

Poetry.

"HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER."
(With the Reasons why you should.)

Have faith in one another,
And what'er you're told believe,
Man but seldom does his brother,
There are few whose tongues deceive.
With but very little humbug
Has the oldest stager met;
Have faith in one another,
And you'll find it answer yet.

Have faith in one another,
When an article you buy;
It is seldom that a dealer
Will delude you by a lie.
What is called adulteration
You will find extremely rare.
Have but faith in one another,
And examine not the ware.

Have faith in one another,
Black and white no promise needs;
If there's some demand for parchment
'Tis for drums and not for deeds.
Lend to all that seek to borrow—
With security away!
And have faith in one another—
'Tis the rule with man to pay.

Have faith in one another—
Clerk with cash but seldom flees;
And we know funds scarcely ever
Are embezzled by trustees.
Oh! believe not in the treadmill,
And depend not on the crank;
Have faith in one another,
And put money in your bank.

—Punch.

Select Tale.

HOW WOMEN LOVE.

Concluded.

"We were seated in the old house, in the chief room, the room that had been for many years the scene of our happiest hours. Where the golden sunshine all day long found its way to the carpet through the branches of the vines that overhung the windows, in showers of soft and gladdening light—where the cheerful hearth-blaze all the evening made candles useless, while we sat and talked, or sang, or read, or (as I have said before) dreamed, for we dreamed much, all of us, we all were dreamers. I remember well that Clare stood near the west window, into which the last twilight rays were streaming. She had just finished some furious sentence about her uncle, and her eyes were flashing with indignation. Mr. Milbank was seated in his old chair in the corner, listening with a smile, that I could see through the gloom, to the earnestness of his beautiful child, and I was walking swiftly up and down.

"Sir, will you help me to marry her?"

"Clare sprang with a bound to the middle of the room and looked at me. The Rector rose from his seat, and took my hand in his:

"Are you serious, my boy?"

"Most certainly I am."

"Then if God help you I will, and we will be happy again. Is it not a grand thought, Clare?"

"But Clare had vanished.

"Then we arranged it all. We had learned that they were going to Ballston in a few days, and we arranged to go on to the Sans Souci and meet them. The meeting was to be accidental, and we accomplished it precisely as we had intended.

"Clare led her the first evening from the crowd in the saloon and on the piazzas to the darkest corner of the colonnade, and here, for the first time, I approached her.

"Philip, I cannot tell you of that interview—it is recorded somewhere in the book that is sacred to the record of those hours in man's life which more than all others stamp him for immortality.—It was an hour that you may see written here in my forehead, here on my gray hair. I was an old man then, for she told me my hopes were vain—I must forbid them thenceforth for ever.

"Men talk of love as they talk of money. Men write of love as they write of travels, of pleasures, of pains. Some men even laugh at love; but such men, in their inmost hearts, abhor and curse themselves for the words they utter, and lie in lonesome places among the beautiful things of existence, and perish of thirst on the banks of the purest fountain that flows into the River of Life.

"The memory of that beautiful woman, as she stood before me, with her white hand laid on my shoulder, and her blue, deep eyes fixed on mine, fixed in mine, for their light was in my brain and soul, that memory will not perish so long as I have eyes or soul here or hereafter. I bowed my head and wept, and she never shed one tear. I implored, and she was calm. "No, no, no!" that

terrible word was reiterated again, and again, and again.

"And what shall I do—whither shall I go for hope on earth?" said I.

"And she came close to me, Philip, as I stood with my head bent forward, and she lifted her beloved face close up to mine, and she put her arm, her small, white arm, round my neck, and whispered, 'Love Clare, Stephen!' and her lips were on mine one instant, one thrilling instant—yet, Philip, one eternity of emotion—and she was gone.

"And Clare stood ten paces from me, with her head bowed over the rail; and when it was all over, and I staggered toward her, she took my hands in hers and held them in a close clasp, and said but one word,

"Stephen!"

"My sister Clare!"

"And then she wept. I never saw her weep before, and now it was but for a moment, and she led me away, and I obeyed her.

"More than a year passed away with the swiftness of thought, and I had never left the seclusion of my country home. My own house and the Rectory, these were the two places between which my path now lay, and beyond which it did not reach. Clare left home in the early autumn to pass the winter in the city. During the year after my parting from Lily it would be vain to deny that I often recurred to her last words, sealed as they were with that last thrilling kiss, and when I looked into the face of beautiful Clare it did not seem so very difficult to obey. One can worship a star well enough, if one has not already bowed the knee to another, but the devotion of boyhood and youth cannot easily give place to another object of adoration. Yes, call it adoration, if *laborare est orare*, surely it is more true that *amare est adorare*. But the reverse is far from true. To worship is not to love. I worshipped Clare. I bowed before her royal beauty, her clear intellect, her noble soul. In the year that passed so darkly over me she was a constant light, companion, comforter.—She made the rectory bright with her presence, and her father's heart full of delight all the day long with her cheerfulness and love. To me she was always the same sister—gentle, faithful, and constant; and when she went away I felt the blank more than I could have believed possible, and the autumn was long and desolate. In the middle of December I was called to the city by peremptory business, and went, leaving my home with reluctance, and intending to return within a week.

"I found my business more perplexing than I had anticipated, and after a few days I determined to look up Clare. Relying on my intimacy to pardon an evening call, I went at a late hour on Christmas Eve, and found myself in crowded rooms, having, as I now found, stumbled on an evening party. I did not retreat, for the home of my sister's friend was one of my own homes in old times, and I was not disappointed in my reception.

"Clare was the centre of a brilliant circle, and at home as a queen among her subjects. I believe that a thrill of momentary jealousy passed over me as I saw her—a sort of regret that she who had seemed always to belong to me should now be, in some sense, the property of the world, and I looked swiftly over the circle to see if there was any one there on whom she would be likely to waste one of her royal smiles. But she sprang toward me with such manifest joy in every feature, and gave me such a welcome, that my foolish jealousy, if it existed, was gone on the instant, and I was the envied man of the night by all the hangers-on in the saloons of the fascinating Mrs. Whitney.

"The hours sped swiftly with dance and song. It was near midnight when I stood with Clare in the library room at the rear of the saloons, while all the party were down in the supper-rooms. A servant entered with a note, saying that it had been brought by a man now at the street-door with urgent haste. Stop, I will get the note."

Wilson crossed the room, opened a desk and private drawer, and returned, bringing in his hand a small yellow note, stained with that ineffaceable stain—ineffaceable from paper, cheek, or heart of man—the traces of tears.

"They are not my tears, Philip. They are Clare's."

"Clare, Clare, come to me before I die! David will bring you? Do you know Clare, where Stephen is? Send him word to come, to come quick, quick, Clare, for I fear—I hope—yes, I hope I shall not see the New Year! But come to-night, Clare, if you would see me, for God knows whether I shall see the Christmas morning. LILY."

"We were wrapped in cloaks, and at the front door in an instant.

"You here, David?"

"Yes, sir. I have never left Miss Lily since you told me to stay with her."

"He led us up one street and down another, until we came to an obscure street, running west

from Broadway to the North River, and a house half way down this, at which he paused and knocked.

"Who's there?"

"The doctor and a nurse."

"The door opened, and we entered."

"I did not know then, as I have since known, the appearance of the splendid room into which we passed. It was a hell. You know what that is. The upper portion of the house was devoted to the private rooms of Mr. Ray and his family. The lower part was arranged in gambling-rooms, gorgeously furnished, in which we heard the sounds of the money on the boards, and the quick, sharp commands of the banker, succeeded by the silence that waits the turn of the card. Passing through the hall and a sort of reception-room, we ascended a broad flight of stairs, and entered a room that was dark and gloomy, and unmistakably the abode of sickness.

"Have you come, dear Clare?"

"I have, and have brought Stephen with me."

"There was a strange half cry half sob from the bed, and I advanced toward it!

"Philip, in that dim light I saw the radiance of heaven again, and over it was the very light of God, into the outer circles of which she was already passed, and into the eternal glory of which she was soon to be gone.

"Shall I tell you all the horrible story she now told us. How she had been compelled to preside at the foul feasts that her father gave; how she had been forced to admit the presence of gamblers and harlots; how night after night she had striven with indescribable agony to induce her parent to abandon this terrible life, and how all in vain.—You will ask why she clung to it? why she did not abandon him forever? I will tell you, Philip.

"I will tell you of a love high as heaven, deeper and broader than the sea that rolls around all the world.

"She sent Clare out for a moment, and then she told me all.

"Philip, she loved me with unutterable love.—Yes, I knew that before. But once, once in the last spring-time of our happy home in the rectory, one holy evening when Clare had been moved by her gentle cousin's loveliness to speak as never before of her own soul, she had learned that Clare, my noble sister Clare, loved me with more than a sister's love. Yes, she told her all, and she thenceforth shut up the fountain of her soul, and laid a stone on the mouth, a heavy stone, to keep back the flood forever.

"This was why she consented to go with her father, and in this resolution she gave herself up, soul and body, to a hope that she might make her mission on earth the reform of her father, and the reunion of all of us in later years in some happy home that she dreamed of as distant but sure. But now the end came, and hope was gone, and love, human love, was triumphant. She could not die without seeing me once more; and spite of her father's commands, spite of all her agony, spite of all her woman's shame, she told me all, and in the moment of our parting I knew what a great flood of love, pure, holy love, God had forbidden to flow over the gardens of my life, but had commanded into the channels that make glad the eternal city. She was going to heaven with all that love that might have been mine, and I could but hope that sometimes in starry nights I might bare my forehead to the sky, and feel the far-off spray, some blessed drops out of that deep, strong flood.

"And then Clare came back, and we sat down side by side, and held her hands in ours, and the swift moments of her life ran out.

"She never told Clare her love; mark that, my friend. That glorious creature never told Clare one word; never hinted to her of what we had spoken in the hour that she had been absent; and she never knew that Lily loved me.

"The doctor came in toward morning, and was startled at the change he found in his patient. He told her she was dying, and she heard him calmly, and looked at me with one long longing gaze, and closed her eyes on us for a moment, and opened them again with the soft radiance of the land of angels in their light.

"Once, only once, she took my hand in hers, and drew me down to her, and whispered, in a low, soft whisper, 'I love you Stephen!' and a light, as if of the great glory of triumphant love, flashed on her countenance; and then, a little later, she took my hand, and placing Clare's in it, she said to each of us:

"Kiss me, Clare: kiss me, Stephen!"

"And Clare kissed her, and I touched my earthly lips to her saintly lips, and with the last kiss, the last breath of life, she whispered,

"Love Clare, Stephen!"

"And her life, that she had laid down for her friend, God took and made immortal life thereof in the gardens of His Land."

"Philip Phillips, for fourteen years after that time Clare lay upon my breast, my faithful, loving, and beloved wife, and then I laid her glorious head low in the valley dust down yonder. The snow to-night lies deep on both their graves, and I am here. What am I that such women should have loved me? What am I that God should have permitted such treasures to be poured out on me? What are these lips that the kisses of such affection should have been pressed on them? these arms that they should have been permitted to enfold such forms of beauty?

"Sometimes when I ask myself these questions, I begin to doubt the past, and to think that the old rectory and its beloved inhabitants are all a dream. But at such times I come into this room and draw that curtain yonder, and then I know that I am a man, and that the years have not deceived me.—No, I am no dreamer now."

As he finished he drew the curtain from a picture that hung before us on the wall. It was a picture of two faces; I saw only the faces, and if I live a thousand years I shall not again see two so beautiful on canvas or on earth.

Miscellaneous.

A YANKEE SPECULATION.—The other day, being in the vicinity of the old Cradle of Liberty, we paused to witness the operations of a cute Yankee at a refreshment stall. The object of our attention was a stalwart, red-checked youth, with fox-skin cap, blanket-coat, and woollen mittens, and might have come down from Vermont with a load of venison and poultry. It was evident from his manner that he had got through with his business, whatever it was, and was now a man of leisure. The chapman displayed his most tempting edibles, for he saw before him a customer amply able to extend a liberal patronage. The Yankee looked over his whole stock in trade, and priced nearly every article he had.

"How much is that 'ere candy a 'stick?" he would say.

"Two cents."

"Wall, but by hulsale?"

"Ten cents a dozen."

"Wall—but seein' it's me?"

"Seein' it's you may have a dozen sticks for sixpence."

"Now, do you think I'm made of gold, you shaver?" said the Yankee. "Never mind—drive on. How is doughnuts?"

He fixed upon a plate of these delicious Yankeeisms his avid and devouring eyes. Here he stood on safe ground; some of the other "fixins" were beyond his comprehension, but he knew doughnuts as well as beans.

"How's doughnuts?"

"Doughnuts has riz, sir," replied the vender, with an air of importance and intelligence.

"The continuance of the Mexican war," he added, raising his right arm oratorically and transforming himself into a human teapot—"the proposed loan, and the dread of a drain of specie, has caused quite a rise of breadstuffs—flour has riz, sir, and doughnuts has gone up."

"What's all that nonsense about the Mexican war, you old stupid?" said the Yankee: "how's doughnuts?"

"One cent per nut," replied the vender, lowering his arm and tone.

"Mought a feller take his pick?" inquired the customer, hesitating with his cent in his left mitten.

"Oh, eerting—eerting, sir!" responded the dealer.

The Yankee deposited the specie, and then seized on a doughnut which he had before selected with his eyes; it was a sockdolager, as big as a Aaldwin apple.

"Anything else?" inquired the vender, as he swept the coin into his drawer and noted the sale on his slate.

"Not to-day," replied the Yankee with a gleam of satisfaction, and he withdrew with his prize.—We were curious enough to follow him.

We watched him as he set his teeth into the immense mass. Alas for the vanity of human hopes! That doughnut was an imposition, a sham, a mere batter bubble, blown into the semblance of solidity. Loud were the imprecations of the Yankee.

"Taken in, by thunder!" he exclaimed.—

"Consume the fellow's impudence? Those Boston chaps do beat the Dutch. He done me out of that 'ere cent as slick as grease upon a cartwheel. I might have bought two sizes—might have bought a world of notions, and carried some presents to the family—and now I'm bust, and bubbled, and bamboozed. It's tew bad?"

And we left him "fit to weep" and "not to be consoled." Poor fellow.