

the de-
straight and be-
r's eye.

And the strong woman never yielded once. In sickness, and when she felt death coming inch by inch, she never quailed; and the old hovel blossomed like the rose, and shone out bright and pleasant to the last. Finally, the brave, strong mother died, and, with a shudder, left her little girl. Old Blake's heart melted at the deathbed, and at the mother's fierce and frantic love. Her eye, as it waned, was ever on her child. Death was but parting from her child, as life had been but living for her child. The broken heart was torn at last from all it had to love. Time claimed the wreck which years had bleached upon its shores, and launched it into eternity. It had been left to link itself to earth, and then was snatched away. Death came not when she had prayed and waited for it; came not when she would have welcomed it; came not when she was weary and heavy laden, and would so gladly have laid her burden down and obeyed the summons; came not when homeless, and friendless, and without a tie unsevered, she, with folded arms, awaited it—but when her spirit had linked itself unto the spirit of her child; when she so clung to mortality—then, and not till then, she was made immortal. Who knows but that by such means as this, Providence supplies the links of an interminable chain? Who knows but that it is as necessary for those in Heaven to have treasure on earth, as it is for us to lay up a treasure in Heaven? Who knows but that He thus linketh mortality and immortality in his mysterious way? And it may be that the yearnings of our spirits below, are but the feeble responses to the yearnings of kindred spirits above.

Because of our blindness we cannot see; but when He shall open our eyes, the grand mysteries of the universe shall unfold themselves, and all the dispensations of His providence shall arrange themselves in perfect harmony, and the perfection of the wisdom at which we now blindly murmur shall astonish us, and fill us with a joy unutterable. And surely the reknitting of severed ties, and the reuniting of kindred spirits, forms no inconsiderable item in a Heaven which we are told is Love. Even Time reveals to us, in the course of years, the perfect wisdom of many of His laws at which we were once disposed to rebel. Time shall show us more; and when we shall have learned all Time can teach, we are fitted for the first great revolution of eternity.

The little Pauline saw not the workings of the Great Hand which stretches over us. She knew not that He chastened whom He loved; but she felt, with painful intensity, the terrible mystery of death. She saw the body from which the brave spirit had flown, and in vain she asked where was the broken heart, which, in the agony of its departure, had so clung to her? And we, like little Pauline, can only echo, where? We are but children yet—children wandering on the shores of Time—and falling, one by one, into the dark waters rolling far away.

Strange to say, old Merriwether was proud of the little girl thus left upon his hands. He had almost learned to love her in his odd way. He had enough perception of the beautiful to mark the perfect

being led by a child. The teacher was nine years of age. She was so wise as other girls of that age. While the little girls, much smaller than she, were being perched at pianos, and versed in the intricacies of French, and learned in the mother tongue, our little oval-checked heroine could barely spell her own name. She was a proud little girl, and painfully conscious of her own inferiority. She proposed to the old man, who sat in his corner, that he should send her to school, and he, who was past his prime, and going onward beyond the power of gold, turned the matter over in his own mind, and consented to send the little girl to school.

Accordingly, we leave the cottage, which, since the death of its proud mother, looks old and dim again, and follow our heroine to the Misses Frisbie's fashionable boarding and day school for young ladies. Here she was entered by her father, who bargained to pay all expenses in first-rate vegetables, for the immense table of the Misses Frisbie's seminary. Our proud heroine was not held in very high repute by the aristocratic ladies of this fashionable establishment. Pauline had a little oval face, purple black hair, and large, appealing, lustrous black eyes. She was naturally a thorough-bred little lady, with dainty feet, and delicate, tapering hands. She was intelligent, active, talented and wayward. Her mind was remarkable for quickness of apprehension and energy. With one-half the pains bestowed upon more deserving pupils, she managed to distance all competitors. The little creature, with her dark, glittering, curtained eye, was ambitious; too ambitious for a humble gardener's daughter. She *must* excel—it was actually necessary to her happiness to excel in everything. Her perseverance was untiring and her grand energies never failed. This inordinate ambition, this insatiate thirst for excellence, could not be put down. The slumbering giant of intellect was aroused and stimulated. It strode on and on, pushing up higher and higher, gaining ground every day—increasing in strength and capabilities—expanding under pressure, until Pauline, mother-like, grew proud and supercilious, and haughty, because she had earned the right to be so.

They taunted her, the grand ladies of this fashionable school, with the hovel in which she was raised, the uncouth father who deposited his instalment of vegetables every morning at the back gate, the old wagon and the old horse, the snuff colored coat, and greasy corduroys, but she bore up under it all, and sneered and taunted in her turn.

The teacher should have interfered here. The strong arm of authority should have protected the lowly girl with her superb indifference, and brave, stout heart. She should have been defended from her enemies, the aristocrats of the school. But teachers are all aristocrats, I believe. They are all of the first families, if one is to credit their own words, consequently, there can be no sympathy between a teacher of the higher branches, and the daughter of a gardener. But the lessons thus gratuitously furnished to Pauline were often of more value than lessons in moral philosophy, and physics. Pauline,

In the the Misses Frisbie's seminary, one Miss Anna Hawkins was the leader of the aristocrats—but the plebeians had no leader, inasmuch as they all deserted their ranks, and pushed and scrambled for a place under the enemy's wing; leaving poor Pauline to fight her own battles. I must do Pauline the justice to say that she wielded the weapons with no bad grace.

Now it happened that Miss Anna Hawkins' brother came on a visit to his sister, and accidentally encountering our heroine in the hall, fell desperately in love upon the spot, and raved and ranted constantly about the beauty. This incensed Miss Anna very much, and in the face of the whole school, she accused Pauline of waylaying her brother, and darting unholily and firebrand glances at him. The beauty tossed her head, as beauties will do, declared the red-headed fellow was not worthy of a glance from her eye, particularly as there were so many beautiful gentlemen in town, with faultless moustaches, who were dying for her glances. She further insinuated sarcastically, that under such circumstances, she *might* look at Ben Hawkins indeed? At this, the fat Anna flew into a rage, and hated Pauline from that day.

About this time Miss Jane Tompkins' respectable guardian, on whom Miss Jane herself had been casting sheep's eyes, came to call on his ward, and he too saw our friend Pauline. This staid respectable man went off into violent heroics, and wrote her a high flown epistle, declaring his passion, and complimenting her upon her upon her excessive beauty, grace, and modesty. This letter and the erratic conduct of her guardian, abruptly broke off Miss Jane's first dream of love, and steeped her young heart in wormwood and gall.

These trifling incidents, which scarcely tinged the after life of my adorable heroine, are only mentioned in order to prove to my readers the wonderful effects of her beauty and grace. Indeed, I might have been less prolix, and could have just as easily established Pauline's claims to both, by only remarking that the ladies hated her—that the girls in the seminary could see nothing the least attractive in Pauline—that they never failed to cut her, and turn up their noses at her—and that she was incessantly harassed by the most ill-favored of the school. My heroine knew pretty well what this belligerent treatment betokened. She exulted in the wonderful beauty, to which every attack from the enemy was so much unconscious homage. Her wit, her talents, her woman's cunning were called into requisition, and not unfrequently her enemies were ingloriously put to flight. The homage of the men somewhat consoled her for the malice of the women. Her triumphs were in the parlor, and in the street, and once a week at the theatre—theirs only in the school-room. Miss Frisbie had a beautiful little statuette of Psyche, which was considered by that lady as a *chef d'œuvre*. This statuette ornamented the mantle in the front parlor, and was often admired by connoisseurs. One morning a gentleman, who was calling, and idly awaiting Miss

love,
is love.
you'd tremble,
with belles assemble,
For they have much more rabid grown,
Since Cupid's tricks are better known.

Pretty Psyche! Venus hated
Charms, which Cupid highly rated,
Belles in Olympus talked, we say,
Just as they talk in our day.

Pretty Psyche! you inspired
Love!—and all Olympus fired;
The Goddesses all wept through fear,
That you to Cupid were too dear.

Pretty Psyche! Gods adored you
Cupid lost, and long deplored you,
At last they gave you wings to fly
From mortal ills—to joys on high.

Glorious Psyche! Love immortal
Welcomed you at Heaven's portal!
Oh! may your sisters here below
Have such a greeting when they go!

This bit of satire was handed to Miss Frisbie, by the gentleman, who remarked, with a smile, that it was worth preserving. "Worth making an example of!" said Miss Frisbie, knitting her brows so violently that her wig was seriously agitated thereby.

"Do you suspect the fair authoress?" the visitor inquired.

"Suspect the fair authoress!" cried the enraged lady; "there is but *one* young lady in my school who could perpetrate such a thing as this!"

"Humph!" was the satisfactory ejaculation of the gentleman, who was entirely absorbed in the contemplation of a dangerously beautiful creature, who, with her hand upon the knob of the door, held it ajar, and inclined her ear to catch the words of her preceptress. The gentleman understood her expressive pantomime, for, with an effort, he withdrew his eyes from her superb figure, and fixed them demurely upon Miss Frisbie, who, with glass at eye, was intently perusing the rhymes.

"Yes, sir," she repeated, "there is but *one* girl in my school who would do such a thing as this!"

At this, the rosy face, at the door, underwent some wicked contortions.

"And she shall be made an example of."

The ruby lips were wreathed into a derisive "Oh!" and the beautiful figure vanished.

Miss Frisbie stalked, like a wrathful spectre, into the schoolroom, and the most demure and studious girl in that room was Pauline Blake, who was so intently absorbed in 'Abercrombie's Moral Feelings,' that she was not conscious of the entrance of so august a personage.

"Miss Blake, this is your property, I believe," said Miss Frisbie, suddenly confronting her, and extending the ominous paper.

"My property!" said Pauline, with a stare, which Tallerand would have bought up at any price.

"Will you be kind enough to read it?" said Miss Frisbie, sternly. Pauline ran over the last sentence of her lesson in 'Moral Feelings,' carefully turned a leaf, and then opened the paper.

"Well," she said, raising her eyes. "What do you think of it?" Miss Frisbie enquired.

"It is *not* Lord Byron's best," said Pauline carelessly, handing the paper back and returning with avidity to her 'Moral Feelings.' Miss Frisbie, who had been