadow lay upon her heart, and the light and glory of the world without, jarred like an ill-toned instrument.

Lewis felt that he had been the cause of a fearful change in the breast of the artless girl, and he could only crave her forgiveness.

"Promise me, Jane, should we never meet again, that when you are older, and know more of the world, you will try to forgive me as you do now—you will think of me as a brother, and love me as a brother."

The word operated like magic upon the mind of the sensitive girl; it gave a warrant for those undefinable emotions that now agitated her bosom. She threw her meek arms about his neck, and replied only with a flood of tears.

"Will you not promise to be a sister, Jane; alas, I have never known the love of a sister."

"I will, I will, and never forget you; no, never, though we may never meet again. Why not come back again, George? I have no brother or sister, no friend but my poor sick grandmother, and I shall think of you, and long to see you again."

"Perhaps I will, Jane, but you must promise to be quite happy without me."

Jane looked perplexed and disappointed, and she did not speak. Lewis felt he had adopted a dangerous and cruel expedient—that Jane was to him more than any sister could have been, and that the poor girl was only deceiving her own heart when she thought of him as a brother.

That day Mrs. Bryant was in her worst possible humor. Nothing did, or could suit her. And now Jane had staid longer than usual, and for three long hours, she had had no one upon whom to vent her ill-humor. One kick had sent the cat, all alive with terror, through the open window, and there was nothing else left. It might have been a relief to punch the fire-stick, but the fire was out, and she had no other resource than "nursing her wrath to keep it warm" until the return of her grandchild.

The poor girl saw the condition of things the moment she entered the door; but she was quite desperate, so she went right up to the old lady, and taking off her shoe, inquired what she must do.

"Do, why, go to meeting barefoot, you are old enough."

Jane was entirely relieved for she had expected nothing else than a "sound box upon the ear," and she saw there was no prospect of the ceremony at this time, for the neighbors used to say of Mrs. Bryant, it was with her, "a word and a blow, and the blow came first." It is probable her anger had reached its climax, and the desperate appearance of the shoe operated as a 'calmer.'

That night Jane received a package containing a pair of kid slippers, and a line bidding her farewell, calling her sister, and expressing the warmest expressions of fraternal attachment. Poor Jane wept herself to sleep that night, with the billet pressed close to her bosom.

*To be continued.*

Original.

### TO A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

Those mild blue eyes are turned on me  
Which ever way I go:  
And I could weep—so foolishly  
While gazing there. I long to see  
One look that seems to glow  
With love for me. So sweet their glances are,  
I feel while reading all their loveliness,  
Like one, who kneeling to some beauteous star,  
He fondly deems that from its home afar  
It sends an answering glance his soul to bless.

And may I breathe my thoughts to thee—  
Thoughts that words cannot tell!  
Yes, such a generous sympathy  
Glow in that smile; it seems to me  
Like some mysterious spell.  
And, oh, so eloquently soft those eyes!  
Surely the soul of love and purity  
Shines through them, and my soul unbidden flies  
To meet it, as a bird to meet the skies,  
And feels still nearest Heaven when nearest thee.

Ah, happy they whose eyes can trace,  
In each fair lineament  
Remembered looks, that years cannot efface,  
And sweet revealings of that inward grace,  
And hallowed moments spent

With thee, in sweet communion and unmixed delight—  
Can murmur, "Thus she smiled when last we met,  
Thus beamed those eyes with fond affection bright,  
And this the same soft glance that met my sight  
When last we parted, all! with what regret!"

And if my heart rejoices in the smile  
Which o'er thy semblance plays—  
And if my fancy seeks thus to beguile,  
Me with the dream that thou art here the while,  
Answering with love, my gaze.

My gaze—almost a stranger—how must they  
Whose sunshine is the light thy presence showers  
Rejoice to linger when thou art away;  
Where here, thy second self renews the ray  
That shed its brightness o'er their vanished hours.

Oh, priceless treasure! thus will it remain  
When she whose form it bears  
Has gone the way whence none return again—  
Where purest love reveals no earthly stain—  
And the heart knows no cares.  
Then will it speak to those whose tears flow fast  
At thought of ties so sweet, that death must sever—  
Of the mind's loveliness, which blooms for ever,  
By nought of sorrow or regret o'ercast.

And then, as now, those lips will seem to tell  
Sweet words of sympathy,  
With cheering hope all sorrow to dispel,  
Smiling a welcome—murmuring a farewell,  
Ready to bless as they were wont to be.  
When may the loved ones, as they linger here,  
While o'er the past their pensive memory flies,  
Recall what once she was, without a tear,  
And fondly deem her spirit to be near,  
Smiling again in love from those dear eyes.

Original.

### ELEGIAC SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ASA L. PAYNE, WHO LOST HIS LIFE  
IN A FIRE AT WATERTOWN, N. Y., DEC. 22, 1838.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."—*Job*, 14, 2.

Why should we mortals count on lengthened days,  
And think our certain doom is never near?  
The sweetest flower that basks in Morning's rays,  
Sinks oft beneath the storm ere noon is here.  
Thus with the friend whose loss we now lament;  
Scarce were his life's bright morning sunbeams o'er—  
Scarce were his hours of happy boyhood spent,  
And now we see his face on earth no more!  
Dire was his fate, in hissing flames enrolled—  
Yet why should impious tears bedew our eyes?  
Did not the famous fiery car of old  
Convey the prophet swiftly to the skies?  
Let Reason, then, and Hope, our grief restrain,  
Nor doubt our loss is his eternal gain.

Original.  
ANGLING;  
OR, THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.\*

—  
BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.  
—

THE summer passed away, and the glorious autumn with its rich, sad livery, had deepened into winter. Jane thought time had never passed so slowly, but she soon discovered, that to be happy, was to be employed, and she busied herself about the affairs of the little household with great diligence; and redoubled her attentions to her sickly, fretful relative, whose demands seemed always to grow with indulgence. Jane never complained—never moved as if weary, and the neighbors wondered at the patience and vigilance of the good girl.

At length, as the spring, with its buds and blossoms appeared, the labors of Jane for her grandparent, closed. She was laid to rest in the little grave-yard close to the door of the church, where reposed the companions of her earlier days, each with a stone of slate, ornamented with a death's head and other devices, and bearing the name and age.

She had been the only friend of the orphan-girl, and now she felt utterly desolate and alone. Time hung heavy upon her, and the little low house was now closed and abandoned. The grounds were appropriated by an uncle of Jane's, who took her into his house for a few days with a cold ungracious air, and then told her roughly she must go out to service. Jane might have taken a school, but this same uncle was one of the committee, and careful to secure the situation for his own daughter.

Jane knew it would be impossible to procure a situation as domestic in a place where every family did its own work, and so one morning when a neighbor was ready to go to Portland with a load of marketing, she appeared with a small bundle of clothes, her little all in this world, and begged a ride down in his wagon. The good-natured farmer not only carried her free of all expense, but furnished her a lunch from his own box of "doughnuts" and cheese, and even purchased her a tumbler of cider at one of the little taverns at which he stopped to water his horses.

Portland was much larger than Jane had expected to find it; she had read it contained fifteen thousand inhabitants, but she had formed no very definite idea as to how many houses it would take to hold so many people. She was bewildered, too, at the noise and tumult in the streets, and wondered how they could ever sell so many goods as she saw piled in the long ranges of shops.

She inquired of a great many, who seemed never to have heard of such a woman as her cousin, Mrs. Liscom. She at length succeeded in finding her, but she certainly didn't live in one of the finest houses as she had expected; for her impressions of Mrs. Liscom were those she had formed of her when quite a child, upon a visit of her cousin's in the country. She recollected her as very independent, and important in her manners, and

had therefore concluded she must be a lady of some consequence in Portland. She was dressed at that time, in a lilac-colored canton-crape dress, which was then considered a great piece of elegance—a large white cape, and a great many bows of light ribbon upon her head.

Her cousin looked a great deal older than she had expected, and not half as genteel. She was brown and large, and had a whole house full of noisy, quarrelsome children, which she ruled with the opposite of the law of love. Her husband, Captain Liscom, part owner, and commander of the schooner Nancy, appeared much more submissive than any of the children.

"So you've come a-cous'ning," said Mrs. Liscom, "and want to stay till you can get a place to hire out. Now, my house is just as full as it can stick; the children sleep four in a bed; you might have to stay here a month, and then not get a place, girls is so plenty, and wages so low."

Jane's lip quivered, but she dared not trust herself to speak.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the Captain, coming in to the relief of both parties, "galls is very scarce in New York. I'll tell you what, you'd better go there, Jane. I'll give you your passage for nothing, for't'll come upon the owners, (tipping a wink to his wife,) and you can stay on board till you get a place."

"That's the best thing you ever said, John; you'd better go, Jane; the schooner'll sail to-morrow; you'd better go; 'twill be the making of you."

Jane's face brightened with one of its former smiles, and she assented at once. She knew nothing of the world, and fancy had presented a beautiful, but shadowy picture, in which George Lewis, her adopted brother, certainly stood in bold relief upon the fore-ground.

We will say nothing of the selfish indifference of those who thus launched an orphan child upon the great world to encounter its perils and temptations alone; enough for us that it was done.

The passage was short and pleasant, and Jane, with youthful spirits and fine health, enjoyed every moment of it. Captain Liscom, away from his better half, was really a smart and kind-hearted man, and proved himself attentive to the comfort of his young passenger. When she left the schooner in search of a place, he actually put a fifty cent piece into her hand, that she might purchase a "mouthful" in case she grow faint. He went as far as Broadway with her, and Jane thought she could remember the streets, and find her way back to the vessel.

Until she reached Broadway, Jane had not realized that New York was any larger than Portland; but this broad, interminable street, with its jostling population—its Babel of sounds, its omnibusses, and vehicles of every description, superadded to the cries of cartmen, and all kinds of vendors, produced a confusion of sights and sounds that struck a dread almost amounting to terror, into the heart of the lone girl. She felt doubly desolate amidst this wilderness of human beings, all strange and unsympathizing with herself, and jostling rudely by her, or staring familiarly into her anxious face.

\* Concluded from page 86.

It was long before she could summon resolution to ascend the steps of one of the fine-looking houses to tell her errand. There was no knocker, and she nearly bruised the skin from her fingers in trying to make them hear from the inside. "Pull the bell, gall," said a rough voice, but Jane didn't know he spoke to her. "Why don't you pull the bell?" said another passer by. A new thought struck our heroine; she stepped back and looked all about the house, but no bell was visible. She was about to give up in despair, when a quiet-looking lad, with books under his arm, observing her dilemma, ran up the steps and gave a small knob a short pull, saying, "That is the way, Miss."

A slatternly Irish girl soon made her appearance, and to Jane's inquiring, answered, "No, indade," and instantly closed the door.

Jane recollected next time to pull the bell instead of using her knuckles, and also to inquire for the lady of the house, as she had been directed by Captain Liscom, "or," as he said, "the servants would send her away without informing their mistress, lest they should lose their own places."

She was ushered into a large, elegantly-furnished room, so entirely different from any she had ever seen before, that she was quite bewildered. To add to her embarrassment, the lady in whose presence she stood was certainly handsome, but tall and stern. A fashionably-dressed young lady sat with unexpressed tittering upon the sofa.

"What do you want, child," asked the stern-looking lady.

Jane's mouth was so dry, that she tried two or three times before she could bring out a word, and then she could scarce speak above a whisper.

"You are too mealy-mouthed by a great deal."

Jane felt as if she should suffocate, and dropped unbidden upon a chair. At this moment she heard a voice in the hall giving some trifling orders, and, as the poor girl recognized its familiar tones, she started from her chair and looked towards the door.

The lady rang the bell violently. "I see how it is, I see how it is; a pretty piece of impudence, really!" and before Jane could understand what it all meant, a pert-looking serving-man was leading her to the door, and turned her into the street.

Jane was faint and tired, and too much stupified to feel the indignity; she was growing weary of life, for all the bright visions of other times were fading from her fancy, and existence began to look like a dull, dreary blank. So strongly did the sense of her friendlessness and poverty press upon her, and contrast with the affluence of George Lewis, that a strange bitterness of feeling came to her heart as she remembered the earnest appeal of George that, when she should know more of the world, she would forgive him—that she would think of him as a brother.

Then she remembered how happy she had been until she saw him—how beautiful the whole world had looked to her, and thought of her present misery, and the tear came to her eyes, and brought back again the gentleness of her heart, and a full forgiveness for George Lewis.

While these feelings passed over her, she had saun-

tered along, unknowing which way she went, when she felt a hand laid lightly upon her shoulder.

"What is the matter, dear," asked a fat, coarse woman. Jane's heart was touched by the unwonted tone of kindness, and her tears flowed faster than ever.

"I was thinking how lonely I am here in this great place without a single friend."

"Poor child, you look ill, and sad enough; go with me, and I will be your friend till you find a better."

The old woman began to look quite agreeable to the friendless girl, and she followed her into a large, fine-looking house, with her heart brim full of gratitude. She partook of some refreshments, the old lady being all the time profuse in her expressions of attachment, and praises of her beauty, etc. Then Jane was shown into a handsome room where a girl arranged her hair, and presented her an elegantly-wrought pocket-handkerchief, with lace quilled upon the edge, and looking, as Jane thought, altogether too fine for use; indeed, she thought it designed for her neck till informed to the contrary; and the girl laughed and clapped her hands with merriment, the mistake was so odd and unaccountable. She might have exclaimed, in the words of the Dodger, in *Oliver Twist*, "My eyes, how green."

She was left alone when all was arranged, to rest awhile upon the sofa; and this sudden turn of good fortune, this unexpected kindness from a stranger, brought tears to her eyes, and called forth a low, fervent prayer for blessings upon the household. Her thoughts grew indistinct, and the fatigued girl forgot all anxieties in a sound sleep.

When she awoke, the room was lighted for the evening, and she found some kind hand had placed the cushions beneath her head, and spread a rich shawl over her feet. She started at observing a gentleman reading by the table. He approached her, and made some inquiries as to her health, at the same time he parted the curls familiarly from her forehead.

Jane was a little startled, and yet, there was an appearance of honest frankness about him, that won upon her confidence. She supposed, too, that he might be the son of her benefactor, and wished to treat her as a sister.

"Have you slept well, my pretty girl," and he seated himself beside her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

Jane shrank from him with real apprehension, and her fine brow contracted with anxiety.

"Don't call me so, sir; don't say any thing to turn the head of a poor girl, any more than you would have it said to a sister."

The stranger eyed her a moment with surprise, but Jane's innocent face could not well be misconstrued. "No, hang me if I will," he replied, at the same time rising, and turning the key of the door. Then observing that Jane had turned pale and trembled, he continued—"Now don't be scared, child, I wouldn't harm a hair of your head. I only want to keep all out. Do you know where you are?"

"Oh, no; they have been very kind to me, and have promised to befriend me."

"Yes, as the wolf befriends the lamb, or the cat the



trebling mouse." He whispered something which Jane certainly didn't understand, but which convinced her she mustn't stay where she was.

"What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

"You must go with me," said the stranger after making some inquiries as to her history.

Jane looked up through her tears, and read his face for an instant. It certainly was one to be trusted. She then laid her hand in his, saying, "I will go with you, for I know you haven't the heart to wrong a desolate girl."

"No, bang me if I have. You'll make a better man of me, Jane; your innocent ways will go farther to reform me than a hundred sermons."

He took up the rich shawl, and was about to throw it over the shoulders of Jane.

"No," she replied, "that is not mine, or this handkerchief, either."

"Never mind, it's only spoiling the Egyptians."

"It wouldn't be right," said Jane, firmly, and she put on her little shawl and bonnet, and gave her hand to her protector. He opened the doors gently, and they were soon under the glare of the street lamps.

"John Liscom—schooner Nancy—Fulton wharf," said the stranger to himself. "I know him for an hen-pecked land-lubber as he is, to send you out alone in a place like this. I'll blow him up for it;" and with this amiable resolution he took a carriage with orders to drive to the wharf.

Captain Liscom had begun to marvel what had become of Jane, but his benevolent sympathies were far from being energetic, and perhaps he might have had a pre-mentiment that she would find a place without farther trouble to himself; if so, he was doomed to disappointment.

The stranger looked sternly at the captain as he composedly smoked his cigar in the little dingy-looking cabin.

"A precious rascal you are, to send a child like this, heaving and filling in this great city, in search of a place! If't hadn't been for me, you'd never laid hand on her again."

Liscom tried to explain, and so did Jane, but he would not listen to a word of apology. He used a reasonable number of nautical anathemas which the reader will doubtless spare the repetition, and wound up by telling him he was "worse than a heathen, or an infidel."

He took a bill from his pocket-book, and presenting it to Jane, said, "Now, Jane, will you not give me one kiss to pay for what I have done for you?"

Jane laid her hand and the bill upon the broad palm of the sailor, while her look spoke volumes of gratitude, and maidenly dignity.

"You are right, girl, right. I would have my sister do just so?" and he drew his rough hand across his eyes; "but you must take the bill—you—"

"No, no, I shall not need it. I shall be grateful to you, sir, as long as I live, and every day, and twice a day, I shall pray for the blessing of God upon you; and if we never meet again in this world, we shall meet in Heaven."

Jane said all this with real pathos of manner, the tears springing to her fine eyes.

"If I ever get there, Jane, it will be through your prayers then, for I have been wicked enough. Hang me, you make me cry just as my poor mother used to, when she told me all about Heaven, and the judgment, and such things. She died a long time ago, and I've had nobody to pray for me since."

"I will always," said Jane, earnestly.

The stranger took a small pin in the form of an anchor from his bosom, and presented it to Jane, saying, "You must take this, Jane, and keep it for my sake; and now give me one curl from your head, Jane, and when I look upon it, I shall think of you, and think I have done one good thing in my life, and that you may be praying for me, and it may be, Jane, I shall pray for myself."

Jane did as she was desired, hardly able to see through her tears, and as the kind sailor departed, he muttered something about his eyes and the fog.

After this, Liscom went out with Jane two or three times, but they had no references, and the girl was altogether too pretty to escape suspicion. He was ready for his return voyage, and yet Jane was unprovided with a place. What could he do? He knew better than to carry her home again to his wife, besides, he could not think of giving her another passage; he had done all that duty could require, and really wished the girl off his hands one way or another; his sympathies, too, had greatly declined from the time that she refused to take the money proffered by the stranger. He could conceive of no reason why she should decline it. The schooner was now entirely ready for sea, and he told Jane she had better try once more, and if she didn't get a place "the deuce must be in it."

Jane had made applications for the situation of teacher, seamstress or domestic, but without success. The weather was growing warm, and she went from street to street making applications and receiving rebuffs, till nearly exhausted, and feeling all the time like a guilty thing, so many significant glances had been exchanged, and so many cruel observations made in the presence of the poor girl.

She wandered on till the buildings grew thin and scattered, and the bright Hudson might be seen sparkling in the sun-light. Then came the thoughts of home, and the beautiful Sebago. She wondered at her own wild project in seeking a home in the midst of strangers, but tears were useless now, and she summoned all her energy to bear the load of misery that began to press upon her heart.

She ascended the steps of a stern-looking brick house in Greenwich street. The door was opened by a vulgar-looking man, with a bleary eye, a red face, and very narrow forehead. She was certain he must be a servant, and a drinking one, too. To her request that she might see the lady of the house, he answered, "Yes," gruffly, but without stirring to let her pass.

Jane glanced into the hall, and saw a stout, red-faced woman peering out, curious to know who was at the door.

"Come in," said the man, stepping back a bit, and the woman retreated into a room at the end of the hall.

Jane took the same direction, and told her errand to the stout woman, looking into her face, that she might escape the stare of the man, who had followed her in.

"Where are your references?"

"I haven't any. I didn't know it would be necessary till I came to this place."

"No references! where can you have lived then?"

"Nowhere in New York. I came from Maine."

"What is your name?"

Jane, timid and child as she was, felt they had no right to question her in this cold, heartless manner, and summoning all her resolution, she said—

"You haven't said, as yet, ma'am, that you wish to hire a girl."

"We don't want one without name or reference," said the man, who seemed to enjoy the scene vastly.

Jane spoke with real dignity; "I am a stranger in your city, with no one to explain your customs. I am sorry I have troubled you." She was moving to the door when the man planted himself before her.

"So, then, you're ashamed to tell your name, miss?"

Jane's cheek glowed with indignation. "No, sir, I am not ashamed to tell my name, but if you don't wish to employ me, I don't know what is your right to ask it."

"I'll tell you what it is, miss, this coming for a place without references, and without name, is very suspicious-looking business. I'll tell you what, we might take a common girl of the town into our house in that way."

Jane colored deeper than ever, and moved to the door. "There, miss, I've told you what—you see how it is." He laughed derisively, and left the room.

Jane glanced at the wife of such a brute, and thought she could detect a shade of compassion even upon her senseless face.

"Oh, ma'am, you will think better than that of one of your own sex, I know you will. I ought not to have come here without friends to advise me, but it is too late to repent now. My name is Jane Bryant; I should have told it, only I thought you had no right to question me, unless you wished to employ me."

"No, I am in no want of a servant, and you will hardly procure a situation here, unless you have references."

It was now nearly night; the street lamps were being lighted, and the girl felt doubly desolate as she met group after group of young girls with gay faces and merry tones, returning to cheerful homes and loving friends. She longed for a companion even in misery. She saw a child of perhaps ten years, weeping upon the steps of a house in a miserable-looking neighborhood. Jane instinctively drew towards her. The child wiped its eyes with a ragged apron, and glanced with a sly look at the young stranger; but it read sympathy and kindness in the sweet face, and a warrant for more tears; so the two girls wept together, companions in sorrow, though ignorant of the grief of each other.

"What is the matter, that you weep," asked Jane.

"My mother beat me, and put me out doors."

"Perhaps you have been a naughty child. But then you have a mother and a home! how happy you might be! Never cry when you have a home to go to. You have enough to thank God for, every day that you live.

A home and a mother! Go in, child, and love and obey her, and you can't be unhappy."

The child stared at her with open mouth. "Have you been naughty, too, and saucy; and has your mother put you out?"

"Oh, no, no, child, I have no mother, no home. I couldn't weep if I had."

The child put her head in her lap and now wept for the poor forlorn stranger. "My mother beats me every day, but I won't be saucy any more. I will do what she bids me, and try to be a better girl. Do you think I should be lappy then?"

"I know you will; and when you feel angry and disobedient, think of me, with no home, and no mother."

Jane had walked some distance down the street, when she felt some one pull her dress from behind. She turned, and the little girl, all out of breath, was close to her.

"If you will go home with me, you shall have part of my supper, and half the straw that I sleep on; 'tis nice and clean, and my mother shall be your mother. She wouldn't beat you, I'm sure she wouldn't."

Jane couldn't speak for weeping, and she thought, "It is the poor only, that know how to feel for each other." She promised the child she would come back if she didn't find a place, and parted from her with real sorrow.

The night grew dark and windy—the shops blazed with light, and the lamps in long vistas made the streets look like fairy land. Poor Jane had no eye for either beauty or splendor. She felt chilled to the heart, and wondered if the wide world contained one other being as desolate as herself. She had gone from street to street, till quite bewildered, and she knew not which way to turn.

She was near the Washington Parade-Ground, and heard the creak and slam of the gates, as people went in and out with busy feet, and the sound of the watchman's staff upon the pave. The great multitude about her had a community of interest; they were appendages to the great city in which she was friendless and alone. She wished she had gone home with the kind-hearted child, who so generously proffered her little all; for she knew Captain Liscom would leave her with little scruple, and she shuddered at the thought of beggary and death—death in the midst of strangers passed like some grim spectre before her. Her limbs trembled, and she sat down upon the steps of one of the houses in Washington Place to rest just for a moment. She grew frightened at the vague indistinctness of her own thoughts and perceptions. The lights upon the Parade-Ground looked more magical than ever, and flashed and commingled in a thousand fantastic forms. She had fallen asleep.

George Lewis and a friend were returning from a fashionable party in earnest conversation.

"I see how it is, Lewis, you are fairly in love; and such a love! a brown-skinned country girl, with a foot like a shovel—who tells about our 'haouse,' and eats pudding and milk with a big spoon! Fugh!"

Lewis crimsoned. "How you will rattle, Frank; I have said nothing of the kind. I am going upon an

angling excursion, but I do most certainly hope to see the pretty girl into the bargain."

"No doubt, no doubt; I understand it all. This Amaryllis has become the exquisite Dulcinea of your imagination; but spare your friends, George; their eyes are not adapted to your glasses. A barefooted country girl! your taste is unquestionable."

"Have done your bantering, Frank; I feel really guilty while discussing the poor girl in this way."

"Exquisite, Lewis; I have mistook; she is some renowned princess in disguise. I long for the denouement; pardon me, I mistook the elegant (he could not think of a term) for a country girl paddling in a mud-puddle."

George's eye kindled, and his cheek flushed. He certainly looked a little angry. His giddy companion laughed immoderately. "Why, you mean to fling down the gauntlet in behalf of this immaculate Rustician, but pardon me, I can't fight; no, excuse me."

"Frank," said Lewis, "be serious one moment, if the nature is in you. Now, I hold, that the name of a delicate woman is not to be lightly bandied in senseless jesting. No matter what may be her condition, her virtues may ennoble it. Refinement is not inherent in any one class; it may be found with the humblest maiden, with nature alone for her tutor. Truth and affection are worth more than all the blandishments of fashion."

"Quite a homily, upon my word. Your case is desperate, Lewis. But seriously, this business is like to affect you more than you are aware. You respect the girl—love her even, but you cannot have thought of making her your wife—you can't be so mad. A girl with no connexions to sit by side with your proud mother, George. She would disown you, and all the exclusives in Broadway or elsewhere, would turn up the nose at the poor girl, and depend upon it, you'd find it a bad job every way. I shudder to think of the thing."

It was now George's turn to laugh. "Really, Frank, you have drawn a most dolorous picture. But no fears; I am not yet prepared to make so desperate a plunge, though I confess to have thought of the thing. But on one point I am decided, that is, never to marry one of these automatons of fashion. My wife must have a soul; she must live for me, and I for her, and not for a host of fools that have been stretched upon the Procrustean bedstead of fashion."

They had just turned into Washington Place, when they were arrested by the harsh voice of a watchman.

"Come, Dovey, off to the watch-house; you'll be taking a cold here."

A young female attempted to rush by them, but the watch had her fast.

"No hurrying, dear, 'twon't do no good, so be quiet; we're used to such birds."

"Oh, sir, where do you mean to carry me?" she cried, with clasped hands. The light fell upon her face and revealed that of Jane Bryant.

"Jane, Jane, can it be you," exclaimed Lewis, flinging off the watch. She held out both hands, and nearly fell upon the pavement. It must be remembered that she was not only suffering from mental excitement, but was also faint for want of food.

A carriage was procured, and to the inquiry of Frank where he intended to carry her, Lewis replied, "To my mother's."

"Oh, no, no, she will spurn me from her door; let me go any where, George, into any hovel just to die. I feel that I shall die, and I would not trouble any one. Oh, what a foolish girl I have been! But I have no friend in the world but you, George."

Lewis pressed the weeping girl to his bosom, and even Frank was affected.

Mrs. Lewis was alone, engaged in a book of devotion, when the door opened and her son entered with Jane. A single glance told the poor girl she had been in that very room before, and the impulse of her own impassioned heart prompted the very best thing she could have done. She threw herself at the feet of the lady with pale cheek and clasped hands.

"Oh, ma'am, you once turned me from your door. I didn't know what for; indeed, I am poor and friendless, but nothing for that to blush. Let me work for you, let me die in your garret, but don't turn me out into this great, wicked city, where every one looks stern upon me."

The tears gushed from her eyes, and she fell forward at the feet of the haughty woman. Mrs. Lewis glanced sternly and reproachfully at her son as he raised Jane from the floor and laid her upon the sofa, imprinting a kiss upon her pale brow.

"George Lewis, I didn't expect this of you, much less that my own house—"

"Stop, mother, I beseech you. This child is innocent as a babe. You have heard me speak of her since my visit to Maine. Let me entreat, as you value my peace of mind, that you will treat her as a child."

"This from you, George; and to me! take a servant from the street—a—I don't know what, and treat her like a child! George Lewis, you strangely forget yourself."

"Mother, mother, these suspicions are unworthy of yourself and unjust to me, to say nothing of the wrong to that friendless girl."

The tears had been swelling from beneath the lids of Jane, and she now arose from the sofa, for a new power awoke within her, such as she had not felt before.

"What am I, that I should be the cause of discord between parent and child! Rather let me have perished in the street. I will go, lady, and the Father of the fatherless will protect me."

The proud woman moved not or spoke.

"Mother, would you, can you be so inhuman?" said George, roused to a goodly portion of his mother's own spirit. "If that girl goes, she goes not alone, and should I ever return, I return not alone."

A bitter smile played over the face of the mother. "I have seen that look before now, boy; it has small terrors for me."

"Oh, George, George, it is your mother," said Jane, in a pleading tone. "You once called me sister, and I must not, cannot be the cause of unkindness between parent and child. If I leave your house, ma'am, I have nowhere to go. I must starve or beg in the streets. I will not be burdensome; is there nothing I can do for you,

that I may earn enough to return to my own home? There are many things I can do, and withal beside, ma'am, I will be more than servant to you; I will watch beside you in sickness, and *might* become a humble friend to cheer you in loneliness; and oh, ma'am, I shall be grateful for the slightest look of kindness."

The stern woman's lip quivered at this simple appeal, for she felt its truth, and the pathos of tone and look with which it was uttered. Perhaps, too, she might have felt how often she met "greetings where no kindness is," and longed for one sincere friend—for one who should be to her as a daughter.

George saw the effect of Jane's simple eloquence, and forebore to interrupt it.

"Be seated, child," said Mrs. Lewis. "I must hear your story, Jane, and then we will see what can be done for you."

Jane's cheek often changed from red to pale as she narrated the story of her sorrows, her sufferings, and dangers. When she told of the kind, worthy sailor, and showed the little pin in the form of an anchor, Mrs. Lewis actually shed tears, and George, through the whole, kept his face buried in his handkerchief. Her story was not without its effect. Mrs. Lewis was evidently much softened, and spoke with a degree of tenderness totally unexpected.

"Jane, if I should take you for my little friend, you wouldn't have any thing to say to the servants, except to call upon them to attend you."

"I would do just as you bid me, ma'am. I shouldn't wish to be troublesome."

Mrs. Lewis shook her head and contracted her brow. "Well, Jane, you will keep your room to-morrow, and we will see what can be done for you."

Jane shrank from this galling kind of dependence. "Let me be with you as a servant, ma'am. I shall be less dependent, and—and wound your pride less."

"No, no, Jane, I can do better for you. I must do better for you; you can be my companion and friend, I see you can; I see you can be trusted." Jane burst into tears, and George, the ever calm, quiet George, threw himself upon his mother's bosom and wept, he had become so like a boy again.

It was surprising to see how readily Jane adopted the manners of the society into which she was thrown; we mean the polish of it; for she never lost any thing of her original truth and simplicity. She had only the accomplishments of polite society to acquire, and to a mind like hers, these were but playthings. As the friend and youthful companion of Mrs. Lewis, she was welcomed every where—even by those who might have disputed her claims upon any other ground.

It *did* cost Mrs. Lewis many a pang of pride to observe the every-day increasing attachment of her son for the poor orphan-girl, gentle and loving as she was, and dear as she had become even to her own heart. We need not say how often Jane wept in secret over her hopeless love, nor how the native dignity and delicacy of her mind taught her to avoid every thing like sanctioning an attachment so repugnant to the feelings of her benefactress.

She was sitting alone in her room, her head bowed upon her hands, and her face bathed in tears, when Mrs. Lewis knocked and entered.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," said Jane, rising to meet her. "I was trying to go to your room, but I couldn't. I must leave you, my only friend; let me return to Maine." She spoke rapidly, as fearful she should not say it if she made a single pause.

"Why is this, Jane; are you not happy with me? Why do you wish to leave me?"

Jane felt that all must be told, and yet how tell of that which calleth the ready blood to the cheek of the maiden as often as the secret is pressed home to her heart even in solitude!

"Jane," said Mrs. Lewis, kindly, "is it George of whom you would speak? Do you love him, my child!"

"Oh, madam, when a child upon the banks of the Sebago, I might have dreamed of such a thing. I was ignorant then of the distinctions of society, of the omnipotence of wealth."

"And you have taught me, Jane, to disregard these distinctions; you have taught me the value of the affections—the wealth to be found in a sincere, gentle, and loving heart. Jane, for the two years you have been with me, you have been more than daughter to me; be one in reality. My son loves you, Jane;" and she drew the blushing girl to her bosom.

The next summer the keeper of a little tavern, upon the Sebago, was thrown into great consternation by the arrival of a plain, elegant carriage, and span of horses. The villagers stared with great diligence after a very elegant lady, accompanied by a gentleman, who might be seen on every fine day, angling in the clear waters of the beautiful lake. Conjecture was upon tip-toe, until one, more keen-sighted than the rest, declared it as his sober opinion, that the lady was no other than the pretty Jane Bryant, whose fate had been such a mystery; his penetration could be explained only from the circumstance of his once having been an admirer of the unfortunate girl.

Mystification was now at an end. Jane visited the old haunts of her childhood with undiminished zest, and gathered wild flowers in the very spots where she and her lover had gathered them years before; not forgetting the little brook where occurred the tragedy of the worn shoe. She had lost nothing of her early simplicity, her vivacity, and love for the beautiful in nature, with the refinements of polished life; and Jane Bryant, now Mrs. Lewis, was, by universal acclaim, pronounced by her former associates, a "perfect lady."

SATIRE is never relished by woman. It is wholly masculine, and the counterpart to it in the female character, is scandal. Their tender sensibilities cannot endure the idea of attacking whole sets of people at once, so they mercifully select particular examples, such as their next neighbor or best friend, against whom to direct their eloquence.