

## Literature, &amp;c.

The American Magazines  
FOR JUNE.From the Columbian Magazine.  
ENNUI AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

BY MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Continued from our last.

## CHAPTER III.

"I hate fine weather when the wind is so strong!" exclaimed Faulkner, peevishly, putting his head out of his chamber window. "How fast the side walks are drying. Street sweeps will soon be in Othello's predicament—"occupation gone"—dull times for them; just as dull for other people!" And Faulkner drew his head in and closed the window, with more spleen and perhaps more energy than was his wont. In a few moments more he was walking in the same direction as on the previous day, but his pace was brisker, there was less languor depicted on his countenance, less heaviness in his whole mien; he looked as though he had, or was persuading himself that he had, some end to accomplish, some duty to fulfill. Before he had gone far his steps unconsciously grew quicker, and his eyes were eagerly fixed upon some object in the distance. Was it the little street sweep? He felt certain that it was she, yet her back was turned and the pretty blue hood had been replaced by a faded Madras handkerchief apparently tied beneath her chin. Her head drooped dejectedly on her bosom and she moved her broom more languidly than on the preceding day.

"I wonder if she is very poor! If she has parents! If they are suffering! What she does with herself when the pavement is not muddy. Whether she—whether she—whether she finds it—a—tiresome world!" And for once Faulkner murmured these last two words to himself without the accompaniment of a yawn.

He had approached the little girl unperceived. "Mud's drying, eh?" She started violently at the sound of his voice, and the fair face raised to his was suffused with crimson. After a glance of recognition and a slight quivering of the lips, as though words of thanks for his yesterday's charity were hovering upon them, she attempted to continue sweeping. But her hands trembled and the broom, though it shook beneath them, seemed fastened to the ground, and the black mud lay unmolested around it.

Every instant Faulkner became more interested. He did not care who saw him, for he was generally too indifferent to everything to be tenacious of the world's opinion. A conversation with a street sweep was something novel. He who had found the world so dull could not lose the opportunity of enjoying any novelty, however it might subject him to ridicule.

"Have you parents?" inquired he of the little girl.

"Only a mother," she replied, in a low voice, the sound of which thrilled him strangely.

"And she is poor?"

"Very—very poor!" and a suppressed sob caught his ear as she articulated the last word.

"Do you live far from here?"

The girl shook her head, for she was too much abashed, or moved, to give utterance to the negative.

"Come!" said Faulkner, suddenly, his countenance brightening until its expression became truly beautiful. "I will go and see your mother—will you show me the way?"

The girl looked at him a moment, her face full of wonder. He returned her glance with a shrug of the shoulders, which was followed by a smile. The first said, "If you choose you need not believe me." The last, "Indeed I am in earnest!" There was too much encouragement in that smile for her to doubt its meaning.

"My mother will thank you," she murmured, with a swelling heart, and commenced walking in the same direction which she had taken with so much speed on the previous day. Faulkner followed at a short distance behind her, muttering to himself, "an odd way of putting the blue devils to flight—like it because its new—walk will do me good!" The last casual exclamation awoke an unusual train of thoughts; and he added thoughtfully, "Good! I shouldn't wonder if it did—in more ways than one. I begin to feel as if it had done me good already!"

The young girl turned into a very narrow and filthy street. Faulkner's dainty senses, especially his olfactory organs, began to excite in him a repugnance to following her any farther. He was deliberating upon the practicability of giving her a few dollars and turning back, when for the first time she looked round. One more glance at that pallid face silenced the murmurings of the rebellious senses, and he walked briskly on. In a few moments more, the girl stopped at the head of a flight of steps, which led into a cellar, dignified by the name of a basement story. She descended, and entered a small room; dark, damp, cold and cheerless. A few ashes on the hearth, told that on the previous night some attempt had been made to kindle a fire of chips; but now, not even a dying spark gave out its feeble warmth. There was neither chair nor table in the room, but an old box served as both. The only article of furniture was a narrow cot. A slumbering woman lay upon it—but so completely enveloped in a thick, woollen blanket, that only a small portion of her face was visible. This blanket was almost the only covering of the bed; but it was warm, clean, and apparently new.

After giving one hasty glance around the room, Faulkner's eyes rested upon the comfortable blanket. Those of the young girl followed his; and smiling—'twas a faint sad smile, the first that he had seen illumine her countenance—she whispered "She sleeps! For many nights the cold would not let her sleep—but she is warm now. The money you gave me bought this!" and she laid her hand upon the blanket, and looked into his face with an expression of gratitude which made Faulkner draw his breath with unvoiced rapidity, while a thrill of pleasure sent the blood to his cheek and an unusual moisture to his eye.

He felt as though that small piece of gold, so little prized by him, had purchased more than the one sensation upon which he had congratulated himself the day before; and that even that warm woollen blanket was not the most valuable thing it had procured.

Several minutes he stood contemplating the slumbering woman, for the young girl made no attempt to disturb her rest. The face of the sleeper was, if possible, even more ghastly than that of her child. Disease had aided want in imparting to those regular and delicate features a death like hue. Never was the stamp of suffering more legible; and yet there was a placidity upon the sleeping face, an air of resignation that softened the impress of sorrow and gave an expression almost angelic to the wan countenance. At an involuntary movement of Faulkner's the closed lids quivered and slowly opened. A look of terror convulsed the woman's features at the sight of a stranger standing beside.

"Grace! Where is Grace?" she almost shrieked.

"By your side, mother," replied Grace, softly; and then, bending her head close to her mother's, she whispered a few words which explained the appearance of so unusual a visitor.

But the mother seemed scarcely satisfied. She looked at her child inquiringly and at Faulkner almost with dread. The tongue of the latter refused to perform its appointed office; he shrank, without knowing why, before that searching glance, and turned to the young girl as though appealing to her to relieve his embarrassment.

"We have not thanked him, mother!" said Grace, half reproachfully.

"Oh! I want no thanks—don't mention it!" answered Faulkner, suddenly regaining the use of his tongue. "I hope that I shall be able to do something for you, my good woman. I shall try—upon my word I will; but I see you're busy now.—That is, I'm in haste myself; so I won't detain you. I mean I can't stay any longer. You must make yourself comfortable here. A little present from a friend—only a trifle!" and he dropped the well filled purse, which he had agitatedly drawn from his pocket, upon the bed.

He was turning away hastily, but Grace seized his hand and, her face streaming with tears pressed it between her own icy palms and said, "Oh sir! You—you have saved my mother. God will reward you!" And then, as though ashamed of this burst of emotion, she hung her head, and covering her face with her hands, wept in silence.

Faulkner was too much unused to such situations to know how to act; he twirled his hat with an air of indirection for a moment, then bowed to the mother, who, leaning upon her elbow, was steadfastly regarding him, and hastily withdrew.

A thousand thronging thoughts gave activity to his brain as he walked homeward. "I must do something for them—a little of the money—nothing but a curse to me—what a blessing it might be to them. She shall sweep the streets no longer! I wonder what she can do—mantua-making—millinery, waistcoat making—profitable but tedious—too tedious—wish I could hit upon something pleasanter!" While these thoughts were chasing each other through his mind, his eyes accidentally rested upon a bunch of orange blossoms which was conspicuously displayed in the window of an establishment for making artificial flowers. "Flower making—joining together the bright colored leaves—bending them in form—weaving them in wreaths—those delicate little hands of her's are just suited to such an occupation. It will be easy to obtain her admission as an apprentice here. Money can accomplish that, if it is not to be done any other way! Then when she has learnt the art—an establishment of her own—she shall be its mistress. I will advance her mother the capital—flower making—flower making—the little street-sweep a maker of artificial flowers!" and he rubbed his hands together as he spoke in actual delight. Then walking into the store, he purchased the identical bunch of orange blossoms which first attracted his attention, and entering into conversation with the mistress of the establishment soon obtained from her all the information concerning her occupation which he desired.

He had built a thousand castles in the air before he reached the Astor, and again and again pictured the little street-sweep and her mother in an elevated position—happy—happy—prosperous—a! through his exertions. Since the days of his boyhood his heart had not beat so lightly nor his spirits been so buoyant.

Frank Gaylord accidentally encountered him upon the stairs.

"Well, Fred, tiresome world, eh?" said Gaylord, accosting him laughingly.

"My dear Frank, I've just come to the conclusion that nothing makes the world so tiresome as to be of no use in it!" said Faulkner, shaking hands with him, warmly.

"Take care of my arm, will you?" replied Gaylord, withdrawing his hand from Faulkner's grasp. "Remember, my dear fellow, that I do not suffer from the same absence of sensations as you do!" and the friends parted.

That night, sweet sleep and sweeter dreams

visited Faulkner's pillow. Immediately after breakfast he took a walk, in the hope of seeing Grace at her usual post. Her little companions were there but she was absent. He returned home and after a few hours again walked that way. Still she did not appear. Again, towards night, he sought but did not find her. Impatient to put into execution his schemes for her benefit, he hurried to the house whither she had conducted him on the previous day. He found it without difficulty—with a throbbing heart descended the flight of steps and knocked. No answer. Again and again the knock was repeated, and at last, his impatience gaining a victory over his discretion, he opened the door and entered the room. It was empty—the cot was gone—no fire, nor even ashes upon the hearth—the old box was all that remained to assure him that he was not mistaken in the room.

Disappointed and almost confounded, he left the apartment through a door which opened into an entry and walked up stairs to seek some one whom he could question concerning Grace and her mother. He encountered an old woman upon the stairs. To his half articulated and hasty inquiries, she replied, "Lord bless you, sir! they took themselves off by daylight this morning. Poor enough they are but they paid the rent down. The little girl was taking on sadly, and the mother hardly able to stir a limb, but they would go! I believe it was something about a wild young man; and the mother thought it best Grace should not be in his way, for she's a handsome girl, sir; but that's the short and long of their going off so sudden-like!"

Faulkner had not the heart to ask another question. Frustrated in his first endeavour to be of service to his fellow creatures—disappointed in the first scheme with which he for years had endeavoured to occupy himself, he returned home, dissatisfied, sad and weary. And yet those mingled feelings were less oppressive than that blank overspreading of the mind, that distaste for enjoyment and sluggishness of thought, called *ennui*.

## CHAPTER IV.

A year after the occurrence of the events related in the previous chapter, Frederick Faulkner was seated in a small office in the fourth story of a building in Wall street. Upon the table before him lay a number of legal looking papers, carefully fastened with red tape. He was apparently occupied in preparing another which was to be added to their number. One glance at his features, his attitude, his movements, told that he was no longer the weary idler, the listless ennuye who had found the world and its occupants so exceedingly tiresome twelve months before.

Scarcely a couple of weeks after his rencontre with the little street-sweep, and her sudden disappearance, Scrapeall unexpectedly gained the lawsuit upon which Faulkner's wealth depended. He found himself suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence. Strange to say, he evinced little chagrin on the occasion, and seemed almost glad to be relieved, even by a misfortune, from the lethargic incubus which weighed down his spirits. Before he reached his majority, his father had insisted that he should qualify himself to become a lawyer, and he had accordingly passed an examination and received his diploma. But he had not then the energy to commence practice, and necessity did not compel him to abandon his habits of idleness. Once dependant upon his own resources, he seemed inspired with a new spirit. He found the panacea for his greatest ill in occupation, and gave promise of becoming eminent in the profession.

He never regretted his lost wealth except when he remembered how many heavy hearts he might have lightened, how many sufferers soothed by its means. The inexpressible pleasure he had received in befriending the little street-sweep had never been equalled and never forgotten. The pale face of the little girl frequently rose before him. The burst of gratitude—the words of thanks, sobbed rather than spoken—these were often in his ears. For many months one glimpse of a broom in the hands of a young girl made him quicken his pace, and his heart would beat tumultuously. Street sweeps in abundance he encountered every day, but Grace was never among them. After some of these disappointments he would return home, open the box where the beautiful little sprig of orange blossoms had been carefully stored, and bitterly moan over the unavoidable frustration of his first project for the benefit of a human being.

He no longer lodged at the Astor, for he was forced to study economy, his practice being as yet exceedingly limited. He had not visited his old residence, the scene of so many weary hours, for several months; when the arrival of a friend in town brought him once more to the Astor. Frank Gaylord chanced to be the first person who accosted him.

"Where have you been hiding yourself, Fred? What have you been doing with yourself? But I declare you look younger and handsomer than ever! By the way," he rattled on, "there's a chance of your regaining your fortune with a most delightful encumbrance! Scrapeall, you know, died some ten months ago. A will was found leaving his money to some woman, his housekeeper, I believe—but the signature to his will was only commenced. His property has therefore gone to his daughter and her child. The mother and young lady are staying here. They are in the parlor at this moment—let me introduce you."

"No, no," replied Faulkner, "I am not so much in love with the money as to contemplate marrying it by means of a parson. Besides I have a sort of superstition that it is in the keeping of the blue devils, who hover around it night and day. I have no inclination to renew my acquaintance with them!"

"But I tell you it is in the keeping of an

angel, and her acquaintance you will soon have an inclination to make if you once see her face! The most artless, gentle little creature—not yet sixteen, and possessing all the grace and simplicity of a child. I hear that she spends half the day studying under the direction of the most accomplished masters; for her's is a strange story—but do let me introduce you! See, there she is sitting on the sofa beside her mother."

Gaylord, as he spoke, drew Faulkner towards the door. They had taken but one step into the room when a cry of astonishment burst from the lips of the latter, and he stood as though transfixed to the spot, spell-bound by an apparition. At the same moment Grace started from her seat and joyfully sprang toward him. "Grace—Grace! Could it be Grace? That fair young girl with the rose of health upon her cheek—that beautiful woman who bore about her all the refinement and dignity suited to an elevated station? But Faulkner soon answered the question to himself, when the soft and thrilling voice which so long had haunted his dreams once more addressed him as a benefactor—a first and never forgotten friend.

Another six months and once more the delicate bunch of orange blossoms was taken from its little box; this time to twine among the brown locks that clustered about the blushing cheeks of Grace. And over the orange flowers and the rich curls, floated a bridal veil. And by the side of Grace stood Faulkner, with more than a bridegroom's happiness pictured upon his radiant countenance. A few moments after the ceremony which united the young couple was ended, Frank Gaylord, who officiated as grooms-man, whispered to Faulkner as he shook his hand, "My dear fellow, I wish you joy of the good angel which you have taken to yourself, to exorcise the blue devils."

"Thank you," replied Faulkner, "but since the day that I discovered that it was a curse to be of no use in the world, they have seldom attacked me. To ensure my happiness the good angel will only have to remind me that, 'it brings a blessing to bless.' She is pretty sure of doing that, by her own practical illustration of the maxim."

From Arthur's Magazine.

## THE SOUL'S COMPANION.

I sit beside my window

When the Sabbath Sun's above,

And my mind floats up to heav'n

Upon a breath of love.

And from it, far ascending,

Calls back a seeming-part,

A robe of holy feeling

That beautifies the heart.

And Hope, its pinions folding,

Lies nestling in my breast,

For Faith and Peace, unviting

The trembler hath caressed.

And thoughts like blossoms bursting

Unfold them, passing bright,

In radiance that's streaming,

From fancy's world of light.

And then like stars of brightness

That gem the evening skies,

Shine forth the hosts of blessing

I had not learned to prize.

And then an air-born being,

A mouldering from the light,

The shadow of a presence

That cannot touch the sight,

Seems fitting 'round, and weeping;

And whispers in my ear,

And then I know the spirit

Of Conscience hovers near.

And guilty nature, melting,

Heaves the repentant sigh,

And I feel that I'm forgiven,

Although I know not why.

And then I hear a rustling,

As of an angel's wing,

As to its home it soareth,

An undefiled thing.

And methinks I hear a greeting

Of music's sweet and wild,

As opens the gates of Heaven

To welcome back its child.

Thus ends my quiet worship,

That with a bliss untold

My spirit ever steepeth,

When this commune I hold.

From Graham's Magazine.

## LAURA, OR THE VEILED MAIDEN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"*Souvent femme varie*. What a libel on our sex!" exclaimed a lively girl of sixteen, tossing away her book; "what a slander upon you Julia! for you were constant to young Jerry two whole months, were you not?"

A nod from Julia.

And to Charles Burnham six entire days?

Another nod.

And now have smiled only upon the dashing Travers for—let me see—

"Thirty-six hours, Anna."

"Yes, thirty six hours—wonderful!"

"S*ouvent femme varie*, indeed! No wonder the re-