

GRAHAM'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

Of Literature, Art, and Fashion.

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS ETC.

W. C. BRYANT, J. R. LOWELL, T. B. READ, J. T. HEADLEY, W. GILMORE SIMMS, E. P. WHIPPLE,
WILLIAM DOWE, HENRY W. HERBERT, PARK BENJAMIN, R. H. STODDARD, GENIO C. SCOTT.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, ALICE CARY, CAROLINE CHESEBRO', MRS. JULIA C. R. DORE, ELLEN
LOUISE CHANDLER, MRS. E. L. OUSHING, ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS, ELLA RODMAN,
MARY A. DENISON, BELLE BUSH, CAROLINE F. OENE, ROSA,
PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

VOLUME XLVII.

PHILADELPHIA:
ABRAHAM H. SEE, 106 CHESTNUT STREET.

.....
1855.

comple set.
Schwaab
6-27-40
40937

CONTENTS

OF THE

FORTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

JUNE, 1855, TO JANUARY, 1856.

<p>A Chinese Gentleman. By H. B. DORRANCE, 244</p> <p>About Holidays. PHILIP WALLYS, - - 527</p> <p>Art and Artists of America. By E. ANNA LEWIS, - - - - - 50, 897</p> <p>Aspen Court. Hy SHIRLEY BROOKS, - - 446</p> <p>Bubbles and Blunders, - - - - - 303</p> <p>Campo Santo di Poveri, - - - - - 153</p> <p>Editor's Table, - 64, 162, 262, 360, 455, 549</p> <p>Eugene Scribe, - - - - - 147</p> <p>Fashion, - - 81, 177, 277, 374, 470, 564</p> <p>Genteel Thieving, - - - - - 121</p> <p>Horace Manners' Flirtations. By MRS. H. V. CHENEY, - - - - - 494</p> <p>Joseph. By MRS. E. L. CUSHING, - - 348</p> <p>Look before You Leap. By A. W. COLE, - 233</p> <p>Longfellow's Poem of Hiawatha, - - 535</p> <p>Love and Law. By ALFRED W. COLE, - 124</p> <p>Mary Stuart. By WILLIAM DOWE, 13, 97, 223, 382, 413, 500</p> <p>Merino Wool, - - - - - 860</p> <p>Michael Angelo's Crib. By MRS. M. A. DENISON, - - - - - 480</p> <p>Monthly Summary, 75, 172, 271, 369, 464, 558</p> <p>Mrs. Robert Morris. By D. H. BARLOW, 533</p> <p>On Careless Punctuation, - - - - - 68</p> <p>Philip Freneau. By R. W. GRISWOLD, - 198</p> <p>Proposed Canal at Suez. By W. DOWE, - 313</p> <p>Remarkable Chairs. By Rev. J. BELOHER, 294</p> <p>Remarkable Trees. By Rev. J. BELOHER, 485</p> <p>Restaurants of the Latin Quarter. By ANNIE T. WILBUR, - - - - - 428</p> <p>Review of New Books. 77, 174, 273, 371, 469, 561</p> <p>Sips of Punch, - - - - - 96</p> <p>Solomon de Caus, - - - - - 826</p> <p>Take Care of Your Overcoat, - - - - 249</p> <p>The Anniversary. By ELIZABETH O. SMITH, 213</p> <p>The American Bittern. By FRANK FORES- TER, - - - - - 492</p> <p>The Blockade of the Palm Tree, - - - - 387</p> <p>The Briggs' Baby. By ELLA R. CHURCH, 544</p> <p>The Country Cousin. By ALICE CARY, - 402</p> <p>The Ex-Collegian's Story. By CRAWFORD WILSON, - - - - - 343</p>	<p>The Gnome King. By NICHOLAS GOGOL, - 114</p> <p>The Last of the Justiniani. By MRS. E. L. CUSHING, - - - - - 32</p> <p>The Old Bonnet. By HARRIET N. BABB, - 150</p> <p>The Ostyacks, - - - - - 30</p> <p>The Quadroon Girl. By VIOLET, - - 60</p> <p>The Realm of the Unreal, - - - - - 354</p> <p>The Sculptor's Daughter. By ANNIE LEMAN, 258</p> <p>The Sea-Serpents. By WILLIAM DOWE, - 239</p> <p>The Sham-Peters, - - - - - 157</p> <p>The Two Mendicants of Valencia. By JAS. AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN, - - - - - 519</p> <p>The Wigwam in the Wilderness. By FRANK FORESTER, - - 1, 133, 202, 315, 433</p> <p>Trifles. By W. WAGTAIL, - - - - - 255</p> <p>Up the Ullum. By PERCIVAL SPUNYARN, - 46</p> <p>Votive Tablets, - - - - - 355</p> <p>Woman in Turkey, - - - - - 515</p>
<p>POETRY.</p>	
<p>A Pæan for Independence. By PARK BEN- JAMIN, - - - - - 45</p> <p>A Hearth Song. By T. IRWIN, - - - - 247</p> <p>A Little Scotch Girl. By GERALD MASSEY, 359</p> <p>A Lover's Pastime. By ALICE CARY, - 347</p> <p>An Old Man's Musings. By ROSA, - - 248</p> <p>Christmas in the Olden Time, - - - - 483</p> <p>Christmas is Come Again. By ALBERT SMITH, - - - - - 484</p> <p>Elle est si Douce. By T. WESTWOOD, - 584</p> <p>Fragment. By HENRY HEINE, - - - - 429</p> <p>Gaeta. By M. O'NEILL FERNEY, - - - 518</p> <p>Innocent Child and Snow-White Flower. By W. C. BRYANT, - - - - - 12</p> <p>Jessie. By WILLIE E. PABOR, - - - - 547</p> <p>La Poesie. By MRS. E. J. EAMES, - - 257</p> <p>Lenore. By A. BASKERVILLE, - - - - 291</p> <p>Moselle. By R. H. S., - - - - - 150</p> <p>October Morning. By MRS. E. J. EAMES, 454</p> <p>On Being Awakened by a Serenade. By A. FLOYD FRAZER, - - - - - 359</p> <p>Pacing the Sands. By R. H. STODDARD, 499</p> <p>Separation. By MATHEW ARNOLD. - - - 261</p>	

THE ANNIVERSARY;

OR, THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

WILL the coming women be great, according to human acceptance, or what is better, harmoniously beautiful?

As yet, great men and great women are by no means the law of the race—they are the exceptions, and consequently, little understood in their day and generation. As yet, these great men and great women are rarely conjoined in marriage—and as yet, great men rarely covet the companionship of such in the aforesaid relation, preferring themselves to play Sir Oracle; preferring an undivided empire; preferring also, some one to flatter the small vanities of common life. Hence, judges, and lawyers, and doctors, and ministers, with their various endowments of intellect, are generally husbands of weak women; and these, with their petty airs, and small views, are the perpetual upholders of "Snobdom." These women, pluming themselves in their husbands' feathers, carry their little noses high in air, as if they were themselves something, because of this borrowed greatness.

In justice to women, I must aver that superior women *do* prefer the companionship of superior men. Their indoor avocations; the petty details to which they are more necessarily condemned; and their perpetual environment with shallow, vain, or servile women, render such change not only refreshing, but absolutely essential to their intellectual well-being. Men have the resources of business, profession, books, and the sturdy, exacting mental friction of minds of their own stamp, their peers in mental culture, force and discipline, to repel egotism, and sharpen up their capabilities; therefore, the fireside is really to them, not an exhaustion, as it is to a woman, but a sweet prompting of the affections—and they care less for intellectual than femal infinity, in this relation.

Great men, from these premises, invariably believe all women to be their inferiors, and weak women always flatter them more and more deeply into the faith. In this way the two sexes have been playing at cross-purposes, rather than adjusting harmonious relations. In our day, the majorities of women are securing more practical views, and a more available kind of knowledge, than the majorities of the other sex; and they are now very expert in carrying on a sort of

guerilla warfare with small arms, which will not cease till we are better understood.

One thing is certain, few women are heroic—physically, we are, of course, all cowards; and most of us are so in a moral point of view. We lack that persistency which is essential to any grand passion. Marriage kills out the music of every young girl, and very few write poetry after the honey-moon. A marriage of love converts a woman into a "flat," and the contrary makes her a "flirt." Men, in spite of all our talk to the contrary, feel more deeply and lastingly than women do. Nor is this any reproach to us, in a true aspect of life. We were created to represent the beautiful; grace, harmony, joy, all tend thereto. Women cannot stay miserable; the divine harmonies of their nature reject it. They will make compromises—will struggle and strive, and finally overcome a grief, before which even a manly nature sinks in despair.

All these thoughts flitted rapidly through my brain, as I watched the two lovers, talking in a sweet, low voice, under the shadow of the crimson curtain, with the statue of a Psyche lending a fine perspective to the back-ground.

He was grave, spiritual, and an artist. A woman never fails to love such an one.

She was petite, graceful as a fawn, always pretty, sometimes beautiful—though the artist, foreseeing the possible, yet undeveloped, thought her always so. Her baptismal name was Mary, but instinctively she was called "Minnie."

"To love is to be immortal."

Minnie had found this written in pencil upon the ivory sticks of her fan, and she read it, blushing.

The artist met her eyes admiringly, and Minnie asked, with ready coquetry—

"Suppose one does not love, will one be annihilated?"

"I do not know," replied the artist, "I only know I am safe therefrom;" and he raised the jeweled fingers to his lips.

"Minnie," exclaimed her mother, hurriedly, "come here, I have upset this vase."

And her daughter hurried to her side, just as the door opened, and Mr. Centum, a rich New York merchant, made his appearance. He walked directly to the mother, inquired of her health,

in a tone he might have used in Wall street in regard to stocks, declared the weather was "immensely fine," gave his waistcoat a sly pull down—for he was growing full in that region—and then turned to Minnie, gave her a kiss upon the forehead, and a large bouquet at the same time, and taking her by the hand, seated her upon the sofa, and placed himself at her side.

"Cool impudence," muttered the artist. "Do you not think elderly men insufferable, madam?"

"I hope not."

"Look at Minnie, she seems actually to enjoy his assurance!"

"Of course she does—it is a part of her prettiness."

"The old dotard!"

"He is called a fine-looking man."

"Do you think Minnie will ever consent to the sacrifice?"

"It will be none to her."

"Be none, when"——

"She might have a true, loyal lover—one of God's children of inspiration—be the queen to a manly heart; become little less than the angels through a true human love, you would say."

The lip of the artist trembled, and his pale cheek flushed with emotion.

"Oh, it cannot, must not be—she will be wretched."

"Pretty women take naturally to diamonds and laces, liveries and coaches—I never knew a pretty woman to die of a broken-heart—plain women may; beautiful women do. Can a timid child like Minnie oppose her destiny?"

"And you understand your sex?"

"Assuredly; few have had equal opportunities to learn them. I love my sex also, and have great faith in the future to them. Girlhood is always beautiful—womanhood should be noble."

"But Minnie—sweet, lovely Minnie!"

"You have manhood, genius, aspiration. A better awaits you. Thank God, that you are denied this boon. What will it prove to him?" pointing to the group.

"Oh! she will die. It is too horrible!"

"It may be so—better that, than to live to be a fat dowager, a common-place, frowsy rich old woman, when you are immortal; when the good God shall have revealed himself to you through some great, noble-hearted woman, perhaps, worthy to tread with you the golden gates of the Eternal City. Go, my good friend, do not take leave." "It is spoken," the Turk would say."

A man who resigns a sweet, early love, and goes forth to noble effort, becomes thenceforth twice the man he might otherwise have been. A

life of action, a world of art are before him, and he learns to suffer silently all the while he is becoming transfigured from the cross.

The time will come when woman will learn to renounce also, and she will go forth with great purposes, and forget her sorrow in womanly aspiration. A broader field will invite her to action also, and she will become in truth a help, "mete" or fitting for her brother. But, alas! now they renounce only to compromise. Unlike men, they do not ascend to the "higher love," from the ashes of the loss, but descend to fortune, worldliness, and folly.

Of course, Minnie married the rich merchant. Prior to the ceremony, she stipulated that all her more intimate friends should write her a letter, to be opened upon the first anniversary of her marriage. Never did the prettiness of Minnie appear more winning than upon this occasion. She colored, trembled somewhat, also, as she included the artist in the number of those who *must write her a letter for the bridal anniversary.*

It was curious to watch the expression of her face and the slight quiver of her lip as she made the request, half seriously, half playfully, to her several friends. You felt sure, in witnessing this, that pliant and superficial as Minnie assuredly was in her inexperience, there slept beneath a deep, unclouded lake of pure, beautiful womanhood, which, under the tender smile of the artist, might have revealed in her very lovely, if not noble characteristics. Well, she was married—took the bridal tour—made a grand party—received the congratulations of her thousand and one friends—took possession of her splendid house—and settled down at eighteen as the pretty wife of a rich man; a handsome advertisement of his wealth, in the shape of rich dresses and immaculate diamonds. He came down to breakfast, in dressing-gown and slippers—had a portentous "heim"—wore a "scratch," and read the papers.

She appeared in the sweetest of imaginable demi-toilette—hair thrown back, and a rose at her girdle. But Mr. Centum never saw it. He read his newspaper, gulped his coffee, kissed her with genuine, good, fatherly kindness, and went out. He was a very respectable man, Mr. Centum—regularly appeared in his pew of a Sunday morning—read the responses aloud, and in truth, was quite a pattern man.

One evening, Mr. Centum surprised his little wife in tears. She had been all day shut up in her gorgeously-furnished room, with a headache.

Now, a headache is a woman's unfailing re-

source in all periods of difficulty. Does the new dress fail to come home at the time appointed—a headache. Does husband or father withhold pin-money—a headache. Is a piece of embroidery or lace spoiled in the working—a headache. Is she disappointed in a favorite beau—a headache. Does the invariable Mrs. Jones come just when she cannot be endured—a headache. Does the tiresome bore, Mr. Blank, call—a headache. Has she a fit of the blues, a fit of the tantrums, or a fit of laziness—a headache is the "scape-goat" for carrying all sins of the kind into the wilderness.

Mr. Centum, guileless man, a Benedict at the latest hour, was totally ignorant of this philosophy, and when told that little Minnie had the headache, was actually driven into a consternation as great as he might have felt at the fall of stocks in the market. He never had a headache in his life—why should he? His purse was full, his digestion good, and he was "one of our most respectable citizens."

A headache to him was a terrible affair. It conjured images of fever, and plague, and cholera, and hydrocephalus, and black crape, and funeral processions—a woman might do anything in the world with poor Mr. Centum by pretending headache.

Good man! he hurried up the stairs as fast as he well could—he had done pulling down his waistcoat now, though the occasion was obviously greater—he puffed almost audibly through the hall and plumped himself into the cozy chair, quite devoid of breath.

"Minnie, dear, what is the matter?" he almost groaned out, wiping his forehead, wet with the hurry of his movements.

"Nothing but the headache, don't mind me," she answered rather coldly. But Mr. Centum was used to this, and supposed it to be her nature. Indeed he was rather glad of it—because it saved him from a good deal of trouble. But presently he heard the bursting of a little strangled sob, and hastily drawing back the curtains he was shocked to find Minnie weeping as if her little heart would break.

"What is the matter, Minnie? Has anything happened?" cried the moneyed man in genuine consternation.

"Nothing in the world, nothing, only I am a little goose," answered Minnie, trying to laugh.

Mr. Centum was relieved, for the words were accompanied by a musical laugh, the sure concomitant of health. But still Minnie wept, and that was not well. Now Mr. Centum had about as much sentiment as may be found in the pages

of a merchant's ledger, while Minnie, in spite of her coquetries, was full to the brim with it, but being a little body, it did not take much to fill her.

Mr. Centum leaned forward and took the little hand in his, and unconsciously his thumb and finger pressed rather strongly upon the marriage ring; men are apt to do this in some way or other, dangerous as it is—I know of one man who actually snapped it in this way. It was regarded as a bad omen.

Mr. Centum began to count Minnie's pulse, but before he had half got up to eighty, he went off into a calculation of compound interest, and thus her state of pulse is lost to our story.

Minnie attempted softly to withdraw her hand, but that of the merchant has a "grip" to it even in his most unguarded moments, and the movement aroused him from his golden dreams to the conviction that his little wife was in a fair way of dissolving like a water-sprite through her eyes.

"Why Minnie, what can be the matter of you? Don't you have everything you want? Do the servants plague you? Do you want a new dress of any kind, a carriage, anything in the world, Minnie?"

"I want nothing in the world."

"What makes you cry, then?"

"For fun."

"Cry for fun?"

Yes, why not? I've nothing else to do."

"It seems dreadfully unreasonable," ejaculated matter of fact Mr. Centum.

"Of course 'tis unreasonable, and that's why I love to cry."

"Oh, Minnie, your mother told me you were the most sensible girl she ever knew."

"And you believed her?"

"Of course I did—or—"

"Or?"

Mr. Centum was frightened—he would not have finished the sentence for the world, and even Minnie did not care that he should do so; she was more reasonable, as the world goes, than she quite understood herself to be. Mr. Centum was nearly at his wit's ends. He had not supposed that any woman in the world would be otherwise than content with a splendid house, a beautiful carriage, fine dresses, a plenty of money, and nothing to do. In the main he was not far from right. But women differ, just as men do. "What is one man's meat is another's poison," is a proverb applicable to both sexes. Many a woman has felt a thorough contempt for all these fashionable accessories to life, and

would willingly renounce them all for that freedom which she bartered at the marriage altar for these miserable gewgaws. She would willingly resign them all for honest toil and independence.

Mr. Centum found this mood of Minnie's very troublesome. It kept him away from his paper, the dinner was cooling also. In abstracted frame of mind his short, fat fingers played with the masses of Minnie's hair which lay scattered upon the pillow. Soon the magnetism of these money-making organs was penetrating to the delicate brain of the sentimental wife, infusing worldliness and petty ambition, in the place of dreams and poetry; soon the ideal world faded in the distance, with all its music by unseen hands, its verdant slopes and sunny dells and tinkling waterfalls, with the low tones of congenial voices and kindred sympathies, all lost under the blighting and degrading touch of Mammon. Poor Minnie, the finer essences of her soul, feeble at first, and needing gentle fostering, were now nearly fading away like the exquisite limning of the sun upon the Daguerrian plate, upon which an ill breath has blown.

At length Mr. Centum, good man, put his head down, and, in a voice meant to be much softer than that used to his clerk, asked in his awkward good heartedness—

"Have I done anything to hurt your feelings, Minnie?"

The idea of such a thing seemed so preposterous to the little beauty, that she laughed quite in her old, merry way, to the great relief of Mr. Centum. She started up, gathering in her straggling tresses, and in doing so displaced several volumes ensconced about her pillow—down dropped "Corinne," with a half dozen laced lachrymals saturated with sentimental sorrow.

Mr. Centum was relieved, fascinated, but he hurried down to an excellent dinner. Thus these two in their brief communion had struck an average, as marriage is apt to do with most persons. She had magnetized him a little, just a little from worldly calculation, from the sordid pursuits of mere traffic, and he had taken *her* one step at least downward from the heavenly ladder. She felt something of this, for she was irritable, and fast losing the finer shades of character.

"Do not tie the lacing so tightly," she said to her maid, who was adjusting her shoe-tie. "Place this rose-bud—no, no, I am too artificial for that—place this japonica in my hair," and she half mused aloud—

"Mr. Centum is really a very good man—so good to his poor relations. Puts up with all my little ugly whims, really seems to like my extravagances—never eats onions when we are going to the opera, and is such a decent, steady man—heigho!" and she ran down stairs in quite a fit of girlish glee, so pleased with her own prettiness, that she felt amiably disposed to all others.

At length the anniversary of her marriage came about, and the letters of her friends were not wanting, for Minnie was the pet of the circle.

On the evening upon which these letters were to be read, she made her plans as if preparing for a sacrament. The curtains of her boudoir were carefully dropped. A large arm-chair received her little figure, and her foot buried itself in an embroidered cushion. She even dressed herself exquisitely, with flowers in her hair. "Those who love me will be here in spirit," she said.

"She is almost worthy the love of the artist," I said mentally, as Minnie closed the door upon us all, and devoted herself to the companionship of those who loved her in the past as well as to-day. I may as well observe here that the centre table contained only a vase of flowers, a large number of letters, and a pile of pocket handkerchiefs, ready for use.

The first letter she opened was from a spinster aunt, who wrote as follows:

DEAR MINNIE—You are now embarked upon the sea of matrimony, and by this time begin to experience the trials and the difficulties of the voyage. Oh, Minnie, men are all monsters and tyrants, bent upon crushing the hearts of women under the iron heel of their despotism, as you, now that the honeymoon is over, no doubt begin to experience. Let me urge upon you to resist this oppression, not only for your own sake but that of your sex. Make your husband to feel, dear Minnie, that there is a soul in women, which rises in the majesty of its heaven-created power in a thrice glorious resistance to the oppressions of the other sex.

Do you ask why I have never appeared at the marriage altar? Oh, Minnie, I could a tale unfold, to harrow up your soul. Many and many has been the love-struck masculine who has almost sighed away his soul at my feet, but I was inexorable—once, yes, once I felt some tender repinings at the misery I caused, but "no," I said, "I will die, and my maiden

name shall be engraved upon my head-stone, but never, never will I be a slave to man." Remember this, Minnie, and show in every contest with your husband a spirit worthy of your sex.

Your commiserating friend,
PHOENIX.

Minnie opened the door, with a lively gesture. "Come here, come here," she said, laughing; "this is in your line. A downright Woman's Rights woman. Ah, you shall be at my levee. Do you know I begin to have a weird, awe-struck feeling as I sit here alone, and yet companioned; and I keep repeating, 'Boatman, take thee twice thy fee,' as in the German poem. The room seems peopled. In every part I see dim, earnest eyes looking at me, and low voices whispering around me—"

"Dear Minnie, your soul is reaching a divine baptism. Do not slight these beautiful intimations."

"I have been very weak."

"It is not for the lowly to be driven to hardship or peril. God will help you."

"How?"

"Read your letters, Minnie."

The second was from a married woman, who was what is called a "Model Woman." It began as follows:

"I hardly know, my dear young friend, how to address you upon this interesting occasion; and yet I am sure my long experience in the marriage relation entitles me to give a young creature like you some little advice.

"It is now fifteen years since I entered the holy bonds of wedlock, and for the last ten years I may truly say I have had no just cause to regret having taken the step. The five first years of my marriage life were passed in downright fighting between my husband and myself. The truth is, men are natural-born tyrants. In the nursery, they strut about, monopolizing everything they can lay their hands on; and when old enough to make love, really do so as if they thought we must be delighted with them. I know Mr. Centum is an exception; for your mother took the whole matter into her own hands, and thus saved you an inconceivable amount of trouble. I shall do just in the same way for my Marion.

"The first thing incumbent on a woman is to get a husband; then learn how to manage him; or, as the cook-book used to say, "first catch your rabbit," and then it goes on to tell how he should be cooked. There are many ways in which a husband can be judiciously managed, to the edification and comfort of all concerned. I

regret to say, I took, in the early part of my experience, the worst possible course. Supposing Mr. ——— had sensibility, I went into hysterics whenever he opposed me. The consequence was, a tremendous doctor's bill. The dear man, thinking the illness real, sent at once for the physician, who prescribed freely, and came near ruining my health, while my husband sat reading the papers and waiting the result.

"I soon saw that would not do, and then I tried tears. That was the worst thing possible, for my eyes being large and prominent, acquired an unbecoming redness. Besides, my husband, who was very obstinate, did not regard my tears in the least, and always had his own way. Then I tried spirit. I outdid Queen Bess in my tantrums. I knew how to say the worst, the most aggravating things in the world. He cared no more for them than a block. One day, happening to see myself, on an occasion of a quarrel, in the glass, I observed the veins of my neck were much distended, and the sides of my mouth were so sharply drawn that a wrinkle would be the inevitable consequence.

"From that time I adopted a change, rather than spoil my beauty. I studied the character of my husband with the closest scrutiny. I soon learned that he was obstinate and dull, but really good-hearted and liberal, when nothing disturbed his own self-love. I gradually adapted myself to these characteristics, till I had him so completely under my control that he ceased to contend. I made him think that all I proposed originated with himself. I flattered his self-love; I coaxed and wheedled him, and played submissive, till he grew so delighted with me that he often declares himself the 'happiest man alive.' It is true there is a drawback to this in the hypocrisy I practice; but since he is content, I think I should be so likewise. Sometimes he tells his friends how perfectly he has trained me. Upon such occasions I feel a little rising of the Old Adam, and sometimes laugh a little in my sleeve, which is conveniently large; but I think it wise to give in to what he says.

"In conclusion, my dear Minnie, I give you the result of my experience, which is this: In order to rule your husband, you must seem to be ruled by him.
ELIZABETH JONES."

"Miserable! most miserable!" ejaculated poor Minnie, dropping the scroll as she would have dropped a toad from her fingers. She opened another.

DEAR MINNIE—If I ever live to be a man, I shall want to kill Mr. Centum, and then marry

you myself. Cousin Minnie, 'twas denced mean in you to get married when you did—I was most up to your shoulder then, and above it now. I'm getting on grandly. I tried a cigar the other day, but just to speak plain, 'twas no go.

Since you got married, I've took to little Kitty. She's amazingly green, but progressing rapidly. Come now, Minnie, just own up—are you not sorry you got married? I know you are. You better have waited till I grew up, for I love you better than a hundred Mr. Centums can, and you know it, Minnie. YOUR COUSIN HENRY.

The reading of this letter, from a Young America, of ten years, amused us greatly.

Then followed one from the pious Mrs. —:

DEAR MINNIE—Life is short, and already another year has rolled into the great ocean of eternity, since you stood a happy bride at the marriage altar, there assuming responsibilities which extend into the unknown future. All I can say, Minnie, is this—never contradict your husband. If he is wrong, pray for him. Never oppose him in any way—be submissive in all things, according to the Scripture, which saith—I leave you to read it. If he is wrong, pray for him. Never tell him you are unhappy, if you feel so—let him see that you are a praying woman. When you lay your head upon your pillow, heave a sigh over the follies of the world. Let your husband see that you are resolved upon leading a pious life; let him do what he will. I forgot to say, the best thing in the world to bring a husband round to a proper temper of mind is, when he is tyrannical or guilty of levity, or indecorum of any kind, to close your eyes slowly, and seem to pray inwardly with a sort of enduring manner. I never knew it to fail. Above all things, be sure to have all the children christened, in spite of opposition. DORCAS —.

A pretty blush, and another letter was opened.

DEAR MINNIE—I always said my little niece was the most sensible girl in the world. Let me tell you, Centum is a good fellow, a first-rate fellow. Rich, respectable, and good familial. He'll make you a happy woman—worth nigh on to half a million. One thing, Minnie, let me caution you about: I know of nothing more distressing than to find of a cold morning, no buttons to a man's wristbands—we bachelors always engage the laundry women to see to this, and they never fail us—their pay stops if they do—but a married man expects his wife to do it, and often suffers dreadfully in consequence; lay it down as a rule in life, that if a married man is

out of temper, it is because his wife has neglected the buttons.

Your affectionate Uncle, JACOB SMALL.

Little Minnie looked up amazed. Life to her were always an ideal aspect. She was looking for sentiment, for affection, for something to meet the needs of her vacant, girlish heart; and she found herself let at once into the arena of chicanery and common-place.

I had observed two letters laid aside, and I put my hand upon them. "Not yet, those must be last; not yet," she said, answering to my gesture. "Here is one from my friend Julia."

DARLING MINNIE—A whole year has passed, and yet we, who swore never to be separated—who declared we would not marry if we could not be together, are now a thousand miles apart, and both married. Do you remember our dreams of love in a cottage? our girlish lovers? Mr. —, the artist, who was so devoted to you? and the young clergyman, who loved me so tenderly? Ah! Minnie, it is a sort of treason to talk in this way—but do you know I feel as if I can do nothing less in writing to you at this time. My husband is a rich, good sort of a man; and so is yours. Everybody congratulates our mammas upon such fine matches; but I declare, I should rather realize our school-girl dreams, than live this life of splendid misery; this negation of all that is beautiful, romantic, and congenial. I despise myself—I weep, and write verses, scold Mr. — for nothing in the world, only that he is my husband—the man who bought me legally for his wife. It is a splendid misery. I am neither vain nor worldly—I do not care for diamonds, ner laces, nor silks, as women are apt to do. The mass of stupid, rich women, who flaunt at watering-places, flirt at hotels, waltz and dance, and love within an inch of their lives, are odious to me. When they come to see me, I almost insult them with my contempt. Minnie, Minnie, I wish we two had gone off somewhere, and lived in obscurity, rather than live as we must live, liars, miserable liars, to the end of our lives. I look from my carriage window with envy at the servant who sweeps the steps, and works honestly, and owns herself; while the women, who are content with wealth, with luxury, and the bondage of wealth, I regard with contempt! Oh, for poverty, toil and freedom! I am half mad, Minnie. What will come of it, I know not. My husband begins to treat me with a stern superiority, that kills me. We have been two dreamers, you and I, and now I am awake. Is it better, Minnie, to sleep, sleep, and

die, or awake to what is and what might have been, and suffer the tortures of a defeated life? I crowd the whole long, dreary future into one consented moment of agony, and then weep well nigh tears of blood. And yet the world calls me happy. Do not be surprised at anything you may hear of me—I am well nigh desperate. Whatever is before me, oh, dearest, sweet Minnie, remember our school-girl days, when we thought only of love and joy, and unambitious dreams, and were content. Remember this, dear Minnie, and love me, let what will be—love me, and believe in me, though all others revile—love me, though I may seem unworthy of love, for indeed, God only knows how this misery will end. JULIA.

Minnie trembled violently at reading this impassioned epistle. She grew deadly pale, and when it dropped from her fingers, she sat so cold and statue-like, I feared she would faint. There is something very touching in these early friendships. Girls are so outspoken, so confiding with each other, that it often happens a moral problem, over which the philosophic mind expends itself for years, is settled by them with an easy natural intuition. It was evident the impassioned Julia had interpreted much already in the mind of the more gentle and timid Minnie. A cold shudder ran over her; she breathed as one about to suffocate, and then tears came to her relief.

"Oh, life is so poor, so miserable, so undesirable," she murmured.

"Oh! no, no, Minnie; the true life is one of joy, of perfect peace, of divine aspiration, and sweet, congenial human love. We may not realize all this, but let us not lose faith in God, a dear loving faith in the good Father, dearest Minnie." She pressed my hand gently.

"Well then, now," and with trembling fingers, she showed me one of the letters she had laid aside. It was from the artist.

A moment she held it before her eyes, unopened. Slowly her hands fell into her lap. A dreamy expression grew upon her eyes—faint rays were emitted therefrom; a silver-like whiteness grew upon her brow, and extended to her hands—she scarcely breathed—her lips moved softly, in strange utterances. She lifted her hand slowly and took the other letter between her fingers.

"Gold, gold," she murmured, "the perpetual curse of love—but for this, I had been like the angels—look here, he has the soul of mammon;" and by some mysterious agency, I too saw the envelope held a thousand dollar bill, which began to crackle, and blacken, and finally consume

with a blue flame. So intent was I upon watching this phenomenon, that I did not at first observe the unearthly aspect of the now beautiful Minnie. She had not broken the seal of either letters, but she read both clearly, as if the sense of sight had become an all-pervading instinct. With white lips, she articulated—

"Minnie, you will see me no more in this world. God grant your life may be a short one. We will blame no one—we will forgive all; and when you die, Minnie, be at peace with all. I do not know why I write this, but a sort of vision tells me these will be the last words you will ever read. Love is a prophet. You cannot, will not become the despicable thing of worldliness, which your mother desires you to be. No, Minnie, you are too beautiful, too near the angels for that—I feel as if I might prevent it—I feel a dread something, a something which I cannot resist, saying, 'Write it down, that Minnie will die, even while the depths of her white soul are being laid open to her, she will exhale like the lily torn from its pure element;' and I say, do not fear, sweet Minnie, do not fear—death is but a sleep and an awakening.

"Stay, beautiful one, stay and see into the real soul of your lover, one moment ere you go. Do you remember, you showed me your family lot in Greenwood—I write this on the very spot. As I look down I see a space covered with lilies—it is where your ashes will lie, Minnie; and mine, God only knows where mine will rest—but that is nothing. See what I have written in my sorrow. Say once that you love me, and I shall bear it, through all space.

"IN GREENWOOD.

"I'll sit me here,

Here, on this calm autumnal day—

The leaf is sere,

And falls unwilling on its way

To lie forgotten in the dim, cold ground—

Amid the scanty foliage chirps the bird—

The squirrel chatters with a peevish sound,

And 'mid the crisping herbage, faint is heard,

The undertone of waters, gurgling low,

Dreading the frost will intercept their flow.

"There was a time,

I rarely bring its memory back—

It seems a crime

To sigh, ah! well-a-day! alack!

As if the past would fail itself to link

Unto some future, of the past a part—

But yet, strive how I will, I still must think,

Though ~~autumn~~ now—once ~~summer~~ in my heart

Lived summer-like, nor dreaded winter's blight,

For ~~how~~ wert then my sun, my life, my light.

"We must lie low,

Afloat the sunbeams, on a spot

Which I should know—

Hearts never learn the word 'forget'—

Were it not so, these long, long smothered tears

Would not resume their overflow—for I

Am but a part of weary autumn years,

Whose life-bright sun is blotted from the sky,

Meseems a slumber, long and deep, were sweet,

Amid the leaves that rustle at my feet."

Minnie chanted the above in low cadence, as if her tongue had become a lute; it was like a heavenly dirge, sung by a disembodied spirit, who mourned with a more than human tenderness, over a mortal's grief. Suddenly, she raised both hands above her head, as if in ecstasy, and uttered—"I love you, Juan!"

I placed her cheek against my bosom, and soothed her as I would soothe a weary child, upon whose tender head the nipping frost of a winter night had fallen. Her breath was faint and low—I called her by name—she did not reply—I looked into her face—she was dead!

Many months elapsed, when one morning a pale, noble youth stood before me. He waited for no greetings, but began at once—

"I was in Italy—God is my witness, that I struggled boldly and well to do manly service in the world. I worked, I studied; every day I exacted a certain amount of labor from myself, which I performed with the precision of a hireling. Art, which is so beautiful, which requires the love of a loving soul, became a kindly mother to me, and gave me works, and through the prismatic hue of tears, revealed to me celestial beauty. I saw the faces of Dante and Beatrice; of Abelard and Heloise; of the sublimely sorrowing Cenci; of Joan, the wondrous creature of inspiration, gleaming with their strange luminous eyes upon me, and I perceived them not as ideal dreams, but living portraits—mostly I saw the holy, the divine, the infinitely loving Jesus, standing in serene majesty, a perpetual rebuke to our poor turbulent, now achieving lives. Him I painted, and men came as to a shrine for worship. They saw not a work of art, but the Divine impersonation. I achieved more than my brother artists achieved, with more genius and more perseverance than mine, because my life had become one of pure revelation. I was faithful to the wondrous teaching of love; faithful to the ministry of sorrow.

"One night, I walked beneath the solemn arches of the Coliseum—I had wandered there nightly, for many weeks. The mendicant stretched himself upon the ground, in that beautiful climate, and did not heed me, as I leaned against the wall, and dreamed—the priest muttered a benedicté, and moved onward; and the stout

robber, with muttered curses, sought another rendezvous, rather than disturb a moon-struck man, as these people learned to regard me.

"As the anniversary of Minnie's marriage approached, a strange feeling of awe grew upon me. I knew she could not live through years of dull ungenial ministry, wearing out her soul in schooling it to patience, and I had written her to that effect. I knew not what I wrote, for a wild power impelled my words, and I spoke not from my own volition. It seemed to me I was invested with power to *will* her death even. I could not resist it. I spread out my arms, I bade her come to me—I knelt imploringly beneath the holy stars, I, a half frantic, yet rarely loving man, and conjured her, by all holy signs and sacred names, to lay down a life of misery, to win an angel's robe.

"Look here," and he unrolled a picture giving the exact portrait of the room, in the centre of which was the angelic Minnie, just as she arose from her chair and spread out her beautiful arms, with the words, "I love you, Juan."

"This was the vision opened before me. For one, one moment of transport she was mine; we met as angels meet—I heard the blessed words, 'I love you, Juan,' and knew all that has transpired. Better, infinitely better it should be thus."

How beautiful, how noble looked the artist, with his manly brow, his pale cheek and spiritual eyes. I knew he had battled bravely and had won the victory. He was too great to sink under his grief—he had arisen therefrom into a higher life.

"And what will you do, Juan?" I asked.

"I will establish a new school of art. Look at the saintly beatitude of this face. Sorrow should have no part in the arena of art. The human, being low, level with earth, weeps and repines—the glorified human is joyous, serene, divine. The martyr exults amid the flames—the prophet beholds the heavens opened, while his blood sprinkles the earth. The true woman glows with a celestial halo, because she has trodden the serpent beneath her feet."

"Noble, beautiful youth," I exclaimed, "thou art worthy to be 'baptised with this baptism,' and thy aspiration is the promise of fruition."

And Minnie, the tender, gentle Minnie, who had helped to raise the lovely soul of the pure artist up to this true idealism—she had done a woman's office in the world, an office holier and better than mere intellect could achieve, however great. Hers has been the true Ministry, that of the Beautiful.



Graham's American monthly magazine of literature, art, and fashion.

APA Citation

Taylor, B., Chandler, J. R. (Joseph Ripley), Conrad, R. Taylor., Griswold, R. W. (Rufus Wilmot), Stephens, A. S. (Ann Sophia), Peterson, C. J. (Charles Jacobs), Poe, E. Allan., Graham, G. R. *Graham's American monthly magazine of literature, art, and fashion*. Philadelphia: G. R. Graham [etc.].

MLA Citation

Graham, G. R, et al.. Graham's American Monthly Magazine of Literature, Art, And Fashion. Philadelphia: G. R. Graham [etc.],