

TIRZAH ANN'S SUMMER TRIP.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

PART I.

TIRZAH ANN and Whitfield—Tirzah Ann is Josiah's darter, you know—make a likely couple, though I say it that shouldn't. Whitfield is indrestrius, and she is equinomical, which makes things go well. But Tirzah Ann is dretful ambitious, and wants to do as other folks do, and so knowin' it is very genteel to go off in the summer for a rest, why she wanted to go off for a rest, too. And Whitfield bein' perfectly bound up in her, of course wanted to do jist what she wanted to. I thought it was foolish in her. But I always had very deep and filisofical idees on these things.

Now, rests are as likely things as ever wus—so are changes. But I have said, and I say still, that I had ruther lay down to hum, as the poet saith, "on my own delightful feather bed," with a fan and newspaper, and take a rest, than dress up and travel off two or three hundred mils in search of it, through the burnin' sun, with achin' body, wet with presperation all over. It seems to me I could get more rest out of the former than out of the more latter course, and proceedin'.

Howsomever, everybody to their own mind.

Likewise with changes. I have said and I say still, that changes are likely and respectable, if you can get holt of 'em, but how can you?

Havin' such powerful and eloquent emotions as I have, such principles a-performin' inside of my mind, enjoyin' such idees and aspirations, and longings, and hopes, and joys, and despairs, and—everything, I s'pose that is what makes me think that what is goin' on 'round me—the outside of me—hain't of so much consequence. I seem to live inside of myself (as it were,) more than I do on the outside. And so it don't seem of much consequence what the lay of the land 'round me may happen to be, whether it is sort o' hilly and mountaneous, or more level like. Or whether steam-cars may be a-goin' by me (on the outside of me), or boats a-sailin' round me, or milk wagons.

You see, the real change—the real rest would have to be on the inside, and not on the outside. Nobody, no matter what their weight may be by the steelyards, can carry 'round such grand, hefty principles as I carry 'round, without gettin' tired, or enjoy the lofty hopes, and desires, and aspirations that I enjoy, and meditate on all the sad, and mysterious, and puzzlin' conundrums

of the old world as I meditate on 'em, without gettin' fairly tuckered out. Great hearts enjoy greatly, and suffer greatly, and so, sometimes, when heart-tired and brain-weary, if I could quell down them lofty and soarin' emotions, and make 'em lay still for a spell, and shet up my heart like a buro draw, and hang up the key, and onscREW my head, and lay it onto the manteltry-piece, then I could go off and enjoy a change that would be truly refreshin' and delightful.

But as it is, from Janesville clear to Antipithies, the puzzlin' perplexities and contradictions, the woes and the cares of the old world, foller right on after us as tight as our shadders. Our pure and soarin' desires, our blind mistakes and deep despairs, our longings, strivings, memeries, heart-aches, all the joys and burdens of a soul, has to be carried by us up the steepest mountains, or down into the lowest vallies. The same emotions that wus a-performin' inside of our minds down in the Yo Semety, will be a-performin' jist the same up on the Pyramids. The same questionin' eyes, sort o' glad, and sort o' sorrowful, that looked out over New York harbor, will look out over the Bay of Naples, and then beyond 'em both, out into a deeper and more mysterious ocean, the boundless sea that lays beyond everything, and before everything, and 'round everything. That great, misty sea of the unknown, the past, the hereafter; tryin' to see what we hain't never seen, and wonderin' when we shall see it, and how, and where, and wherefore, and why? Tryin' to hear the murmur of the waves that we know are a-washin' up 'round us on every side, that nobody hain't never heard, but we know are there; tryin' to ketch a glimps of them shadowy sails that are floatin' in and out forevermore with a freight of immortal souls, bearin' 'em here and away. We know we have sailed on 'em once, and have got to agin, and can't ketch no glimpse on 'em, can't know nothin' about 'em; sealed baby lips—silent, dead lips never tellin' us nothin' about 'em. Each soul has got to embark, and sail out alone, out into the silence and the shadows, out into the mysterious Beyond.

Standin' as we do on the narrow, precarious ground of the present, the mortal, and them endless, eternal seas, a-beatin' 'round us, on every side of us, bottomless, shoreless, ageless, and we

a not seein' either of 'em, under them awful, and lofty, and curius circumstances, what difference does it really make to us whether we are a-settin' down or a standin' up; whether we are on a hill or in a valley; whether a lot of us have got together like aunts in a aunt hill, or whether we are more alone like storks or ostriges?

We can't get away from ourselves—can't get a real change nohow, unless we knock our heads in and make idiots and lunys of ourselves. Movin' our bodys round here and there is only a shadow of a change—a mockery. As if I should dress up my Josiah in a soldier coat, or baby clothes, there he is, inside of 'em, clear Josiah—no change in him, only a little difference in his outside circumstances.

This is a very deep and curius subject. I have talked eloquently on it, I know, and my readers know, and I could go on, and filofisize on it just as eloquent and deep, fur hours and hours. But I have already episoded too fur, and to resoom, and continue on.

I told Tirzah Ann I thought it wus foolish in her to go off and rest, when they both, she and Whitfield, too, looked so awful rested now, and as bright as dollars. And that babe—well, it always wus the most beautiful child in the hull world, and the smartest child; but it does seem more as if it wus smarter than ever, and beautifuler.

You see, their yard is large and shady, and the little thing havin' got so it could run alone, would be out in the yard, a-playin' round, most all the time. It was dretful good for her, and she enjoyed it, and Tirzah Ann enjoyed it, too; for after she got her work done up, all she had to do was to set in the door, and watch that little, pretty thing a-playin' round, and bein' perfectly happy.

It wus a fair and lovely evenin', though very warm; my salaratus had nearly gi'n out, and I had made the last drawin' of tea for supper, and so, when I had got the dishes washed up, and Josiah had milked, he hitched up the old mare, and calm and serene in our two minds as the air of the evenin', we rode down to Janesville, to get these necessarys, and a little beefsteak for breakfast, and see the children.

We found that Thomas J. and Maggie had gone to tea to her folkses, that afternoon, but Tirzah Ann and Whitfield wus to home, and I don't want to see a prettier sight than I see, as we druv up.

There Tirzah Ann sat out on the portico, all dressed up in a cool, mull dress—it wus one I bought for her, before she wus married, but it wus washed and done up clean, and looked as good as new. It wus pure white, with little bunches

of blue forget-me-nots on it, and she had a bunch of the same posys in her hair and in the bosom of her frock, (there is a hull bed of 'em in the yard.) She is a master hand for dressin' up, and lookin' pretty, but at the same time, would be very equinomical, if she wus let alone. She looked the picture of health and enjoyment, plump and rosy, and happy as a queen. And she wus a queen. Queen of her husband's heart, and settin' up on that pure and lofty throne of constant and deathless love, she looked first-rate, and felt so.

It had been a very warm day, really hot, and Whitfield, I s'pose, had come home kinder tired, so he had stretched himself out at full length on the grass, in front of the portico; and there he lay, with his hands clasped under his head, a-talkin' and laughin', and lookin' up into Tirzah Ann's face, as radiant and lovin' as if she wus the sun, and he a sunflower. But that simily, though very poetical and figurative, don't half express the good looks, and health, and happixess on both their faces, as they looked at each other, and that babe, that most beautifulest of children, a-toddlin' round, first up to one, and then the other, with her bright eyes a-dancein', and her checks red as roses.

But the minute she ketched sight of her grandpa and me and the mare, she jest run down to the gate, as fast as her little legs could carry her, and I guess she got a pretty good kissin' from Josiah and me. And Whitfield and Tirzah Ann came hurryin' down to the gate, glad enough to see us, as they always be. Josiah, of course, had to take that beautiful child for a little ride, and Whitfield said he guessed he would go, too. So I got out, and went in, and as we set there on the stoop, Tirzah Ann up and told me what she and Whitfield wus a-goin' to do. They wus agoin' away for a rest.

"Why," said I, "I hardly ever, in my hull life, see anybody look so rested as you do now, both on you. How, under the sun, can you be rested any more than you be now?"

"Well," she said, "it's so very genteel to go. Miss Skidmore is a-goin', and Miss Skidmore says nobody who made any pretensions to bein' genteel stayed to home durin' the heated term, no matter how cool the place wus they wus a-livin' in."

"What do they go for mostly?" says I, in a very cool way; for I didn't like the idee.

"Oh, for health and—"

But says I, interruptin' of her:

"Hain't you and Whitfield enjoyin' good health?"

"Never could be better health than we both

have got," says she. "But," says she, "folks go for health and pleasure."

But says I:

"Hain't you a-takin' comfort here—solid comfort?"

"Yes," says she. "Nobody can be happier than Whitfield and I, every day of our life."

"Wall, then," says I, coolly, "you had better let well enough alone."

But says she:

"Folks go for a rest. Whitfield and I thought we would go for a rest."

"Rest from what?" says I. Says I, "don't you and Whitfield feel fresh and rested every mornin', ready to take up the labor of the day with a willin' heart?" Says I, "Do you either on you have any more work to do than is good for your health to do? Don't you find plenty of time for rest and recreation, every day as you go along?" Says I, "It is with health just as it is with cleanin' house: I don't believe in lettin' things get all run down and nasty, and then, once a year, tear everything to pieces, and do up all the hull cleanin' of a year to once, and then let everything go agin for another year. No! I believe in keepin' things slick and comfortable day by day, and year by year. In business, have a daily mixture of cleanin' and comfort—in health, have a daily mixture of labor, recreation and rest." Says I, takin' breath,

"I mean for folks like you and Whitfield, who can do so. Of course, some have to work beyond their strength—let them take their rest and comfort when they can git it. Better take it once a year, like a box of pills, than not at all. But as for you and Whitfield, I say agin, in the words of the poet, 'Better let well enough alone.'"

But says she:

"I want to do as other folks do. I am bound to not let Miss Skidmore get the upper hand of me. I want to be genteel."

"Wall," says I, "if you are determined to follow them paths, Tirzah Ann, you musn't come to your ma for advice. She knows nothin' about them pathways; she never walked in 'em."

"Miss Skidmore says," says she, "that all the aristocracy of Janesville will go away for the summer for a change, and I thought a change would do Whitfield and me good."

"A change!" says I, in low accents, a-lookin' round the charming, lovely prospect, the clean, cool cottage, with its open doors and windows, and white, ruffled curtains swayin' in the cool breeze; the green, velvet grass, the bright flower beds, the climbing, blossoming vines, the birds singing in the orchard, the blue lake layin' so calm and peaceful in the distance, shinin' over

the green hills and forests, and the wide, cloudless sky bending above all like a benediction.

"A change," says I, in low, tremblin' tones of emotion. "Eve wanted a change in Paradise, and she got it, too."

But, says Tirzah Ann, for my accents impressed her fearfully:

"Don't you believe in a change for the summer? Don't you think they are healthy?"

I didn't go onto the heights and depths of philosophy, on which I so many times had flew and dove; she had heard my soarin' ideas on the subject time and time again; and eloquence, when it is as soarin' and lofty as mine, is dretful tuckerin', especially after doin' a hard day's work, so I merely said, tacklin' another side of the subject, says I:

"When anybody is a-bakin' up alive in crowded cities, when the hot sun is shinin' back on 'em from brick walls and stony roads, when all the air that comes to them comes hot and suffocatin', like a simon blowin' over a desert—to such, a change of body is sweet, and is truly healthy. But," says I, lookin' 'round agin on the cool and entrancin' beauty and freshness of the land and other scape, "to you whom Providence has placed in a Eden of beauty and bloom, I agin repeat the words of the poet: 'Better let well enough alone.'"

I could see by the looks of her face that I hadn't convinced her. But at that very minute, Josiah came back and hollered to me that he guessed we had better be a-goin' back, for he was afraid the hens would get out, and get into the turnips; he had jist set out a new bed, and the hens was bewitched to eat the tops off; we had shot 'em up, but felt it was resky to not watch 'em.

So we started, but not before I told Whitfield my mind about their goin' off for a rest. I said but little, for Josiah was hollerin', but what I did say was very smart, and to the purpose. But if you'll believe it, after all my eloquent talk, and everything, the very next week they went off for the summer. They came to see us the day before they went, but their plans was all laid (they was goin' to the same place Skidmore and his wife went), and their tickets was bought, so I didn't say nothin' more—what was the use? Think's I, bought wit is the best, if you don't pay too much for it. They'll find out for themselves whether I was in the right or not. But bad as I thought it was goin' to be, little did I think it would be as bad as it was, little did I think Tirzah Ann would be brought home on a bed, but she was; and Whitfield walked with a cane, and had his arm in a sling. But as I told Josiah, "if anybody was a mind to chase up

pleasure so uncommon tight it wusn't no wonder if they got lamed by it.

Wall, the very next day after they got back from their trip, I went to see 'em, and Tirzah Ann told me all about it, all the sufferin's and hardships they had enjoyed on their rest, and pleasure exertion. There wasn't a dry eye in my head while I was a-listenin' to her, and lookin' into their feeble and used up lookin' faces. She and Whitfield was poor as snails; I never see either of 'em in half so poor order before. They hadn't no ambition nor strength to work, they looked gloomy and morbid, their morals had got all run down, their best clothes wus all worn out. And that babe, I could have wept and cried to see how that little thing looked, jest as poor as a little snail, and pale as a little fantom. And, oh, how fearfully cross! It was dretful affectin' to me to see her so snappish. She reminded me so of her grandpa, in his fractious hours.

It wus a dretful affectin' scene to me, I told Tirzah Ann, says I, "Your mean and Whitfield's don't look no more like your old means than if they didn't belong to the same persons."

Tirzah Ann burst right out a-crying, and says she:

"Mother, one week's more rest would have tuckered me completely out; I should have died off."

I wiped my own spectacles, I was so affected, and says I, in choked up axents:

"You know I told you just how it would be; I told you you wus happy enough to home, and you hadn't better go off in search of rest or of pleasure."

But my feelin's are too much for me, even now when I think of it all, Tirzah Ann a-lyin' there, and I a-wipin' my spectacles. I must put off, to another time, tellin' what Tirzah Ann told me about that trip.

PRIMROSES.

BY MRS. R. BLOOMER.

Tirz time was June; the place was by
A rustic garden gate;
A moonlight scene. Ah, well I know
The hour: it was not late;
For country girls, in the olden time,
Kept early hours—say, half-past eight.
We two stood by the garden gate,
Among the summer roses;
June's sweetest, fairest roses,
Primroses.
My love among the roses.

She watched the stars; I watched her face.
On which the moonlight fell;
Her face so bright, so saintly pure,
I cannot think to tell
Of aught so fair. Her brow was white
As a rain-washed lily-bell;
The bloom on her cheek—ah, well!
It rivaled the bloom of the roses,
The bloom of the scented roses,
Primroses:
The blush and the bloom of the roses.

Her bosom was white as the hawthorn bloom,
Her eyes like the violets blue,
And her loosely floating, nut-brown hair
Was wet with the falling dew.
For I kissed a long and wavy tress,
And I know 'twas wet with dew,
One small white hand was clasped in mine,
The other was filled with roses,
Pink as her palm were the roses,
Primroses.
Her palm like the leaves of the roses.

The air was full of sweets distilled
From the meadow's blossoming clover.
No lovelier trysting-place than this,
For shy little maiden and lover,
So there 'neath the summer stars we told
The olden story over,
'Mong the roses the story told over,
And we plighted our love 'mong the roses,
The glistening, dew-sprinkled roses,
Primroses;
The silent, the listening roses.

But that was ages and ages ago,
Through many a distant clime
I've wandered, since by her side I stood,
In manhood's pride and prime;
For life I count by events, not years.
I am old before my time—
Old from that hapless time
When I buried my love 'mong the roses,
When I made her a grave 'neath the roses,
Primroses.
A grave 'neath the blossoming roses.

Now where that white-walled cottage stood,
Is a wilderness of bloom,
And where once swung the garden gate,
Is the door to my darling's tomb.
And I never behold the blossoms pink
But I think of her grave 'mong the roses;
My darling's rose-wreathed tomb,
Spread with the pink of the roses.
A pall of the leaves of the roses,
Primroses.
The fading and dying primroses.

TIRZAH ANN'S SUMMER TRIP.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

PART II.

WALL, as I wus a-sayin', says I, Tirzah Ann lay there, and I wus a-wipin' my spectacles, and I had just said to her, says I:

"You know I told you jest how it would be. I told you you wus happy enough to home, and you hadn't better go off in search of pleasure."

And says she, breakin' right down agin, "One week more of such pleasure and recreation, would have been my death blow."

Says I, "I believe it, I believe you; you couldn't have stood another mite of rest and recreation, without it's killin' of you—anybody can see that by lookin' at your mean." But says I, knowin' it wus my duty to be calm, "It is all over now, Tirzah Ann; you hain't got to go through it agin: you must try to overcome your feelin's. Tell your ma all about it. Mebby it will do you good, in the words of the him, 'Speak, and let the worst be known, Speakin' may relieve you.'"

And I see, indeed, that she needed relief. Wall, she up and told me the hull on it. And I found out that Mrs. Skidmore wus to the bottom of it all—she, and Tirzah Ann's ambition. I could see that them two wus to blame for the hull on it.

Mrs. Skidmore is the wife of the other lawyer in Janesville; they moved there in the spring. She wus awful big feelin', and wus determined from the first to lead the fashion—tried to be awful genteel and put on sights of airs.

And Tirzah Ann bein' ambitius, and knowin' that she looked a good deal better than Mrs. Skidmore did, and knew as much agin, and knowin' that Whitfield wus a better lawyer than her husband wus, and twice as well off, wusn't goin' to stand none of her airs. Mrs. Skidmore seemed to sort o' look down on Tirzah Ann, for she never felt as I did on that subject.

Now if anybody wants to feel above me, I look on it in this light, I filosofize on it in this way: it probably does them some good, and it don't do me a mite of hurt, so I let 'em feel. I have always made a practice of it—it don't disturb me the width of a horse-hair. Because somebody feels as if they wus better than I am, that don't make 'em so; if it did, I should probably get up more interest on the subject. But it don't; it don't make them a mite better, nor me a mite worse, so what hurt does it do anyway?

As I said, it probably makes them feel sort o'

good, and I feel first-rate about it; jest as cool and happy and comfortable as a cluster cowcumber at sunrise. That's the way I filosofize on it. But not studyin' it out as I have, not divin' into the subject so deep as I have doven, it galled Tirzah Ann to see Mrs. Skidmore put on such airs. She said:

"She wus poor, and humbly, and didn't know much, and it madded her to see her feel so big, and put on such airs."

And then I had to go deep into reeson and filosofy agin to convince her; says I:

"Such folks have to put on more airs than them that have got sunthin' to feel big over." Says I, "It is reeson and filosofy that if anybody has got a uncommon intellect, or beauty, or wealth, they don't, as a general thing, put on the airs that them do that hain't got nothin'; they don't *have* to; they have got sunthin' to hold 'em up—they can stand without airs. But when anybody hain't got no intellect, nor riches, nor nothin'—when they hain't got nothin' only jest air to hold 'em up, it stands to reeson that they have got to have a good deal of it."

I had studied it all out, so it wus as plain to me as anything. But Tirzah Ann couldn't see it in that light, and would get as mad as a hen at Mrs. Skidmore ever sense they came to Janesville, and was bound she shouldn't go by her and out-do her. And so when Mrs. Skidmore gin it out in Janesville that she and her husband wus a goin' away for the summer, for rest and pleasure, Tirzah Ann said to herself that she and her husband would go for rest and pleasure, if they both died in the attempt. Wall, three days before they started, Tirzah Ann found that Mrs. Skidmore had got one dress more than she had, and a polenay, so she went to the store and got the materials and ingredients, and sot up day and night a-makin of 'em up; it most killed her a-hurryin' so.

Wall, they started the same day, and went to the same place the Skidmores did—a fashionable summer resort—and put up to the same tavern, to rest and recreate. But Mrs. Skidmore bein' a healthy, raw-boned weman, could stand as much agin rest as Tirzah Ann could. Why, Tirzah Ann says the rest wus enough to wear out a leather weman, and how she stood it for two weeks wus more than she could tell. You see

she wasn't used to hard work. I had always favored her and gone ahead with the work myself, and Whitfield had been as careful of her, and as good as a woman to help her, and this rest came tough on it; it wus dretful hard on her to be put through so.

You see she had to dress up two or three times a day, and keep the babe dressed up slick. And she had to promenade down to the waterin'-place, and drink jist such a time, and it went against her stomach, and almost upset her every time. And she had to go a-ridin', and out on the water in boats and yots, and that made her sick, too, and had to play crokey, and be up till midnight to parties. You see she had to do all this, ruther than let Mrs. Skidmore get in ahead on her, and do more than she did, and be more genteel than she wus, and rest more.

And then the town bein' full, and runnin' over, they wus cooped up in a little mite of a room up three flights of stairs; that, in itself, wus enough to wear Tirzah Ann out; she never could climb stairs worth a cent. And their room wus very small, and the air close, nearly tight, and hot as an oven; they wus used to great, cool, airy rooms to hum; and the babe couldn't stand the hotness and the tightness, and she began to enjoy poor health, and cried most all the time, and that wore on Tirzah Ann; and to hum, the babe could play round in the yard all day a'most, but here she hung right on to her ma.

And then the rooms on one side of 'em wus occupied by a young man a-learnin' to play on the flute; he had been disappointed in love, and he would try to make up tunes as he went along sort o' tragedy style, and dirge-like, the most unearthly and woe-begone sounds, they say, that they ever heard or heard on. They say it wus enough to make anybody's blood run cold in their veins to hear 'em; he kept his room most of the time, and played day and night. He had ruther be alone day times and play, than go into company, and nights he couldn't sleep, so he would set up and play. They wus sorry for him, they said they wus; they knew his mind must be in a awful state, and his sufferin's intense, or he couldn't harrow up anybody's feelin's so. But that didn't make it more the easier for them.

Tirzah Ann and Whitfield both says that tongue can't never tell the sufferin's they underwent from that flute, and their feelin's for that young man; they expected every day to hear he had made way with himself, his agony seemed so great, and he would groan and rithe so fearful, when he wasn't playin'.

And the room on the other side of 'em wus occupied by a young woman who owned a

melodien; she went into company a good deal, and her spells of playin' and singin' would come on after she had got home from parties. She had a good many bo's, and was happy dispositioned naturally; and they said some nights, it would seem as if there wouldn't be no end to her playin' and singin' love songs, and performin' quiet pieces, polkys, and waltzes, and such. Tirzah Ann and Whitfield are both good-hearted as they can be, and they said they didn't want to throw no shade over young hearts; they had been young themselves not much more than two years ago; they knew by experience what it wus to be sentimental, and they felt to sympathize with the gladness and highlarity of a young heart, and it didn't want to do nothin' to break it up. But still it came tough on 'em—dretful. I s'pose the sufferin's couldn't be told that they suffered from them two musicianers. And the babe not bein' used to such a racket, nights, would get skairt, and almost go into hysterick fits. And two or three nights, Tirzah Ann had 'em, too—the hystericks. I don't see what kep' Whitfield up; he says no money would tempt him to go through it agin; I s'pose she almost tore him to pieces; but she wasn't to blame, she didn't know what she wus a-doin'.

It hain't no use to blame Tirzah Ann now, after it is all over with; but she sees it plain enough now, and she's a-sufferin' enough from the effects of it, her tryin' to keep up with Mrs. Skidmore, and do all she done. And there is where her morals get all run down, and Whitfield's, too.

To think of them two, she that was Tirzah Ann Allan, and Whitfield Minkley! to think of them two! brought up as they had been, with such parents and step-parents as they had, settin' under such a preacher as they had always set under! to think of them two a-dancin'!

Why if anybody else had told me, if it had come through two or three, I would have despised the idee of believin' of it. But it didn't come through anybody; she owned it up to me herself, I couldn't hardly believe my ear, when she told me, but I had to. They had parties there every evenin' in the parlor, and Mrs. Skidmore and her husband went to 'em, and danced, and so they went to 'em, and they danced. I didn't say nothin' to hurt her feelin's, her mean looked so dretful, and I see she wus a-gettin' her pay for her sinfulness, but I groaned loud and frequent, while she wus a-tellin' me of this, (entirely unbeknown to me).

Here wus where Whitfield got so lame. He never had danced a step before in his life, nor Tirzah Ann nuther. But Skidmore and his wife

danced every night, and Tirzah Ann, bein' so ambitius, was determined that she and Whitfield should dance as much as they did, if they fell down a-doin' of it; and not bein' used to it, it almost killed 'em, besides loosenin' their mussels, so that it will be weeks and weeks before they get as strong and firm as they was before, and I don't know as they ever will. When mussels get to totterin', it is almost impossible to get 'em as firm as they was before. But truely they got their pay, Whitfield bein' so tuckered out with the rest and recreation he had been a-havin', it lamed him awfully, rheumatiz set in, and he was most bed-rid. And then a base ball hit him, when he was a-playin'; a base ball hit him on the elbo', right on the crazy-bone; I s'pose he was most crazy, the pain was terrible, but the doctor says, with care, he may get over it, and use his arm agin. At present, it is in a sling.

It seemed to hurt Tirzah Ann more innardly; it brought on a kind of a weakness. But where she got her death blow, (as it were), what laid her up, and made her sick a-bed, was goin' in a bathin', and drinkin' so much mineral water. Ridin' out on the water was bad for 'em both, as I said; made 'em sick as snipes, they were dretfully sick every time they went, almost spilt their stomachs. But if she had kep' on top of the water, it would have been better for her, sick as she was. But she wasn't goin' to have Mrs. Skidmore bathe, and she not, not if she got drowned in the operation. She was always afraid of deep water—dretful. But in she went, and got skairt, the minute the water was over her ankles; it skairt her so, she had sort o' cramps, and gin up she was a drowndin', and that made it worse for her, and she did crumple right down in the water, and would have been drowned, if a man hadn't rescued of her; she was a-sinkin' for the third time, when he laid bolt of her hair, and yanked her out.

But she hain't got over the fright yet, and I am afraid she never will. Whitfield says now, night after night, she will jump right up inside of the bed, and ketch bolt of him, and yell the most neerthly yells he ever, ever heard; and night after night, in the dead of night, she will jump right over him, onto the floor, thinkin' she is drowndin' agin; it makes it hard for 'em both, dretful.

The mineral water, they say, told awfully, and it went against Tirzah Ann's stomach so, that she couldn't hardly get down a tumblerful a day; she was always dretful dainty and sort o' delicate-like. But Mrs. Skidmore bein' so tough, could drink seven tumblersful right down. And it seems she acted sort o' overbearin' and haughty,

because Tirzah Ann couldn't drink so much as she could. And put on airs about it. And Tirzah Ann couldn't stand that, so one day, it was the day before she came home, she said to herself that Mrs. Skidmore shouldn't have that to feel big over no longer, so she dranked down five tumblersful, and was a-tryin' to get down the other two, when she was took sick sudden and violent, and I s'pose a sicker critter never lived than she was. It acted on her like a emetic, and she had all the symptoms of billerous colic. I s'pose they was awful skairt about her, and she was skairt about herself; she thought she was a-dyin', and she made Whitfield promise on a Testament to carry her, the next day, to Janesville, alive or dead. So he was as good as his word, and brought her home, the next day, on a bed.

They got round the house in a day or two, but they have been laid up for repairs (as you may say,) ever sense. They are sick critters, now, both on 'em. Never, never, did I see such awful effects from rest and recreation before. As they both say, one week more rest would have finished 'em for this world.

And besides these outside sufferin's that are plain to be seen, there are innurd hurts that are fur worse. Outside bruises and hurts can be reached with arneky and wormwood, but how can you bathe a wounded sperit, or rub it with hot flannel? You can't do it.

Now, this that I am goin' to say now, I wouldn't have get round for the world—it *must be kept!* But seein' I am on this subject, I feel it to be my duty to tell the truth, and the hull truth. But it musn't go no further: it must be kept.

Tirzah Ann didn't tell this right out to me, but I gathered it from little things I heard her and Whitfield say, and from what others said who was there.

If I didn't feel it to be my bounden duty to write the truth, and if it wusn't for its bein' a solemn warnin' to them who may have felt a hankerin' towards goin' off on a trip, I couldn't write out the awful words. But it must be kept.

I mistrust, and almost know, that Tirzah Ann flirted—flirted with a man! You see Mrs. Skidmore, wantin' to appear fashionable and genteel, flirted with men, and I know jest as well as I want to know, that Tirzah Ann did, not wantin' to be outdone.

I know she and Whitfield quarrelled, dretfully, for the first time in their lives; that I had right from her own mouth. But she didn't tell me what it was about; she looked sort o' sheepish and weakin', and turned the subject, and I hain't one to pump.

But I s'pose from what they both said to me, they came pretty nigh partin'. And I know jest as well as if I see it myself, that Tirzah Ann bein' so ambitius, and not wantin' to be outdone by Mrs. Skidmore, went to flirtin', and I mistrust it was with old Skidmore himself. I know he and Whitfield don't speak. Tirzah Ann never could bear him, but I s'pose she wanted to gall Mrs. Skidmore.

Oh, such doin's, such doin's! You hain't no

idee how it worked up Josiah and me, and mortified us. As I told Josiah that night—after we went to bed, we was a-talkin' it over—and says I:

“Josiah Allen, what would their morals have been, if they had rested and recreated any longer?” And he groaned out, and sayed what galled him the worst wus to think of “the money they had throwed away.” Says he, “it will cramp 'em for months-and months.” And it did.

FORESHADOWINGS.

BY LAURA VARNER.

To-morrow, when his vessel sails
Across the bay, and far away,
And I have watched till sea and skies
Have kissed it from my yearning eyes,
How shall I turn and walk again
The stern path where my duty lies,
Unloved, alone; while o'er and o'er,
The whole world sings a song forlorn,
A sad refrain, that night and morn
Is sounding ever in my brain?
“Alas, alas! a year is long,
The sea is deep, the sea is wide;
The day will never come, with song,
Which makes sweet Blanche his bride!”

Last night, through ghostly mists a-lee,
I saw the gleaming lights out-shine.
I wept and shuddered in the gloom,
While from the treacherous, moaning sea,
A shadowy phantom seemed to rise,
And drag his vessel down to doom.
And o'er the agony of cries,
That rose above the hungry waves,

I hear his voice call wild and long;
And echoing through my tortured brain,
Its tones sound in that sad refrain,
“Alas, alas! a year is long,
The sea is deep, the sea is wide;
The happy day will never dawn,
Which makes sweet Blanche his bride!”

To-morrow he will sail away,
And many days will come and go,
The flowers will bloom, the birds will sing,
And hearts be glad; but mine will break.
The dread suspense will drive me mad—
To know not, when the mornings' wake,
Whether he sees the blessed light,
Or, in dim dungeons fettered strong,
Sleeps 'neath that awful weight of waves,
That ever whisper day and night:
“Alas, alas! a year is long,
The sea is deep, the sea is wide;
The happy day will never dawn,
Which makes sweet Blanche his bride!”

LOVER AND FRIEND.

BY G. PRESTON.

I LOSE not one, but two: I lose
Those I love best. Ah, we may choose
But God doth will; the ones most dear
Are parted from us, year by year,
And those so distant from our hearts
Walk with us daily. Dread change parts,
And happy chance unites. Chance! Aye,
And is it chance? In heaven, they say,
All marriages are made; we, then,
If it is best, will meet again.
But, oh, my comforter, my friend,
You too are gone! Can true love end?
If those best loved step never more
Upon the threshold of the door,
If they forget while our hearts grow

Clouded and weary with their woe,
As day by day goes by, and yet
They send no word; and eyes grow wet
With many tear drops; must we think
That love has died, and turn to drink
The cup of disappointment? No!
It lives for aye. Through weal or woe,
Down deep within her heart my name
Will be inscribed. She is the same.
Forget she does not, but the care
And trials of her new life bear
Perhaps too hardly on her. Wait,
True love is also patient; late
Is better far than never. Wait.