

Asa Copeland

NOVEMBER.



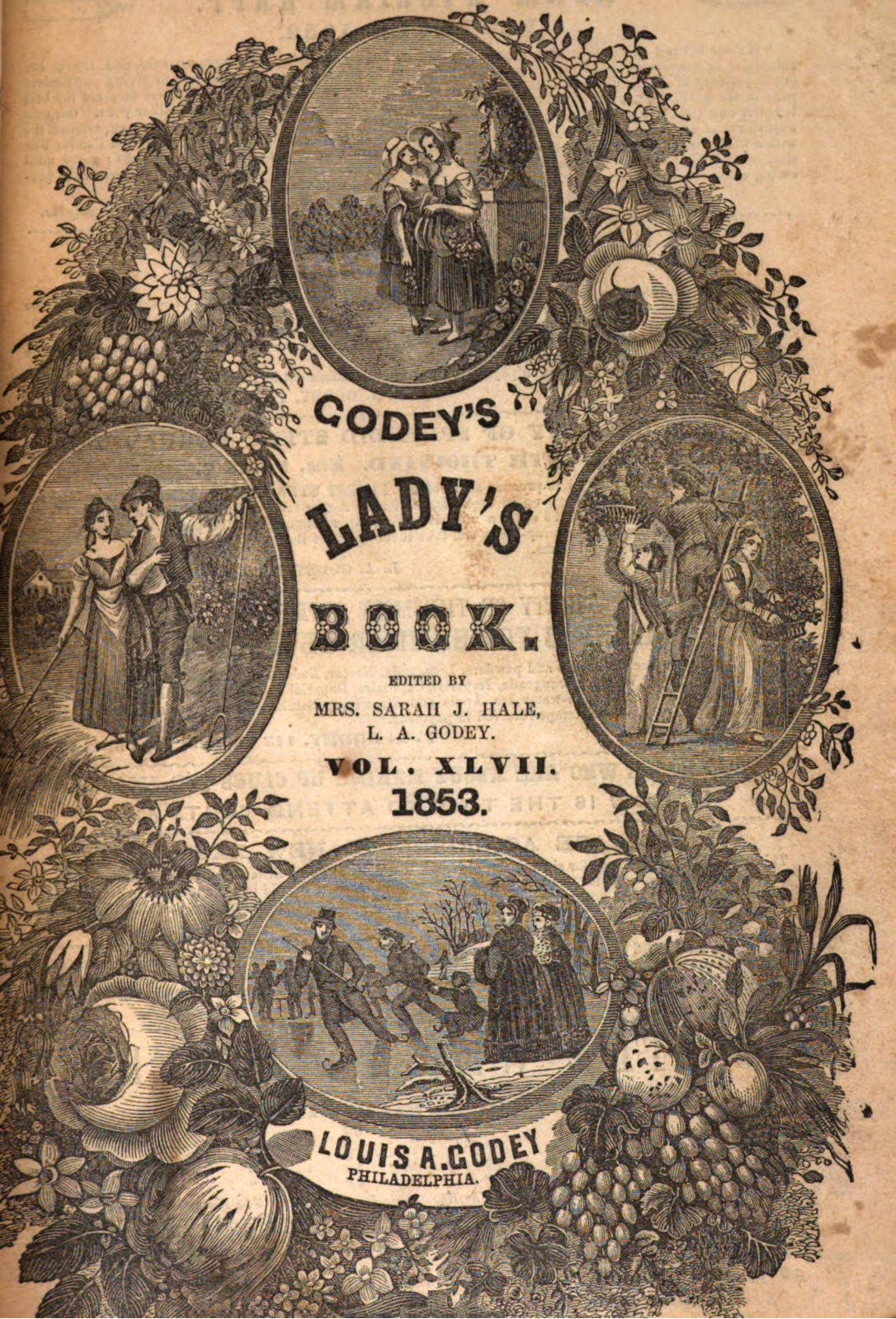
**GODEY'S
LADY'S
BOOK.**

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
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**VOL. XLVII.
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**LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.**



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

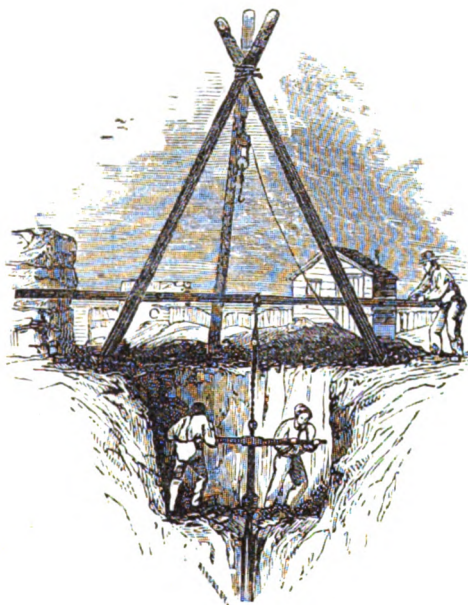
PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1853.

EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—NO. XIII.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

Fig. 5.



WELL-BORING.

ARTESIAN WELLS. (*Continued.*)

ONE of the most important applications of boring, is in the formation of Artesian Wells.

The usual method of boring for this purpose is to attach the borer, which differs according to the nature of the work, to iron rods, which screw together in lengths of from ten to twenty feet. A circular motion is given to the borer by the workmen above, assisted, when required, by a vertical jumping motion, which causes the boring-tool to work its way through the ground. It is usual to begin by digging a circular hole about six or eight feet deep, and

five or six feet wide. In the centre of this hole the boring is carried on by two workmen, assisted by a laborer above. The handle of the borer has a female screw in the bottom of its iron shank, into which the boring chisel is fixed, and a wooden bar or rail passing through its socket, with a ring at the top. If the ground be tolerably soft, the weight of the two men bearing upon the crossbar, and occasionally turning it round, will soon cause the chisel to penetrate; but in rocky strata the chisel is struck down with repeated blows, so as to peck its way, the men frequently shifting their position, so that the chisel or auger may constantly have a fresh

new and simple contrivance, by which he can arrest the flow of the gas into the Artesian bore, by compelling it to disperse itself through its subterranean recesses, whilst he proceeds downwards with his work of perforation. When the entire work shall have been completed, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet of brine per minute, free from iron and all other impurities, capable of yielding 50 lbs. of crystallized salt, will be conveyed to the boiling-house for crystallization, carrying with it a temperature of 92° Fahr. But it is intended to limit the whole annual product of salt from this source to 6,000,000 lbs., which, at the current market price, will add to the revenue of the crown of Bavaria 300,000 florins, after deducting

60,000 florins for yearly expenses of work, fuel, and management. The whole cost of this work will amount to 80,000 florins (\$33,330). It was begun in the shaft of an old well, in 1832, from which time, and during a period of eleven years, 800 feet only were bored through the rocks, the operation being often interrupted, and even suspended, from a feeling of discouragement; but, in 1843, Inspector Joseph Knorr, confidently predicting an ultimately successful result, advised the government to resume operations, which have never since been interrupted, either by day or night, and are now about to be completed.

ONLY A QUICK TEMPER.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"ONE short week! I cannot realize that I must leave you so soon, mother. I am as sad as happy at the near approach of the eventful day." The daughter's sigh was echoed by a heavier one. "I am a selfish creature, prating of my woes to you who will be left as lonely by my departure," continued the girl, cheerily. "After all, there is nothing very dreadful in the prospect. I shall be in the same city with you; it is not as if I were going to a distance, under the guardianship of a comparative stranger, or one whom you disliked. You *do* love Russell, do you not, mother?"

"I have known and loved him from his childhood. There is but one cloud that seems to me to menace your happiness. I have told you this many times, Lucy."

"Only his quick temper! Let me say, mamma mine, that you have shorn this danger of its terrors by an admission I have often heard you make, that you, the most peaceable of women, had in youth a fiery, arbitrary disposition."

"And know, therefore, more of the misery it entails upon its possessor. I have acquired self-control by sore teachings; have passed through trials Russell never dreamed of. I doubt, indeed, whether trouble has the same effect upon men as upon us; oftentimes it hardens rather than melts. You have been a petted child; I have had many misgivings of late, as to the wisdom of our system of education. Perhaps sterner trainings might have been a fitter preparation for the actualities you will meet hereafter; but you were our only daughter, and your uniform docility and dutifulness afforded no occasion for harshness had we felt inclined to use it. I would not damp your hopes, my child; but you should know that the kindest husband yet lacks a mother's intuition, a father's experience."

Lucy smiled trustingly. "We have talked of all

this—Russell and I. He is willing to bear with my childishness, my ignorance, in a word, my inferiority. It would be strange if I could not overlook a single weakness in him. He is fully aware of this fault; he will try, for my sake, to conquer it. He cannot be angry with me, he loves me too well; and I will make him forget the crosses the world puts upon him, and reconcile him to manking through my mediation. There is no malice, no vindictiveness in his wrath; better a generous passionate temperament than the sullen phlegm of one who, slow to arouse, never forgets or forgives an injury. Hark! there he is!" and, with a hasty kiss, she bounded away. The smile faded from the mother's cheek as she disappeared, and darkening shadows of thought rolled over the usually placid face. It was not merely the sadness a parent feels at giving up a beloved one nearer and dearer than self; she was reading in the magic mirror the Past held up, something of the evil garnered in the future.

Almost "everybody" said that Russell Harvie had "done well" in marrying; for sweet Lucy Crenshaw was a general favorite; and "everybody else" thought that she had drawn a prize, Russell being handsome, intelligent, in a good business, and very much in love. One or two wise heads may have wagged, as a hint was dropped of petulance and intemperate heat upon small provocation; but her amiability was unquestioned, and must, in the end, quench the flame. The honey-moon—two honey-moons, the second more delightful than the first—had passed, and Lucy began seriously to wonder if such unalloyed bliss were lawful in this sinful life, and to fear lest, should it last (and she saw no reason why it should not), she would cease to care for anything better or higher. "There can be but one Paradise, and mine must not be here!"

sighed the Prophet, at the gates of Damascus; "and mine is surely here!" thought the young wife; "can there be two?" They had removed at once into their own house, furnished under the joint superintendence of Mesdames Harvie, Sr., and Crenshaw; sufficient guarantee for its neatness and comfort. Lucy had been thoroughly instructed in housewifery, and Russell was lavish of his encomiums upon her skill. "How blind he was to the many deficiencies he must see, although they were not obvious to her! Was this the man people called irritable?"

"Don't you admire my new cloak?" said she to Janet Moore, a bridesmaid, who had called one morning to accompany her upon a visiting expedition.

"It is beautiful; but what have you done with the one you bought when you were married? not thrown it aside, surely?"

"While walking day before yesterday we were caught in a sudden shower. Luckily, I had not worn my best bonnet, but my cloak was ruined. I could have cried heartily, but Russell laughed, and comforted me by saying that he had never admired the color, and did not care to have his wife's clothes last forever. Yesterday he sent this home. Ah, Janet! when you can get a husband like mine, marry. You will never be quite happy until you do." A note was brought to her. "From Mrs. Barnes," said she, with evident pleasure; "an invitation to her soiree this evening."

"Shall you go?"

"I hope so, that is if Russell is not pre-engaged or disinclined to attend."

"In either event you will stay dutifully at home, I suppose?"

"Certainly, I should not enjoy myself without him."

The round of visits was completed, and as it had happened once or twice that Mr. Harvie had not come up to dinner, Lucy deemed it prudent to call at the store to consult him. Janet left her at the door, and she felt a slight flutter, and an unpleasant sensation of strangeness, as she wended her way, between boxes, and bales, and bundles, to her husband's desk in the rear of the establishment. The sight of him did not tend to tranquillize her. His hat was pushed back from his forehead in fatigue or vexation; and his scowl seemed to wither in his boots a crest-fallen clerk, who was tearing into bits an incorrect invoice.

"You forgot! no excuse, sir! no excuse whatever! I had rather you omitted it intentionally. I am sick to death of this style of business. I will not be ruined by you, or any other blundering jack-anapes. Another such offence and you leave this house, I have done with you; see that you remember your duty in future!"

He must have seen his wife approach, and that she had stood at his side during this harangue, yet he dashed down a column of figures before he spoke.

"What do you want?" he said, curtly, his pen in his mouth.

Embarrassed and frightened, she gave him the note. He read it, and wrote out a sum total. "WELL?"

Lucy cleared her throat.

"What answer shall I send?"

"Just what you please."

"My pleasure is not the question," said she, trying to speak playfully. "Can you go with convenience to yourself? will it be agreeable to you?"

"Your pleasure has been the only consideration heretofore: it is late in the day to speak of my convenience; and as to its being agreeable, I am not in a frame of mind to participate in any amusement. It is bad enough to be worried all day, without being dragged about at night, as I have been for two months. You had better go; I will call for you in time to see you home."

Something must be said, if only "good-morning," but the power of speech was wanting. Mr. Harvie put a period to the silence after another impatient row of figures.

"I shall not be at home until supper-time; I am exceedingly busy. Is that all you have to say?"

The long green veil was tightly drawn as she again threaded the business labyrinth, and doubled when she reached the sunshine without.

Dinner was not served that day; Mrs. Harvie had a headache, the closed shutters and locked door of her apartment attested its severity. To the scarred veterans in matrimonial skirmishes, this little encounter will appear a trifle unworthy of note, a few harmless shot upon the outposts. To Lucy, it was a bombardment of the citadel of hope and life. Truthful herself in word and look, she did not suspect the falsity of all her husband had said. She had yet to learn that a man in a rage is possessed of a devil, and if he does occasionally betray a real opinion, hitherto concealed, the proportion of falsehood to truth is nevertheless as a thousand to one. Let him plead a hasty nature, the excitement of circumstances, fasten as much as he can upon the being he insults by the double guilt of murder and lying; his punishment is not yet. The sufferer is the innocent victim of his wrath; but in the day of final account, against whom shall arise the sighs that break, the tears that leave dry a true and trusting heart?

Late in the afternoon Lucy arose from the bed where she had cast herself on her return. She had wept until the tears would no longer come, and, faint and sick, her hand could hardly trace a line of regret that "Mrs. Harvie's indisposition prevented her accepting Mrs. Barnes's polite invitation."

It would have softened any one except an angry husband to see the patient sweetness with which she prepared for her lord's coming; bathing her swollen eyes, arranging her hair as he liked to see it, and adjusting her dress to show to advantage

the figure he praised. She had thought, as well as grieved. Although as severe to herself as charitable to others, she could not see in her past conduct any intentional selfishness. The stinging sentence, "Your convenience has been the only consideration," smarted as undeserved wounds *will* smart; but she did not doubt his sincerity. He had mistaken the overflow of her love for him for enjoyment of the admiration and society of others.

"It must have grated upon his feelings to see me so smiling, so intent upon my gay schemes, while he was tired and perplexed. He shall know better; I will show him that I am happier in soothing his disturbed spirits than in contributing to the amusement of fifty people who will scarcely inquire the cause of my absence to-night."

There was the least touch of consciousness in Russell's manner as he received, rather than returned, her "welcome" kiss; not of repentance, oh no! he had not quite made up his mind to forgive her for having been the witness of and accessory to his humiliation. His magnanimity gained upon his pride under the influence of the bright fire, and more beaming smiles that shone upon him, and a choice delicacy at tea completed the work.

"Now for the dressing-gown and slippers," said Lucy, wheeling his arm-chair to the rug.

"Why, I thought we were going to Barnes's!"

"I have had a bad headache this afternoon," said Lucy, coloring; "and I thought you were too tired to go, so I sent an excuse."

"There certainly is no end to a woman's whims!" ejaculated Russell, pettishly; "I met Barnes to-day and told him we would go. Charles Grainger, an old friend of mine, is to be there; and he is passing through the city, and this is my only chance of seeing him. When did this important headache come on? you were on tiptoe about this party in the forenoon. I told Barnes you were well, and had just been in; he will think one of us a story-teller."

"Cannot we get ready now, since you desire it so much?" ventured Lucy.

"Go now! A pretty question, after sending a regret! For patience sake, Lucy, be consistent in your follies! Confound it!" as he struck his ankle against a rocker in his stride across the room.

"I thought I was doing right, Russell!"—Lucy began, with a desperate resolve to be calm, but she broke down. The strained nerves would bear no more. Like most irascible men, there was nothing Mr. Harvie hated more than to see a woman cry; a ferocious "bang" of the front door ended the scene. There was a lonely, weary evening for the miserable wife. She did not dare to sit up; the sight of her pale cheeks would annoy him; and hour after hour, her throbbing temples pressed to the damp pillows, she watched, and longed, and dreaded to hear his step upon the stair. He came at last, his hair and whiskers redolent of cigar smoke, and his breath

heavy with the fumes of a deadlier poison. This first interruption of her conjugal felicity was not the herald of a separation, nor did farther exhibitions of his violent temper deaden Lucy's attachment to him; she had sworn to "love, honor, and obey," a vow of awful import, which would be more frequently violated, did not their Heavenly Father give strength to the feeble ones, who have taken it upon themselves in His fear. There was much that was lovable about Russell—upright and honorable in his dealings; generous to a fault; affectionate and indulgent. Lucy always reproached herself, in his sane intervals, that she had ever admitted a resentful thought. He spoke, too, of his infirmity, bewailed the want of early self-control, and listened quietly to her representations of the good he might derive from undertaking the task even now; with no word of what she had borne.

"His self-accusations were enough; besides, it was over; he was sorry for it; and *perhaps* the like might not occur again."

The like *did* occur, and each time there was less outward emotion on her part; but the pain was the same. Some wounds must be kept open; death and decay follow their healing; and woe to the wife in whose heart the one made by his hand ceases its flow of anguished tenderness! To others, their life was unmarked, save by the ordinary changes time brings.

Lucy's parents died; and sons and daughters grow up around Russell Harvie's table, and filled his home with gladness. He was a proud father, and the fine group who called him by this name justified the sentiment. Julia, the eldest, bore a striking resemblance to himself. His flashing eyes; mobility of feature; quick, strong intellect; and alas! his ungovernable temper—each found its facsimile in her. He watched the rapid development of mind and character with exultation—the mother with apprehension. In the paroxysms of fury that were the invariable consequence of contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a spirit as fiery as his own; and while the mother wept and prayed, and tried to inculcate lessons of meekness, he spoke of self-command, of the triumph of holding in check an unbroken, imperious disposition; to feel that it was there in all its native fierceness, but subject to the might of will! Then came Lucy, soft and affectionate as her whose name she bore; at times overlooked or ruled down, but rising, as the bent flower springs from the pressure, with a richer fragrance that it has been bruised. Edward, the eldest boy, was not so easily understood. Cold in seeming, his mother held the key to depths of feeling fathomed by no one else. He was a thoughtful, studious boy, living in his books, but with a look in his gray eye that made those who observed it shun a scrutiny, penetrating far into men's minds and motives. Next to Julia, his father admired him most, and loved him least of all. There was no tie between

them beyond the slender bond of natural affection. Emma was light-hearted and merry, with more versatility of talent than profundity of mind; never troubled long about anything, and on this account, perhaps, she manifested more love and less fear towards her father than the others. Willie, the pet and plaything, a frail child, inheriting his mother's violet eyes and pensive expression, was the youngest.

It was a rainy afternoon, and the children were in the nursery; Julia, a tall girl of fourteen, drawing by the window; Lucy dressing Emma's doll; Edward reading; and Emma and Willie building card-houses in a distant corner.

"Lu," said Julia, abruptly, "did you ever wish you had been born without any feelings?"

"No," said her sister, laughing; "what put that queer idea into your brain?"

"What is the use of them? they give us so much annoyance!"

"What trouble does my loving you or papa or mamma give me? If I had no feeling, I should not care for you all, and then you would not love me because I was heartless, and I could not live unless you did," answered Lucy, with childish reasoning.

"I had rather trust your heart than your logic," said Julia, affectionately; "but I do doubt whether the pleasure we draw from our affections is not counterbalanced by the sorrow. In nine cases out of ten, we see the finest feelings exposed to the roughest handling. It is hard to believe that the Providence who ordains this can be wise and benevolent."

"Oh, sister! what would mamma say if she heard you?"

"Tell me how wicked these thoughts are, I suppose; but her preaching does very little towards converting me to her way of thinking, when she is, herself, a living example of my theory," said Julia, sarcastically. "When she dies she ought to have a single text for an epitaph, 'Made perfect through suffering.' I may as well speak as think it—if her match was made in heaven I shall respectfully decline a similar interference in my affairs."

She snapped her pencil.

"What is the matter, sister?" inquired Edward, lifting his head for the first time.

"I am fretted!"

"You need not say so; what has gone wrong?"

"I was in mamma's room awhile ago, when you should come in but papa, wet to the skin, altogether not a bad representation of a thundercloud. Mamma was so frightened she could just ask what the matter was. He did not utter a syllable, but walked straight to his drawer and began to rummage among the papers.

"What are you looking for? Can I help you, my dear?" said she.

"He answered by pulling out the drawer and turning it upside down upon the floor, and went on with

his search. Mamma got out dry clothes for him, and spread them before the fire.

"They are not to be found," he said, presently; "just what I expected! nothing is taken care of in this house unless I attend to it myself!"

"What have you lost?" asked she again.

"Those deeds I brought up last week."

"Didn't you put them in your desk?" said mamma, opening it.

"There they were, safe enough, and what do you think he said?"

"Why couldn't you tell me they were there at first?"

"She did not reply, and I put in:—

"You did not tell her what you wanted, papa."

"When you are asked for your opinion, you can give it, Miss Pert!"

"Must you go out again? You will change your clothes first," entreated mamma.

"No; a man cumbered with a wife and a house full of children cannot afford to be comfortable."

"Where is your umbrella?"

"Stolen or lost, like everything else."

"Here is one in the entry; is this it?"

"Yes; if one of you had the sense you were born with, you would have sent to me when the storm set in. I sha'n't take it now; I'm as wet as water can make me."

"But, my love, you will be sick; for my sake take care of yourself!"

"All fal la! Much difference it makes to you, or anybody here, whether I live or die. You would think it a good riddance of bad rubbish if I were to be taken. Never mind, you will see your mistake when it is too late."

"When, papa?" I could not help saying. He glared as if he could have eaten me alive, and I laughed in his face.

"Leave the room, Julia," said mamma, sternly. He went out directly afterwards, and as I passed her door on my way hither, I heard her crying. I tell you, Lu, if I had a husband who took every opportunity to insult me in the hearing of my children and servants, I would kill him or myself!"

"Sister! hush! hush! Remember he is our father."

"Yes, and she is our mother! We must shut our hearts against her, if we justify him."

Edward's large eyes were full of strange light, and his teeth were locked. Lucy glanced at the little ones, who were intent upon their game.

"These things make me feel very badly, sister; many a night I have cried myself to sleep, because I could not forget the unkindness of the day. Mamma found me sobbing once, and insisted upon knowing the cause. After some time I told her, and she put her arms around me, and cried, oh! so bitterly! and begged me not to love him less for his harshness. She said that men could not be as gentle as women, they had so much to bear out of doors that he did not mean all the hard words he spoke;

he had not been taught to control his temper when he was a boy; this showed how necessary it was for us to guard against our evil passions."

The tears blistered Julia's paper.

"I wish I were dead!" exclaimed she, passionately; "I can never learn to be a hypocrite; to choke back my words, and caress, and obey, when I can neither love nor respect. Mother does this, and she is teaching you. If to be feminine one must bury self-respect, I will not be a woman!"

She quitted the room, and Lucy wept silently, wiping her eyes only when the tears threatened to fall upon the garment she pretended to sew. Edward neither wept nor moved. If Mr. Harvie designed to punish himself by keeping on his damp raiment, the penance was assuredly disproportioned to his demerits; but he knew—and his wife understood that he did—that her uneasiness was greater than his discomfort. He could vent upon her with impunity the spleen engendered by those upon whom he dared not retaliate. Not that he took this view of the case; he would have scouted the suspicion of such baseness; he did not think or reason; he felt and acted. He was sufficiently uncomfortable all the afternoon to keep up the requisite amount of irritation. Julia's comparison of the thunder-cloud was as apt at night as at his former entrance. He sulkily complied with his wife's prayers, and with grumblings and faultfindings innumerable, put on the warm clothing she had provided; then, with his feet towards the grate, opened the evening paper. The children were grave and still. Even Willie comprehended "papa's" mood, and nestled in Julia's lap, listening to her whispered recital of simple tales. Suddenly his father put his hand to his pocket.

"William, come to me, sir!"

The child, startled by the unexpected summons and rough tone, hung back.

Mr. Harvie had just recollected a toy he had purchased that morning, and was willing, now that his fit was going off, to bring about a more pleasant state of things, provided this could be done without a compromise of dignity. Willie was generally the peace-maker, and Lucy would have urged him forward, and covered his momentary hesitation; but Julia still chafed at her own and her mother's grievances. There was a sensation of satisfaction at the pain she knew the conduct of his darling gave her father.

"He ought to suffer," she said, inly.

He was hurt, but he was angered also.

"Do you hear me, sir?" he vociferated.

The little fellow advanced a step, trembling in every limb, then ran back to his sister with a loud cry.

His father dashed down the paper.

"You young scoundrel! I'll teach you who is your master!"

"Oh, papa! please! he did not mean to disobey—he will mind!" cried Lucy, clinging to his arm.

He broke from her.

Julia placed the screaming child behind her, and confronted him with a brow as dark as his own.

"Stand aside!" he commanded.

"You may kill me first!"

He dashed her to the earth as if she had been a feather, and seizing Willie, shook and beat him until he could not stand. At this instant Mrs. Harvie entered. She never forgot that scene to her dying day: Julia senseless on the floor; Willie in the maniac grasp of her husband; Lucy shrieking; and Edward—she dared not think of *that*—had seized a heavy poker—for what? The mother, for the moment, was stronger than the wife. She darted forward to rescue her boy with the first words of reproach she had ever spoken, "Are you not satisfied with killing *me*?" He reeled as if he had been shot. Edward took charge of Willie, and mother and daughter turned to the inanimate Julia. She had struck her head against the fender; and, after the return of consciousness, was violently ill for several hours. The mother little imagined, while bending over her sick bed, that another kept a more wretched vigil at the door. She was shocked at its effects the next morning, so utterly broken-hearted, so bowed down did he appear. And Julia, when she saw his brimming eyes, and careworn countenance, forgot everything except that he was suffering, and that she could console him, and sprang to his bosom with the warmest assurances of forgiving love.

The few weeks following were the golden age of their domestic life; not a breath disturbed the bright current, and the mother's breast throbbed with thankfulness and hope. But a single lesson, however painful, seldom breaks up a habit of years' standing. The black patch upon Julia's temple no longer reminded him of the jeopardy in which he had placed her life; Willie's shyness wore off; and matters sunk back into their old train.

The Harvie family had much to make them happy—wealth, and personal accomplishments, and mutual affection; but they lived as do the inhabitants of the slopes of Vesuvius, amid beauty and pleasure, with the volcano fires sleeping beneath. As the children grew older, the mother observed an inclination to swerve from the blind obedience to which she had tutored them. They saw that the frequent storms that swept over them were as unnecessary as violent; and their respect diminished as they detected injustice and tyranny. Julia, particularly, was a source of maternal solicitude. Her quick sympathy with the oppressed, her fearlessness and impetuosity, made her the conductor which attracted the most heavily-charged clouds.

"I wish to get used to it, mamma; I am strong and unconquerable. You have tried submission; I prefer to fight him with his own weapons, with the superior advantages of a cool head and a good cause."

"My child! shame on you to use such language towards a father to whom you owe everything, one who has never denied you a pleasure! As you value my love, Julia, banish these thoughts, they are horrible!"

"Mother!" and the girl's eye glittered, and her cheek blanched, "I will hear of my duty to you. If I ever fail in this, that instant may my heart cease its beating! But I pay him for every favor he grants, pay him with my heart's blood; he never forgets to demand it. For eighteen years yours has been a hopeless servitude, and what has been your reward? Scoffs and humiliation and maltreatment are poor incentives to the performance of filial duty. Oh, mother!" hiding her face in her parent's lap, "is it not terrible for a child to struggle with her affection for a father! I cannot help loving him sometimes, he is so fond! but then I think that the next hour he may find in my very love, a tender point where a stab will tell. He does this, mother; no one knows it better than his wife!"

That mother's lot is replete with carking care who has a confidant and counsellor in her husband; but when her weightiest burdens are pressed upon her by his hand, the spring of life will wear out before its time. There is but one haven for her weary spirit, and over the vexed billows the lowly Christian was slowly approaching that rest. Those who had not seen her for some time remarked a change when they met, and her acquaintances suggested that her cold might take an unpleasant turn if she did not attend to it. At home these symptoms of declining health were not understood. The girls, indeed, took upon them nearly the whole charge of the house. "Mother wanted them to learn, and she was not so young and strong as she had been." Mr. Harvie ceased to wonder at finding her constantly in her chamber; "there was nothing for her to do elsewhere." She never complained, and how was he to know that she only got up from the lounge, her resting-place during most of the day, when she heard him in the hall below? His equanimity was oftener disturbed than usual that winter—he remembered it afterwards with vain remorse; and her look—so mournfully tender at his chidings.

A banquet was to be given to a distinguished statesman, and first upon the committee list was the name of Russell Harvie. His post of honor involved toils and perplexities which would have tried a more equable temper. It wanted but an hour of the time for the festivities to commence, when he hurried home to dress. Mrs. Harvie had spoken the previous day of a troublesome influenza, and this afternoon she was reclining on the couch, very pale, and laboring for breath. Lucy, the nurse of the family, was administering some simple remedy for a cold.

The quiet household was soon in a ferment. As invariably happens when one is in a flurry, everything went exactly wrong. Poor Mrs. Harvie saw the turmoil in helpless distress; her feeble tones were

drowned in the bustle. Her husband had never displayed less self-command; he turned drawers topsyturvy; kicked the servants; stormed at Julia and Emma, who endeavored to do his frantic bidding; and, setting his foot against her lounge, sent it against the wall with a shock that nearly threw her off.

"How was a man to move in a room cluttered up with would-be invalids and their lumber?"

She arose, and walked steadily across the room, sent the girls away, and, without a word, put the last touches to his toilet. Her unearthly look quieted, but did not subdue him. As she handed his hat, she spoke: "I hope you will have a pleasant time. Farewell, Russell." He turned contemptuously away. The ceremonies of dinner were protracted until many of the guests manifested a decided disinclination to seek any other place of abode than the banqueting-hall. Among those to whom the power of locomotion was among the things that were, was a personal friend of Mr. Harvie's, a man of considerable eminence in the political world, who had to go out of town that night, to the house of a relation, five or six miles into the country. His carriage and horses were ordered, but his driver was found to have followed his master's example. Leaving him where he lay, Harvie assisted his "honorable friend" into the vehicle, and with characteristic impetuosity placed himself upon the box. The stars were paling in the East as he reached the city after a drive of a dozen miles. The heat of passion and wine had cooled in the night breeze; and the angel of repentance came down upon his heart with her shadowy wings. He thought of the frank gayety, the unsuspecting nature of the bride he had brought to his home, contrasted with the drooping form whose plaintive "Farewell" haunted him. He felt to-night as he had never felt before, that the furrows in the once lovely face were not the work of time and ill-health; he would recompense her for her lifetime devotion; he would humble himself, man as he was, to sue for forgiveness—would conquer the evil one who had reigned over him so long—she should be happy—he could make her so. He smiled in contrite fondness as he marked her lighted window, "awaiting a truant husband!" His bound upon the staircase was as light as it was twenty years ago.

"Watching still, beloved!" as a slight figure arose from beside the bed. She shrank from him; his arm was fiercely grasped by his son, who, throwing back the sheet, revealed features well known, yet awfully strange in their still ghastliness! The boy's hollow accents were a fearful explanation. "Your work is done at last!"

When he could bear it, others—not his children—they avoided all mention of her name—told him how they had found her dead; no one knew when or how she died. Julia had been too uneasy to sleep, and, stealing to her mother's chamber at midnight, met Edward at the door. They made the narrow-

ing discovery together. Medical aid—no aid in this case—was summoned, and the neighbors aroused. Mr. Harvie could not be found; the search was still in progress when he arrived. It would be hard to picture a more desolate home than was his for long and darksome months. Yielding and unobtrusive as she had been, she had been the element of peace, the one pure link that kept the domestic chain from corroding and separating. Her name-child exerted her best powers to walk in her steps, but her position was different, her influence less. Julia considered her her inferior in firmness and experience; and the tearful persuasion that sometimes swayed the stubborn Edward, because her eyes then were like his mother's, had but a transitory effect upon the volatile Emma. It was destined for the latter to call forth the first token of her father's displeasure after the event which had lulled the demon for a time. Her elastic nature sprang soonest from the burden that weighed his to the dust, and the incongruity of their feelings forced from him the sole expression of pain which he understood—a frown and a taunt. Julia was by, and her significant glance at Edward was not unnoted. If he had never chosen to understand his wife, it was now his turn to be misunderstood. Lucy, alone, had a glimmering consciousness that his moroseness and fretful outbreaks of a stung spirit sprung from their common bereavement. Emma disgusted by her attempts to divert, and Julia and Edward rejected Lucy's interpretation of his moodiness with indignant scorn, so firmly persuaded were they that his love for the departed had been poor and selfish.

Julia was ripening into early womanhood, sought after and admired by many, idolized by none as by the father she so cruelly misjudged. The defiant silence, or the biting sarcasms with which she heard his reproaches of her heartlessness, goaded him to fury. A tear, a deprecating word would, at these seasons, have opened the door of reconciliation; but the time for these had passed, and the two proud hearts ached on.

As soon as they were out of mourning, the Misses Harvie were deluged with attentions and invitations. The family seldom passed an evening together.

"Where is Julia?" inquired her father one night, seeing Lucy at the tea-board.

"In her room, papa, dressing for the party."

"The party! very explicit! However, I am laid by—have no right to be consulted in your arrangements!"

"I might have been more definite, certainly," said Lucy, with her mother's trembling smile; "I thought you might remember our telling you of the grand affair Mrs. Thomas was to give, in honor of her niece's marriage."

"I have enough upon my mind without such nonsense. Are not you going?"

"I think not; I have a touch of the toothache, and am afraid of the damp air."

"Oh, Lu!" interposed Emma. "Papa, I heard her tell sister that her toothache was most apropos. She did not like to leave you at home, you looked so 'blue' at dinner-time."

"Blue-black, you mean!" said her sister, "and I must say I agreed with her!"

She would have been at a loss to designate the shade that overspread his face at this malapropos remark.

"I regret," said he, witheringly, "that pity for me should tempt any one to a violation of truth. It is well for my own children to teach me how low I have fallen."

Nothing more was said until Julia came down.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Emma.

"Your dress is very becoming, dear," said Lucy.

"See, papa, she is really quently!"

The luckless Emma prevented any demonstration of paternal pride.

"You need not deny your likeness to papa again, sister. You never looked as much like him as now, and never half as well. I should take it as a compliment!"

"And so do all of us," interrupted Lucy, frowning at her.

Her father read a different language in the handsome orbs that threw back the angry flash of his.

"I assure you, Miss Harvie, that I am not disposed to regard our unfortunate resemblance with more complacency than yourself. At this moment I certainly do not feel flattered that it should be detected."

He resumed his paper, and read in sullen taciturnity until bedtime.

Lucy sat up in the parlor for her sister. She had no heart for study or work, and sat gazing into the fire with a hopelessness in her moist eyes that was heart-rending. "It is a weary, weary road," she said, at length, "and I can see no turning." A book lay upon the table, beneath her hand. A mechanical movement is often no accident; it opened at these words: "*Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.*" The fair head sunk upon the page. She might then endure to the end; distasteful as was her daily draught, she would not rebel; those who "had come out of great tribulation" wore the whitest robes. She knew that her trials would not be called "real troubles," but she felt, and the Searcher of hearts knew that they were as heavy as she could bear, and she reflected with sublime confidence upon the promise, "*As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.*" A carriage stopped, just as, reverting to the present, she began to wish for Julia's return. She came in flushed with excitement, and apparently in the finest glee.

"My little darling, you are paling your roses, counting the 'sma' hours ayant the twal.' Fie on

me for allowing it! How cozy you look by your warm hearth, and my fingers are icicles!"

She stooped to the grate and pulled off her gloves. Lucy regarded her with solicitude as she divested her of her cloak and furs. The strained laugh stopped as Julia met her look.

"It is useless, Lucy," said she, drawing her to her breast. "When I see your pure face, I must despise myself, and speak the truth! Darling, I am to leave you soon—soon!"

"Julia! dear sister!" cried Lucy, alarmed at her vehement grief. "What do you say? Leave me! why?"

"Why," returned Julia, releasing her, "because I will not submit longer to this intolerable thralldom. I have tried to forget that he was my father, to hate him as he does me, to hurl back taunt for taunt, and I cannot! I appear not to regard it; I smile in the midst of his transports of rage and detestation; but I feel it all! it is eating out my life! I love him still! I could tear out my heart when I say it! I went forth to-night, desperate and despairing, with but one thought defined—I would escape! I laughed and danced, but the gall and fire were there through it all. And then—and then—Frederick Staunton asked me to marry him, and I have promised!"

"Frederick Staunton!" was all Lucy could say. She would have needed nothing but her sister's reluctant enunciation of these last words, to convince her that the thought was odious to her; but she knew already that she did not love him. Julia went on.

"Frederick Staunton! I anticipate your objections. He is my inferior in mind and education; there never can be congeniality of taste or sentiment. I have no warmer feeling for him than esteem for his amiable qualities, and appreciation of the compliment he has paid me; but listen, Lucy! Our father seemed to love our mother! and he killed her! because she loved him in earnest! My purpose is fixed. I am accessible only through my affections, and this vulnerable point has been assailed until I will endure no more. My husband shall not have it in his power to touch me there; my pride and will will bear me out in everything besides. Revilings and rebukes are part of the vernacular of men; if they must come, it shall be from one for whom I care nothing! Oh!" continued she, wringing her hands, "it is base, and dastardly, and unmanly thus to trample upon a feeble, loving woman! to make her throw away her heart, her only wealth, to secure her peace and quiet, such as it is!"

Lucy could not listen with a semblance of composure. All that was womanly in her recoiled at the sacrifice of her beautiful and gifted sister. She hated Frederick Staunton, the innocent cause of her sorrow.

"No, Lucy," said Julia, calmly, "he is not to blame; censure, if it must fall, rests upon him who drives me out, not upon him who offers me an asylum."

"If you loved him, Julia! if you but loved him!"

"Did I not say," and the cold fingers stiffened upon hers, "did I not say our mother loved, and it killed her?"

Lucy was deaf still. She was sure her sister did not understand or do justice to their surviving parent; and, disregarding the portentous knitting of her brows, she went back to their childhood; and putting every disagreeable reminiscence in the background, recounted his thousand indulgences, his gifts, his cares and labors; appealing to her in the name of their dead mother to consider ere she took the irrevocable step. Julia was strongly agitated. What her present home might be, were its one curse removed, and the certain wretchedness of the unloving wife rose to her view. Lucy finally won her to a startling proposition.

"I will stake everything upon a single issue. I have given him no just cause of offence. I will meet him to-morrow kindly, affectionately. If he receives me in a like spirit, I will unbosom myself to him as I never have done; will tell him of Frederick's proposal, and my resolution, and leave the result to him. If he rejects my overtures, he will never have another opportunity of accepting them."

The words were scarcely uttered before Lucy would have given worlds to have them revoked, but the fiat had gone forth. She arose at daybreak, pallid and restless. The breakfast-room was put in order by her hands; she would not trust a servant to dust a chair or fold a napkin. The least omission would offend her father's critical eye. Emma was instructed to be very guarded in her speech, and Willie, neatly dressed, despatched to summon "dear papa." He came, and Lucy watched his face in agonized suspense. He did not smile at her greeting—he rarely did in the morning—all might go right in spite of that. Julia entered by an opposite door just as he reached his place. Without a moment's wavering, she crossed over to him. It was clear that she had summoned all her resolution for the effort.

"Good morning, papa," she said, smiling faintly.

As she spoke, her hand rested on his shoulder, and her lips were offered for a kiss.

"What cajolery are you up to now!" he demanded, sneeringly. "Out with it! I hate fawning."

"Not more than I do, sir!" retorted the girl, drawing up her stately figure; and Lucy could have laid down and died. Mr. Harvie's words belied him; he was not well, and a button or two had come off in his nervous jerk, while dressing; a cup of coffee, and half an hour's time set him right again, but it was half an hour too late. Young Staunton waited on him in the course of the day. Julia had prepared her lover for a storm, and he was not disappointed. Her father would have resented a proposal of this kind from any one, unless the way had been paved with consummate tact. Frederick Staunton stammered and insinuated, until he worked

him into a passion by his ambiguity, then threw a blazing fusée upon the prepared train, by bluntly stating his business. He left the merchant's sanctum with all his manliness roused, by the uncalled for abuse, the insulting vituperations dealt out from what seemed an inexhaustible magazine. Julia was apprised of the interview immediately, and marvelled at her father's silence toward herself. Paternal love was working mightily; he could not have broached the subject then if his life had depended upon it. He shrank from hearing her say that she wished to leave him. So two, three days passed in cowardly delay, and on the fourth she was gone! as he could not help suspecting then—as he knew afterwards—not for love of the partner of her flight, but to get away from him!

Lucy's lot was harder than ever. Whatever her father thought, he always spoke of Julia's marriage as evidencing a depth of duplicity and ingratitude for which he was in no way answerable; and positively forbade their intercourse. In this Lucy could not be obedient. Her sister had been to her a second mother, and she went by stealth to see her, lest her example might weaken her father's influence with the younger children. Frederick Staunton, with his obtuse perceptions, could not help seeing that, albeit his intentions were the best in the world, he failed to make his wife happy. Refined to fastidiousness, her love for the beautiful and delicate only equalled by her disrelish for whatever lacked these qualities, her life was a perpetual series of discords. We need not dwell upon her fate; it was such as inevitably succeeds a union without affection or affinity, a violent conjunction of two entirely dissimilar beings, where fondness from one elicits disgust from the other, and time shows new differences instead of harmonizing. Lucy did not envy her—had she known everything, she might have deemed her own situation far preferable—as it was, she resolved to struggle on uncomplainingly. Edward had grown very near to her since Julia left. He asked no questions, made no threats against the author of her disquietude. When she came, tired and heart-sick to pillow her head upon his breast, he held it there with more than brotherly kindness, and soothed her with tender words he had caught from his mother's lips, and repeated in his mother's tone; but when she did not see it, the old light burned in his deep eyes, and a smile, as of one who sees fulfilment not a long way off, stirred the rigid lines of his mouth. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky fell the announcement—made in a letter bearing the postmark of a distant city, when his sister believed him on a visit to the country—that he had sought another home.

"It has been the purpose of my life, dear Lucy," so he wrote, "to free myself and you, when I should have the strength and years requisite for the task. When a mere infant, I said to my mother, 'Mamma, when I am a man, you shall live with me, and papa

shall not scold you.' This was the theme of my childish dreams, strengthened by each act of oppression or outrage. I never tried to love him, and I found indifference easier, because I was not a favorite. Still, I am his oldest son; he looks forward to my career with hopeful anticipations. He is proud of my talents. I have cultivated them that I might be the sooner independent of him. I renewed my vow of emancipation upon my knees, by my mother's corpse—that mother whom he had literally spurned in the sight of her offspring! Lucy! my pen cuts through the paper as I recall that scene! I am free! not in the eyes of the law—he may drag me back to the house of bondage, if he sees fit—but he dare not do it. I have written him a letter that will be an effectual quietus to such desire. I have had this situation in view for months. I am qualified for it. I will keep it, and it will keep me—will make a rich man of me before many years go by. My first object shall be a home, where you can find a reward—tardy though it be—for your self-denial and long suffering. There shall be room for Emma and Willie, too, if they will come. Then, sweet sister, your life shall begin."

The resolute boy had not reckoned upon the filial piety, cherished as sedulously in her bosom, as he had tried to uproot it in his. He might have learned this from her letters, learned that to be true to her God and to herself, she must be true to her father—her charge—but his hopes were his interpreters, and he would not believe they could deceive him, until a man, he came to invite her to the promised "home"—the Cannan of his boyish longings and manly strivings. She was altered—beautiful still—yet not with the fresh loveliness of early years. One had only to look into her face to know that she had suffered, and its mild thoughtfulness told the chastening had not been in vain. Emma was married, and Willie at school. The prematurely old man, his querulousness increased tenfold by grief and sickness, and his devoted nurse were the only occupants of the homestead. The former wept at sight of his son, and in the next breath upbraided him for his ungrateful desertion, prophesying that he would "come to a bad end—all of his children did—a worthless, thankless set! and to think how much he had done for them!"

"Lucy, this is a living tomb! the grave of your youth, and beauty, and hopes!" urged Edward, as she reiterated her refusal of his offer.

"Of my earthly hopes, perhaps, brother, but the cradle of others;" and the serene eyes looked heavenward.

"My mission must be accomplished."

He visited Julia, and from her he heard a tale that almost drove him wild. The "chum" of his boyhood, a noble, warm-hearted fellow, had wooed Lucy, and won her heart—but not her hand. "She could not leave her home;" and when the generous suitor would have shared with her the burden she

had borne so long, she told him, with tears and blessings for his disinterestedness, that it must not be.

"You could not live with my father. The sight of your disagreement would kill me. Forget that you have asked it, and be happy in the love of another."

He *did* marry, for he was a man, and knew that years might elapse before he could call Lucy his. She was a woman, and no one could tell how this event affected her. It was remarked that her attentions to her infirm parent were more assiduous, and her manner gentler (if this could be!) after the

severing of the last tie to the outer world; but this was all the change.

The snow of winters was white upon Russell Harvie's head, before his hot blood grew cold 'neath the frost of death; and to Edward's hospitable roof there came another inmate—a pale, meek woman—soon the "Aunt Lucy" of the household; loved and honored; winning hearts by her unselfish virtues, and leading them to the attainment of like precious qualities, not by the thorny paths she had trodden, but by the surer ones of patience, forbearance, and love.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

THE CALYX AND COROLLA.—It has been shown that a complete flower "consists of four whorls of progressively metamorphosed leaves called respectively the calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils." The organization and functions of the calyx and corolla have been already described, and it has been proved that although they are usually the most showy and conspicuous parts of the flower, yet the functions which they exercise are entirely of a subordinate and secondary character. These leaves doubtless foster and protect the two inner whorls of leaves, viz., the stamens and pistils, which are more immediately connected with the process of reproduction.

The sap appears to attain a higher degree of refinement in the cells of the petals, as is evident from those splendidly colored and variegated hues which it imparts to the petals; and thus prepared, the sap doubtless affords a more suitable nutrition to the stamens. All must have noticed the folding up of the calyx and corolla at sunset or in wet weather. The function exercised by the two outer whorls of the floral leaves is, in this case, clearly protective, and the design of their close proximity to the stamens is at once apparent: that they may fold over the stamens and pistils and thus ward off the injurious effects of the night dews and falling rain, which would act injuriously on the pollen contained in the cells of the anther. Thus safely and beautifully sheltered at every epoch of their development, the stamens and pistils perform their respective functions.

It is not the beauty and variety of the hues of flowers, so much as the plan on which they are constructed, which is, to us, the chief point of attraction about them. How much is it to be lamented that this plan should remain unknown to persons who are well informed on all other subjects. Such are deprived of some of the purest pleasures of which our nature is susceptible, and which are afforded to those who look with an intelligent eye on the

structure of flowers. We behold them with increased pleasure and interest when we discover the designs of nature in the organization of their respective parts.

THE STAMENS.—These bodies are situated immediately within the corolla, and are simply leaves which have undergone a greater metamorphosis or change of form. We proved this in a previous article by the phenomena of double flowers, and the gradual transition of petals into stamens in the floral leaves of *Nymphœa alba*.

A fully developed leaf is composed of two parts, a little stalk or support called a petiole, and a flat expanded portion called the blade or limb, which is composed of woody fibre and parenchyma. The veins of the leaf constitute its woody fibre, and form its framework or skeleton, whilst the parenchyma is the green cellular matter which fills up the interstices or intervals between the veins. Now the petiole of the leaf is represented in the stamen,* Fig. 1, by the filament *a*, the midrib by the connectivum, whilst the anther, *b*, corresponds to the blade or limb of the leaf, each portion of the lamina or blade on either side of the connectivum or midrib, forming an anther lobe, and the pollen contained in the anther cells results from a peculiar transformation of the parenchyma or green cellular matter of the leaf.

When the stamen is destitute of a filament, the anther is said to be sessile, the filament being no more essential to the stamen than the petiole to the leaf. When the anther is imperfect, abortive, or wanting, the stamen is considered to be sterile, abortive, or rudimentary, its real nature being known by its situation.

There is a power given to all plants of developing new plants out of any of the cells when these come

* See Fig. 1, "Vegetable Physiology," page 520, June number, 1853.