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Poetry.

For the Commonwealth.

POEMS:

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

HERMITS.

* * * * * * *

I think that hermits that are nuttered: men
Who strive to escape a ghost of self, and then
Gain never selves with Nature's tenderness,
Clasping her saddened sons, to soothe and bless,
And making birds and beasts, and leaves and flowers
(Gentle or rude companions of the hours)
Kinsmen and mortal fellows, morn and eve;
Infusing human sympathy, they leave
The crowd that each day bears their sufferings,
And claim the unselfish sympathy of things:
Poor, weary Athaus, they seem to me,
Who drop that troublous sphere Society.

PARTING.

We clasp our hands: we turn and go,
Our footsteps echoing years between;
We meet again: we hardly know
These ghosts of loved ones long unseen.

We clasp our hands: we turn and go,
Far travellers with strange hours and years;
The face, the form, the voice we know,
They come not back from time and tears.

We clasp our hands in loving trust;
We part our robes o'er the wave:
No hand can reach us—from the dust;
No voice can find us—in the grave.

For the Commonwealth.

EPITAPH

ON A LITTLE GIRL OF SEVEN YEARS.

From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.

How sweet my darling was, how fair,
How brief her days, these flowers declare;
Above her grave my sorrow strews
The maiden violet and the rose,
Which hardly blown their colors close.

Yet cease the cruel fates to chide;
This child like rose and violet died;
Too soon she drooped her beauteous head,
Yet precious fragrance long is shed
Around the spot where she lies dead.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

IV.

"Come, Tot, put on your habit and ride up to see the long before you."

Will addressed this remark to me as I sat on the piazza, in a group of bedjuvened and bejewelled ladies, pretending to embroidery, while the snappy little work-basket on my knee, and a puckered bit of cambric in my hand. His masculine eye saw at a glance that it was no place for me, and he rescued me from my genteel misery with a little disheartged creature as he is. Up I flew, and leaving the moodes of elegant ennui behind me, speedily equipped myself for one of the pleasures which I so desired never perfected to enjoy.

When I came down, the horses not being ready, I sat on the doorstep, endeavoring to recall all the equestrian rules and regulations I had ever heard, that I might not disgrace my cavalier. But I must confess that never having been to riding-school, my ideas of the matter were somewhat confused, and historic I had confined myself to the simple laws of getting on and staying on. These had served me very well so far, though my Amazonian sister had confided to me her opinion that my appearance when enjoying myself on my favorite steed was that of a meal bag on a cantering cow. Now with the eyes of Gorham upon me I wished to present a correct deportment, and while waiting with apparent severity, was secretly murmuring—"Elbows down, shoulders back, head up, reins in left hand, whip at the side, don't touch the pommel, one, two, spring!" etc.

When the beasts appeared, I ran down the steps without waiting for Will, who was tightening his hat-band. The truth was, I saw a party of gentlemen approaching, and I wanted to be off before the arrival of these connoisseurs, so mounting the horse-block I sat down in the saddle as if it had been a rocking-chair; a proceeding which would have disgusted my more accomplished sister, who regards anything but a scientific toss-up disgraceful in the extreme. Somebody on the piazza laughed—I don't wish to know who, and the small hostler grinned as he handed my whip—I should like to ask why? then Will gave me a hoist and a smooth, and swung himself up with a "Now, then!" that caused me to cluck to my horse, bow to my friends, and prepare to ride gallantly away. Nothing of the sort, however, occurred. Squab, my interesting steed, suddenly pushed his ears, whisked his tail, and began to describe a circle with his hind legs, while his fore legs remained stationary, or nearly so.

"Give him a cut behind, Miss, he always acts ugly at first, but I guess he won't throw you," remarked the hostler, with his hands in his pockets.

There was a cheering speech for you! But with the inviting prospect of presently alighting on my head, I giggled tickled the saddle-cloth in the rear with a few taps of my whip. The only visible effect was an acceleration of the circular pearance, a general smile, and a disagreeable certainty that I resembled a bad circus rider; which last idea incited me to give Squab a vengeful slash over head and ears, that effectually conquered his objections to progression. With a plunge that sent my hat into my mouth, he bolted off, throwing me into such mental and bodily confusion, that I suspect my elbows went up, my head went down, and all my good intentions came to nay clung to the same, while the "two, two, spring!" movement was performed every half second, with a velocity that induced Will to observe ironically—

"Fine exercise, isn't it?"

"Very fine-in-bed," chattered I, bound not to give in while I could hold on.

In this graceful and dignified style, we trotted out of sight, and I was just collecting my scattered wits when the landscape abruptly reversed itself and I found myself seated in the dirt with the saddle on Squab's belly instead of on his back. Finding repose of any kind extremely grateful, I remained where I was, and Squab so entirely confided with me that he strolled to the roadside, feeling leisurely as he went. Will's face was a study as he dismounted, exclaiming with mingled mirth and anxiety:

"My dear girl, are you hurt?"

"I'm very comfortable, thank you," responded the dear girl still repeating in the dirt.

"Well, shall we go on?" he asked presently.

"Yes, why not?" and rising from the dust, I shook myself, wiped my hot forehead and stood ready to re-mount, though my cowardly heart beat like a trip hammer, and my feet would have been a little pallid with alarm, if it had not been decidedly reddish with heat. This time it was literally a "toss up," for whether I should come down "heads" or not, was an open question in my mind. Fortunately I hit aright, and as we moved on Will said—

"Try jockeying. That is a hard horse, but the best I could get for you."

"Haven't I been jockeying enough?" thought I, but replied with all possible alacrity—

"Yes, I will," and immediately asked myself what it meant "to jockey?" Something about rising in the stirrup and taking the motion of the horse floated mistily through my mind. However, I proceeded to bounce vigorously, wondering why it was considered easier than to be passively bounced, till it struck me that I had made a mistake somewhere, and that in riding as in dancing, it was necessary to keep time, for as I came down the horse was always going up, and instead of my "taking the motion," the motion was taking me, and very unpleasantly too.

"Christopher Columbus! how will it end?" groaned I, vainly endeavoring to hit the proper moment for an easy bounce. Will seemed to think we were getting on excellently, and began to dilate upon the beauties of nature, while I responded to the best of my ability.

"It is a perfect day for seeing the Imp's profile to advantage, clear, and cool, and dry."

"Yes"—bump,—"we could"—chatter—"have had"—bump—"a better"—chatter, bump—

"There's a chatty old woman in one of the houses that stands the nearest where we go for the view, and you must make her talk."

"Does she" chatter—"live there"—bump—"all alone?"—chatter, bump—chatter, bump—

"No, she has neighbors. You find Squab easier now, don't you?"

"Oh very"—bump, bump—"much easier."—chatter, chatter—bump—chatter—bump.

At this point the hostler's patience gave out as the woman's hand long ago, and I don't blame him, for a more miserable pair than rider and ridden it would be hard to find. Coming to a stone wall, he suddenly whistled aloud, backed down the bank, and began to shake himself as if I was a horse fly—so I was in one sense of the word, for goodness knows, I would gladly have put a greater distance between us than the length of a hyphen. At this new and somewhat perilous demonstration, I rolled upon grass and mea. Will seized the bridle, and we all floundered back into the road together.

"Confound the beast! he acts so because he knows you are afraid of him," fumed Will.

"I'm not afraid now, I'm scared! I am well while I hold on," scolded I, feeling ready to break my horse's neck and my own also, just then.

A great ramping and snuffing ensued, and after the dust had subsided, the spirit of the hills might have beheld a hot, begrimmed and betragged female pelting along the road with half a wry, staring eye, and desperation in every fold of her face. How we reached the meadow is more than I can tell; that we did reach it at all, I regard as one of the most felicitous events of my life, for when we passed, my arms were stiff, my eyes literally dazed in my head, and "the dews of exhaustion balled my brow" as they did Consuelo's, some half dozen times during her subterranean search for her lunatic lover.

Turning at a certain spot, Will bade me look up; I did so, and there, clear against the deep blue behind it, stood out the profile of the Great Stone Face. Starr King, in his "White Hills," has said all that can be said, in the way of rapture, quotation, and description, of the sea of all the other wonders of this region, therefore his picture of this profile shall stand instead of mine.

"It seemed as if an enormous giant had sculptured his own likeness on the rock; but then, beyond the broad arch of the forehead, the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which if they could but speak, would have rolled their thunder across from one end of the mountains, the whole profile is about eighty feet in length. The expression is really noble, with a suggestion partly of fatigue and melancholy. The upper portion of the mouth looks a little weak, as though the front teeth had decayed, and the granite lip had fallen in. Those who can see it with a thunder cloud behind, and the star seed drifting athwart it, will carry away the grandest impression it ever makes on the beholder. But when, after an August shower at late in the afternoon, the mists that rise from the forest below congregate and hang, mingled with sunshine, break as they drift against its nervous outline, and hilding the mass of mountain which it overhangs, isolate it with a blue halo, the countenance, awful but benignant, is "as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enveloping himself in a cloud vesture of purple and gold."

So we saw it from the low lying meadow green and still; the very contrast enhancing the beauty of each; for almost weary of the immensity of all about me it was often a relief to rest on my eyes and mind in some sunny spot where ferns were the only forest, a brook the tranquil river, mossy stones the hills, with dragon fly and coat to play the parts of hawk and eagle.

My meditations were brought to a close by Squab who, after fidgeting and fussing like an evil disposed beast as he was, suddenly stood and stared me in the face with an intelligent look—I hate him, but I'm bound to say he had an intelligent eye, fearfully intelligent, if I may use so forcible an expression—a look that said as plainly as words, "If you don't want to be pitched into the brook, ma'am, you'd better get off and let me drink."

Will appeared to understand him and proposed that I should pay a visit to the old lady while he watered the horses and talked politics with somebody at the barn. As everyone in my set is addicted and I regarded even a temporary divorce from Squab a foretaste of heaven, I agreed, and in ten minutes found myself seated in a breezy window, a fan in one hand, a saucer of raspberries and cream in the other, and my hostess fanning away in front of me. I suspect the worthy lady thought we kept rather close to the food so essential to her feminine constitution, namely gossip, for hardly was I seated before she began.

"Be you stayin' to the Glen?"

"No, ma'am, at the Lafayette."

"He's a harnsome likely lookin' man," with a nod in the direction of the invisible Will.

"Very much so."

"I mistrusted who you was the minute I see you," and a significant smile accompanied the words.

I fear me, can she know anything about my little "works of Shakespeare," thought I, feeling quite Fanny Burneyish on a small scale. Not knowing what else to do, I also "put up my fan and simpered," to "roughly" speak, and she describes her neat blushes, was out of the question, my complexion being quite as rubicund as that of the holiyhocks outside the window. Still nodding and smiling like an amiable Chinese mandarin the old lady continued,—

"Yes, I've heard of you. There was another couple here this mornin', and they said they guessed you'd be along, its such pretty ridin in these parts for such as you and him."

"What a peculiar old person," thought I, adding aloud—"Yes, ma'am, I enjoy it very much for I've spent here some of the happiest days of my life."

"That's just what they all say, and of young folks would only start right they might keep on sayin of it a considerable spell longer than they generally do. Now I've had experience, and I can see as plain as anything that you're one of the up and down sort, and I shouldn't wonder a mite of there come a bitch by'm'by for all you are so fond a the brother now."

"Bless the woman! what is she driving at?" muttered I with a mouthful suspended half way to my lips. Her next remark relieved me, and my literary vanities received a blow.

"I don't wish for to take no liberties, but havin' seen a sight more o' life than young folks, I always say my say when new married couples come pilgrimdarin' out here, and whether they like it or not. I feel as if I'd done my duty by em, for a word in season is worth a whole sermon too late."

As she paused to pick up a stitch I came to the conclusion that owing to Will's injunctions to "rest and cool yourself, my dear," the old lady had taken in into her head that we belonged to the bridal swarm that infested the neighborhood. The idea amused me mightily, and for the joke's sake, I did not undeceive her for fear my relations should were still unwon, except by the ghost of a youthful sweetheart, who wooed me on a haycock with cowslips around his fair brow, and whose ghost I quenched a drawing smile, and answered soberly.

"Very true, ma'am, pray speak freely; I shall be glad to receive any advice you may like to offer, for I suspect I shall be very illadvised in the manner you suggest, being as fond of having my own way as most women."

"I ain't a doubtin' of it, so let me tell you to begin with, don't never try to drive your husband into nothin', for the best of 'em turns contrary and pigheaded if drove. It's our place for to bear all things in meekness of spirit, as we was told when that Saint Paul said "Wives submit yourselves to your husbands."

"I don't agree to that, ma'am, though a dozen Saint Pauls said it, and never intend to submit to any one but the Lord. It is my opinion that the feeling and behavior of husbands should be mutual, and men are eternally calling women angels they should be more willing to be guided by them. They certainly could not be managed worse than they usually manage themselves."

"Lord a massy, child, of that's your belief, there never was any body more off the track than you be, and its my opinion before the year's out you'll be in a wuss scrape than I was onest."

She appeared so shocked at my doctrine, and so eager for a convert to her own, that I did not hesitate to say, with an appearance of deep interest,

"Suppose you tell me your scrape and perhaps it will help me to avoid a similar one."

"I ain't no objection in the world, for though I aint much of a story, I'm a warnin' which you'd do well to take in case o' need. I've told it a sight of times, and folks laugh as if it was rather humorous; I wasn't to live through it myself, I'm sure I believe." And leaning back in her creaky chair, her tongue rattled as briskly as her needles, while she reeled off the following "warnin" to young married folks."

"I was raised in York State, and when I married, we settled in Vermont. I declare I ain't seen a prettier place since I left; and the old aspin's come true, 'a cow don't know the wuth of her tail till she's lost it.' Silas was a master hand to his trade, a careful and a savin' man, so for three, four year he was as comfortable as pair of doves. Our nighest neighbor was a widder; she'd berried a couple o' husbands and was lookin' round for an other as chipper as you please. You see, havin' no one to care over to make, this Millet was mighty fond o' puttin' her fingers in her neighboures; but she done it so post, folks rather liked it, till they found she was takin' all the sugs and leavin 'em all the crus, so you may say, I never mistrusted her for a long spell, not knowin' widder's ways.

I thought luck was in my dish surely, but it warn't, and I had to eat my mess o' trouble which was needful and nourishin' o' I'd only had the grace to use it so.

Silas got into a low-spirit about his wages, and it seemed as if everything was at sixes and sevens all to once. He was a high spirited man and prized his place, for it gave him a chance to make a smart out o' nothin' and sent the bill to him. It was a long job and made him terrible fractious while it lasted; I thought he'd better give up than mind along that way, and I tried my best, but he wouldn't to have him dingin' away about that three hundred dollars continual, so I got as fractious as him. The children seemed to ketch the fit for they acted like time in the primeter, when they ought to be and hoopin' cough, and temper; I declare I used to think the very pots biled over jest to spite one another, to say nothin' o' me. Of course I told Mis Millet my worryments and she seemed to sympathise real hearty, telling me to keep a tant rein or I should never get the upper hand all my days. "Train Silas well," sez she, "don't give in to nothin', but show him you've a will o' your own, though he don't take your advice. A woman has a sight o' power if she only knows how to use it, and can fetch a man to most anything from backing her shoes to marryin' of her; jest keep vittles low, buttons uncertain, and kisses scarce, and he'll come up with an incobrent pathos that fetch a laugh at the sudden introduction of the porcine martyr.

"Well ma'am, did you exalt over him and make him promise to let you have your own way forever after? It was a fine opportunity, I hope you improved it."

"Oh law, no, of course I went right home and kissed them children for a comfort, and I reckon I answered this week minded "Sophy" as if but one conclusion was possible.

"A great mistake ma'am. But did all your pride and spirit go down with the pig?" I asked much disappointed.

"Well, no, it didn't, but I learned a sight by that week's work and so did Silas; for though we some times edged back to the respectf state, we never come to blows agin, and was so mortified we kep' our worryments to ourselves and give Mis' Millet a wide berth, for there wern't no end to the sho she made out o' that scrape o'Ours. For a long spell we was as sweet as honey pots; I never tried to be boss agin, but cooked the best o' vittles, let them children walk over my naked nose, and petted the hull on 'em most to death. Silas was so lovin', I declare for't, I used to say the old courtin' days was come back, for he was as meek as a whole flock o' lambs and only got set on at times when twitted about that job of ours, which was doing well for a hot spirrited man by nature. When I thought I was in a fair drive o' on him he would be thought o' that time and shut up; and often after a cross fit Silas would bust out larfin' and say, "Lord bless you, Sophy! it wasn't me it was the Pig."

As the old lady paused to chuckle in character, I observed Will's summons, saying, as I rose,

"There, you ma'am, I will remember your experience and tell my husband (when I find him) how to manage me if I should happen to forget; though I'm afraid a box on the ear would settle the matter much quicker than any argument, from the salvo of the bacon to that of the boxer."

Laying her brown hand on my arm, my hostess administered a parting lecture in voice, with a warpy wag that made her cap frill tremble.

"Don't expect too much of human critters, child, and bein' as you're one o' the outspoken sort you'll better look into them two sayins'—"Every path has its puddle" and 'It's better the foot slip than the tongue."

"Good bye, ma'am, and allow me to offer one in return "Women must make their will with their live, because they make none when they die."

I ought not to close this letter from, but not about the mountains, without mentioning that, owing to a late repentance, or some striking suggestions of Will's, Squab took me home like a bird, and I had the satisfaction of trotting up to the Hotel door in a style which I fervently trust effaced all recollection of my inglorious departure.

☞ Senator Wilson asserted at the Abington anti-slavery celebration, that four, or perhaps five of the United States Supreme Judges, believe in the constitutionality of the President's decree of emancipation.

QUINTIN MESSIS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CAROLINE PICHLER.

Translated for the Commonwealth.

II.

The unspeakable sorrow of his face seized him with agonizing power; a life full of suffering, and "care of every day," lay before him like a cutting wound, like the flat, cloudy plain endless and unchangeable, before him. Now he stepped to the river and looked down over the smooth stony the waves moved so quietly, the rain drops which splashed upon the stony bank, sounded so peacefully in the scarce agitated waters—a painful longing filled his soul.

"Ah, you, you!" and an hour of this passion that ever tears my unquiet heart,"—so thought he,—"even were it beneath in this river-bed." A desire to end his troubles, and a horror of the crime of suicide, fought in his heart. Suddenly it seemed to him as if he saw afar of the figure of his mother stretching her arms anxiously towards him. A shudering seized him, his tears flowed, he listened toward the imploring image—it was fancy! The uncertain moonbeams had mirrored a deception from behind him in the shadows and branches of the willows on the shore; but it had sufficed to destroy his wild design. "That was from my mother," he thought, and shuddered at the feeling which had so powerfully shaken his soul. "I will live for her, I will do all for her, even to bear the agony of my destiny."

This determination poured a semblance of joy into his agitated mind, but with it also came a feeling of bodily exhaustion and weariness. Slowly he crept homeward. A gleam of light through a crack of the door told him his faithful nurse was still watching and waiting for his return. Anxious and glad she came to meet him; she wished to scold him but could not; for she saw him sink on the bench, pale as a corpse, as death, and weary. With trembling hands she guided him to bed, prepared some food for him, and then laid herself down on a sad heart, and often in her unquiet slumber listened to see if he, too, was awake, and what he was doing.

In the morning Quintin was really ill, yet he was easy. If he did not wish to accomplish anything of their tedious peculiarities, which in their innate essence speak to my heart and seem to show me many a secret thought which lies in them and in the whole character, he could not be at ease, their fulness, their splendor of color, delicacy and innocence, is my highest endeavor, my honorable ambition. I venture to hight as only an artist can venerate the end of his efforts. I would not undervalue the lofty worth of the art of other masters; the human form to, is something high and beautiful, but how rarely we have the fortune to behold it in its primal beauty and dignity, undefaced by national costume, sorrow, habit etc. On the contrary, when we behold—

"Yes, yes," interrupted De Vrindt, "the flowers are very pretty in themselves, and you represent them to perfection. I, myself, have twice tried the experiment of breathing away a beetle or a butterfly from the roses on which you had painted them." De Bos smiled pleasantly. "You are too good. It is true I sometimes succeed in representing those insects very naturally, but it has cost me a great deal of labor to represent them in the best way, and I know what I have done in that direction. But you can step forward and say, ladies, if you will, a good giant, a magnifying glass, examine my insects, my thorns, the stamens, leave-veins, etc., in my flowers, and I ask if you can discover a hair's breadth, that is not the truest representation of nature?"

"If you place your pride in that," replied the old man, as he turned his back on his painting, "you have truly reached the highest. Yet I must agree with you, and still hold that the human form, the emotions which it displays, the expression of feeling and passion by which it becomes dear to him who beholds the picture, what the master would express, and the desired sentiments are awakened in him, the noblest purpose of our art."

"And yet," replied the other, "great masters have not disdained to spend much labor upon flowers and insects, and national ornaments of the decorations of every little ornament on weapon and furniture."

De Vrindt listened and paused to, shaking his head. At last he began, somewhat impatiently: "Ha, ha, then, the first and highest to you, young man, I have spoken enough of it. I know, and all which, the human form, its conditions and expressions, was also worthy of something."

"Unknown to myself, I commenced painting, joining in, "certainly, master De Vrindt, and I am sorry, and time for her to put her father's studio in order.

III.

But there was no Quintin to be seen, and it was the same on the next, the third, the fourth, and finally the eighth day. A violent agony overwhelmed Margaret; she sought for information, she besought her aunt to inquire, and at last learned that the handsome stranger lay dangerously ill, and lacking in every comfort and alleviation of his condition, not only through the pain of present sickness, but through anxiety for the future of his mother, left sorrowful, whilst even in his body could withstand this storm he would not for a long time be fit to pursue his toilsome craft and provide bread for himself and her.

Margaret could not listen to her aunt's report without the deepest emotion which was displayed itself in hot tears. The aunt too, was greatly moved and the good women took counsel together how to aid the unfortunate man and his mother, of course some help must be given. To have sent them money directly would have been the easiest and most simple method; but Margaret could not agree to this, although her aunt urged her to comprehend why she should make such a circumstance about those poor people. At last they decided to send every day some wholesome, simple food by a trusty, old woman who knew Quintin, who lived in the neighborhood, and had been for a long time employed in various little matters in De Vrindt's house, and who was positively forbidden to say who sent her, and was cautioned to find out secretly what the mother most needed in her housekeeping.

Frau Brigitta promised to fulfil everything as well as possible, and Margaret could really have given the artful errand into no more cunning hands. Already, on the evening of the same day, Brigitta had learned where Margaret lived and with a covered basket, filled with Margaret's kindly gifts, on her arm, she started for the dilapidated house where the sailor and his mother lived in grief and trouble.

There was the appearance of bitterest poverty, as she entered the room and [illegible] the silent, pale countenance, the sunken eyes, the painful cruel fling. The mother was startled at the strange visitor, but her surprise was turned to joy which her father had painted. Has this man been the object of her coming, unloaded her basket and promised to come every day with the same alms, and that the sick man might rely upon the support of his unknown benefactress. The good matron could hardly contain herself for joy and gratitude, but said that her son was too weak, too much overcome with joy and astonishment to be of his good fortune. She then thanked the serviceable messenger, and yet more the generous unknown with tears, and in the joy of her heart told Brigitta all she wished to learn of her son, of the events of the last few days, his despondency, etc.

Richly laden with news and information from whence Margaret's heart could wish to be, and what it would, Frau Brigitta appeared the next day at De Vrindt's house to obtain more food for the sick man; and Margaret with inward joy drank in the tidings which opened a wide field for her fancy to disport itself pleasantly in.

In her successive visits to Messis' cottage, Frau Brigitta soon learned what was especially been needed and what was still lacking. They lacked everything that was especially necessary for his care and restoration, especially a physician; and although, Quintin was ashamed of his poverty, Frau Brigitta had prepared is herself whenever she could do so without exciting attention, did much for Quintin's healing and return to strength, yet it was impossible for the wife, and the sick man was only spoken of by the way; Frau Brigitta must have been less wise than she really was, not to have seen clearly how matters stood, and to deprive herself of the pleasure of hearing about it in the accounts which she presented to the aunt she disclosed as much as was needful of the poor sailor's despondency, of the physician's opinion, delayed to tell you, and yet not let excite yet more strongly the wish which he has always cherished of drawing yet more closely and intimately a bond upon which hung the happiness of his life only one; and he urges me yet more earnestly in an enclosed note, in consideration of the necessary requirements of decent, marriage-portion and all else, to be forced to abandon the sweet impulses of my own heart and your fatherly advice."

During this long speech De Vrindt had been reading the old merchant's letter, and its contents seemed to have pleased him not less acceptable. "So then," said he, "all is arranged, and Margaret, too, will be pleased I think. How do you stand with Quintin, Johann, and have you spoken with her today?"

"Not at all," answered the painter, "and I must honestly confess that your daughter's manner is not quite what I wished and hoped for. Not that I am really forced to fear that I displease her; Praise be to God! I can say without boasting that I never was unmeaning with the female sex, and I have no sort of doubt but that I shall see even the appearance of disdain or indifference which your sweet daughter purposely assumes when she addresses me, melt away in the beams of my love and zeal for her service. But then far, to tell the truth, she does not treat me in the way I have been used to, and to which in my circumstances, I am really entitled from a young lady whom I woo."

De Vrindt was silent and shook his head again a little; but de Bos took no notice of it and went on under the appearance of modesty to display his merits and to decline his surprise, that he found so much opposition with Margaret, and to wonder what she could be at with this dissimulation.

"Never mind," said De Vrindt, at last, interrupting his complaisance, "I shall consider, and Margaret will obey. It is not our concern, but it is proper to have a will in such things. They lack experience greatly as well as judgment, and I would not advise her to attempt sensual resistance to my will. Leave the matter, my sight I also advise you, on your side, to go to work with less confidence, and to think more how to make yours if agreeable to the maiden, for I would not be compelled to adopt, against your, wishes, another, for it does to hope to yield you no, and it will be more difficult then."

During these last words De Bos had remained his silence and attentiveness, which he had shown to read the letter, and was on with his work. But after the young man had looked on for nearly two, without of everything, and mainly waited for the after that to call, he was at last, but with hesitation and reconceded at his departure in pretending the maid to lead him through the court and little garden, and to show him the shortest way through the maze; for he had no desire to pass by the spinks again.

Margaret learned this and, we hasten the situation of a person with Quintin. It did not seem to injure him in her opinion, and De Bos, who he never been much esteemed by her sank yet lower. Above all, a chance had been going on for some days in Margaret's mind, of which she herself was scarcely conscious, and which she would not yet confess, and with inward trouble which she had written to conceal from herself or to explain elsewhere. She waited for the aunt's opening, and the time for her to put her father's studio in order.

III.

But there was no Quintin to be seen, and it was the same on the next, the third, the fourth, and finally the eighth day. A violent agony overwhelmed Margaret; she sought for information, she besought her aunt to inquire, and at last learned that the handsome sailor lay dangerously ill, and lacking in every comfort and alleviation of his condition, not only through the pain of present sickness, but through anxiety for the future of his mother, left sorrowful, whilst even if his body could withstand this storm he would not for a long time be fit to pursue his toilsome craft and provide bread for himself and her.

Margaret could not listen to her aunt's report without the deepest emotion which was displayed itself in hot tears. The aunt too, was greatly moved and the good women took counsel together how to aid the unfortunate man and his mother, of course some help must be given. To have sent them money directly would have been the easiest and most simple method; but Margaret could not agree to this, although her aunt urged her to comprehend why she should make such a circumstance about those poor people. At last they decided to send every day some wholesome, simple food by a trusty, old woman who knew Quintin, who lived in the neighborhood, and had been for a long time employed in various little matters in De Vrindt's house, and who was positively forbidden to say who sent her, and was cautioned to find out secretly what the mother most needed in her housekeeping.

Frau Brigitta promised to fulfil everything as well as possible, and Margaret could really have given the artful errand into no more cunning hands. Already, on the evening of the same day, Brigitta had learned where Margaret lived and with a covered basket, filled with Margaret's kindly gifts, on her arm, she started for the dilapidated house where the sailor and his mother lived in grief and trouble.

There was the appearance of bitterest poverty, as she entered the room and [illegible] the silent, pale countenance, the sunken eyes, the painful cruel fling. The mother was startled at the strange visitor, but her surprise was turned to joy which her father had painted. Has this man been the object of her coming, unloaded her baskets and promised to come every day with the same alms, and that the sick man might rely upon the support of his unknown benefactress. The good matron could hardly contain herself for joy and gratitude, but said that her son was too weak, too much overcome with joy and astonishment to be of his good fortune. She then thanked the serviceable messenger, and yet more the generous unknown with tears, and in the joy of her heart told Brigitta all she wished to learn of her son, of the events of the last few days, his despondency, etc.

Richly laden with news and information from whence Margaret's heart could wish to be, and what it would, Frau Brigitta appeared the next day at De Vrindt's house to obtain more food for the sick man; and Margaret with inward joy drank in the tidings which opened a wide field for her fancy to disport itself pleasantly in.

In her successive visits to Messis' cottage, Frau Brigitta soon learned what was especially been needed and what was still lacking. They lacked everything that was especially necessary for his care and restoration, especially a physician; and although, Quintin was ashamed of his poverty, Frau Brigitta had prepared is herself whenever she could do so without exciting attention, did much for Quintin's healing and return to strength, yet it was impossible for the wife, and the sick man only spoken of by the way; Frau Brigitta must have been less wise than she really was, not to have seen clearly how matters stood, and to deprive herself of the pleasure of hearing about it in the accounts which she presented to the aunt she disclosed as much as was needful of the poor sailor's despondency, of the physician's opinion, delayed to tell you, and yet not let excite yet more strongly the wish which he has always cherished of drawing yet more closely and intimately a bond upon which hung the happiness of his life only one; and he urges me yet more earnestly in an enclosed note, in consideration of the necessary requirements of decent, marriage-portion and all else, to be forced to abandon the sweet impulses of my own heart and your fatherly advice."

During this long speech De Vrindt had been reading the old merchant's letter, and its contents seemed to have pleased him not less acceptable. "So then," said he, "all is arranged, and Margaret, too, will be pleased I think. How do you stand with Quintin, Johann, and have you spoken with her today?"

"Not at all," answered the painter, "and I must honestly confess that your daughter's manner is not quite what I wished and hoped for. Not that I am really forced to fear that I displease her; Praise be to God! I can say without boasting that I never was unmeaning with the female sex, and I have no sort of doubt but that I shall see even the appearance of disdain or indifference which your sweet daughter purposely assumes when she addresses me, melt away in the beams of my love and zeal for her service. But then far, to tell the truth, she does not treat me in the way I have been used to, and to which in my circumstances, I am really entitled from a young lady whom I woo."

De Vrindt was silent and shook his head again a little; but de Bos took no notice of it and went on under the appearance of modesty to display his merits and to decline his surprise, that he found so much opposition with Margaret, and to wonder what she could be at with this dissimulation.

"Never mind," said De Vrindt, at last, interrupt-

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