

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

KIND WORDS.

Kind words, oh! they can ne'er offend,
And yet, although they cost us naught,
They purchase many a truthful friend.
That hoarded wealth could ne'er have bought.
The darkly brow, where cold frowns dwell
Mid bitter hatred's angry wiles,
Kind words will soon those frowns dispel,
And win the sternest lips to smiles.

Kind words should ever greet the poor,
For they may heal some inward pain,
And, oh! perchance the outcast lure
Back to virtuous paths again.
Could we behold each tempting snare
That marks the wretched culprit's fall,
We should our cruel judgments spare,
And words of kindness speak to all.

Kind words, in memory's silent cave
Are treasured as a sacred prize,
When he who breathed them—in the grave
At peace—in dreamless slumber lies.
The widow'd mother oft they cheer,
And soothe the weeping orphan's grief;
They gently chase each burning tear,
And give the breaking heart relief.

Kind words are music of the heart.
When whisper'd low, in love's sweet tone;
To others' hearts they bliss impart,
And truly happy make our own;
As dews refresh the drooping flower,
As sunshine glads the singing birds,
So we are cheer'd, in sorrow's hour,
By sunny smiles and kindly words.

Kind words, oh! let them freely flow,
Our race on earth is drawing near,
And soon—too soon—that voice of woe
May bid us cease to linger here.
This life is brief—and all must die—
We are but mortal frail, and weak;
But while we're spared, oh! let us try
Ever some kindly words to speak.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for July.

"ANY TIME."

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"ANY letters, Harry?"
"That depends on how much you bid. Here's one for you, mother."

"Oh, don't be such a tease! I know you have one for me, or you wouldn't look so good-natured."

"Stop thief!" called out Harry, as his sister plunged her hands into his overcoat pocket; but Newton, being a village, was not blessed with policemen, so no one interfered with the offender, who held up her spoil triumphantly, and shook it in her brother's face. She recognized the direction in the handwriting of her devoted friend and constant correspondent, Lottie Morton. "Mrs H. Lawson Morton, as the card inclosed a specimen of the new bridal gloves, set forth her title to the visiting courtesies of her Baltimore circle."

"Ten pages, crossed as usual," pursued Harry with that slightly contemptuous tone young gentlemen usually think proper to assume, speaking of female friendships. "What! only four? How disappointed and slighted you must feel!"

"Don't you see how close it's written, though? Please, mamma, can't you set him at something, eating his dinner, or holding your crocheted cotton? Do leave me in peace ten minutes."

But for all this playful war of words, there was the most cordial love and sympathy existing between the two, and perhaps Harry was a little jealous of the lavish, and rather sentimental friendship his sister bestowed on her old school friend. They had corresponded at the rate of a letter a week, sometimes two, arriving from Baltimore during the rise and the progress of the courtship which had just developed into the devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation of a gay wedding, with four bridesmaids, a trip to Washington, and no end of new dresses. In these closing events, to her great disappointment, Anna Ellis did not share, being prevented by the illness of her mother, after all her plans and preparations. It was very hard, and required all the love and self-denial of the young girl's heart to bear it pleasantly, but she had received ample details of all connected with it, and now was eager to learn what winter arrangements had been made, and whether there was any prospect of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Morton at Newton, whither they had been early invited.

"MY DEAR, DARLING 'ANNE':—
(The same affectionate girl as ever, thought Anne, with great internal satisfaction, as she saw the commencement of the epistle.)

"I have a hundred thousand things to tell you, and scarcely know where to begin. We had a splendid time in Washington. I was introduced to the President (at the levee, you know), three senators, five members, one supreme judge, two commodores, a general, two colonels, five lieutenants, and quantities of other distinguished people. We stayed at the National, and Mr.

Morton (it is not fashionable, I find, to call your husband by his first name, nobody did in Washington, and, in fact, husbands are wives treat each other as politely there as if they were common acquaintances). Mr. Morton wanted a private parlor, but I wanted to see all that was going on, so I wasn't going to be poked up in that way. Everybody knew I was a bride, (I don't know how, I am sure. Mrs. Ashton says she generally can tell.) Mrs. Ashton paid us a great deal of attention. There's a very fashionable woman, and knows every one. I've asked her to come and see me in Baltimore.

"Oh! I didn't tell you we were going to housekeeping; well, we are, and you must be among our first visitors. Come and stay all winter with me. Mr. Morton is dying to see you. Of course, you will admire each other very much. I have told him a great deal about you. He is a little reserved to strangers, to be sure—BUT VERY WARM-HEARTED. No one would believe what beautiful, TENDER, affectionate things he says to me when we are alone. Darling Anne! I only hope you may have a husband who will love you half as well."

"Yes; we have decided to go to housekeeping. It will be a great deal of trouble, to be sure, but you know I like managing, and then I can see my friends. I think most of that. I have been so busy all the week choosing furniture, or I should have written before. I am going to have oak and green in the dining-room—that is all the style, you know—rosewood and crimson brocatelle in one parlor, and gold color in the other. I choose all that and the curtains, and our dinner set; but I left the kitchen furniture and the mattresses and all such bothering things to Mr. Morton, who has a great talent for details. It would surprise you to see how well he understands all those things."

"Oh, dear! I'm not half through; but it's time to dress; you must write to me very soon. I haven't got over the disappointment of not having you with me yet. Mrs. Ashton thinks you must be lovely. I showed her your daguerreotype, which I still wear in the locket you gave me, though I do believe Mr. Morton is half jealous about it. Good-by, good-by, with my dear love to your mother."

"Ever your affectionate

"LOTTIE."

"P. S. Mr. Morton says he's shocked to find I have forgotten to send his regards. He says all my friends are his friends, you especially, dearest. Do be sure to come and see us; stay all winter, if you can. COME ANY TIME."

"I'm sure, Harry, you can't say anything now," said Anne, laying the precious communication beside her plate, as she seated herself at the dinner-table. "She loves me just as well as ever, if she is married, and to a rich man. You couldn't wish or desire anything more affectionate than that."

"Oh, mamma's the croaker! She told you married women gave up their friends."

"I said Anne must not feel hurt if Lottie did not write as often as before; she will have twice as much to occupy her time. I don't think marriage necessarily changes one's feeling towards their friends. It is only that a person does not have so much leisure to devote themselves to writing and visiting. I have no doubt Lottie is as affectionate as ever."

"But how she insists on my visiting her, and Mr. Morton, too! It's very kind in him, isn't it? I know I shall like him. It must be so pleasant to have a house of your own to invite your friends to!"

Anne did not see her mother smile as she thought how little her daughter had to complain of in that respect. Mrs. Ellis lived only for her children, and their home was made as pleasant for them as a limited, but respectable income would follow. As far as freedom in their own movements, or in seeing their friends, was concerned, they could neither of them reasonably hope for more, even in a household called by their name.

Anne speculated very widely that afternoon, and for many days after, on the probable enjoyment and result of her visit to Baltimore. She planned her dress over and over again, for she was not a bride, and not obliged to have new ones, though in what the obligation consisted we never could determine. Should she have a new cloak, and make the old silk answer? Or get a summer phid that would do for evening? And would white muslin and cherry-colored ribbons answer for a Baltimore party? Of course, Lottie would give her a party. When she last visited Newton, the Ellises had put themselves out greatly to give her a company, Mrs. Ellis going without a summer dress that she greatly needed to afford it. But even Anne did not know that.

It was very natural to expect Mrs. Morton's next letter would fix on some time for the expected visit, which gave Anne so much food for thought. But no; they were not quite settled, and there was such a darling blue room Anne should have when she did come. It must be before long; certainly almost anytime after they were once at rights.

Surely the next time she heard the doubtful point would be settled; but, though Mrs. Morton found time to write and describe the glory of her new possessions, the gaiety of her new relatives, and how much they made of her, always alluding to the time she should introduce her "Darling Anne to them," February, March, and April, passed away, and no period more de-

finite than 'any time' had been mentioned. It was rather mortifying; for Harry invariably made it the subject of teasing remarks, and she had incautiously mentioned her expected journey to several of the Newton people, so that Anne was frequently asked when she expected leave. And so thinking the matter over, she had come to the conclusion that Lottie did not mean to be formal, and perhaps would feel hurt if she knew her most intimate friend was waiting for a regular invitation. Mrs. Ellis, seeing how much her daughter's heart was set upon the trip, did not like to think otherwise; and just at this juncture, one of Mrs. Morton's letters arrived, the postscript as usual referring to it:—

"It seems an age since I have seen you. When ARE you coming to Baltimore? Mr. Morton would be delighted to have you here, whenever it suits you best. I expect a visit from Mrs. Ashton this spring, she is such a delightful person."

So the result of it was that Mr. Morton one evening brought home a letter containing the announcement that Miss Ellis was on her way to pay them a visit, having an excellent opportunity in the way of an escort.

Mr. Morton, himself a formal, punctilious man, enquired the date with rather a disturbed countenance. He liked to be consulted in all his wife's movements. As she said, "He HAD a great talent for details," and planned for his household every arrangement of the day.

He thought it showed a lack of good breeding on the part of his wife's friend to intrude herself upon them without a distinct invitation, entirely ignorant of the many illusions which Lottie had quieted her conscience with in writing to the Ellises. Besides he discovered from the date of the letter, which had been detained, that Miss Ellis would arrive that evening, and it was too late to meet her at the cars. Mr. Morton was particular, not to say "fussy," he put Miss Ellis down in his mind as deserving a double reprimand, and his manner conveyed the impression very distinctly to his wife, if not to her visitor, the modest rumble of whose cab was soon after heard at the rich man's door.

Poor Anne, buoyant and excited at the commencement of her journey, began to have sundry misgivings as she neared Baltimore, and reflected on the time that had elapsed since she saw her friend, that she had never met Mr. Morton, and possibly her visit was ill-timed. She endeavored to fortify herself with the remembrance of their extreme intimacy, the numerous, though vague invitations, and deciding what SHE would have done under similar circumstances. But it would not do when her escort had placed her in the cab, after having waited vainly a quarter of an hour for Mr. Morton's appearance at the depot, and she began to look around on the streets and squares of a strange city. Her spirits sank lower and lower at every revolution of the wheels, and only the most cordial reception could have brought them up again.

Mr. Morton could not have extended this to his own sister, if she had sinned against his notions of propriety in like manner. He was polite, but chilling, and his wife, scarcely yet fortified to make the best of it, awaited Anne in the parlor, instead of coming to the hall door, as she once would have done.

It is true, her protestations of surprise and delight were numerous and prolonged, especially while her husband superintended carrying up the one trunk himself, and informed the waiter that he was to lay an additional plate at tea. But the old fondling, caressing manner was gone, and Anne could see the constraint, and she fancied annoyance beneath, as Mrs. Morton said, over and over again, "It was so good in her to come so unexpectedly, and to give them such an agreeable surprise."

It is not altogether safe at any time to promise friendship beforehand; to bespeak it is all well enough, but to bring two people together, assuring them that they will be delighted with each other, is almost certain to end in disappointment. Anne found herself wondering at the tea-table how Lottie could fancy such a stiff, self-satisfied, supercilious, dull man; and Mr. Morton wondered at his wife's raptures over a quiet, rather plain country girl, without any pretensions to style. A mutual antagonism sprang up in the very onset, and Mrs. Morton did not grow any less constrained or cordial as she noticed it. Under any other circumstances, Mr. Morton would have been on his best behavior, and Anne striven to overcome her first impressions of his pompous manner. The trio were relieved when bedtime came, for no visitors happened in, and Lottie having exhausted her inquiries for Mrs. Ellis and Harry, seemed to have no other topic of conversation.

"I'm home-sick, I suppose," thought the unbidden guest, as she sat up, after a good relieving cry, and looked around her with some natural curiosity. She had thrown herself on the bed, face downwards, on first being shown to her room, which she now found was not the famous blue room, with its rosewood furniture, whose occupancy had been so often offered to her, but a much plainer apartment, probably the second or third-best chamber. Knowing there were no other visitors, she had half a mind to consider it an intentional slight, but soled herself with the reflection that the state chambers might require some time to prepare them for use, and this had very nice furniture, at least much better than anything she had been accustomed to. Perhaps Mr. Morton was good hearted, if his manner was a little formal, and she was wrong-

ing Lottie by being over sensitive about her reception. Changed she certainly was, with her fashionable dress and preoccupied air, but that was nothing, if her heart was the same as ever. It must be from the tone of her letters; and, remembering how often these same letters had begged her to come 'any time,' and stay as long as she pleased, Anne comforted herself, and fell asleep to dream of her quiet home and her mother's affectionate good-night kiss.

But the visit dragged on slowly, nevertheless. Lottie did not seem to remember that her friend would like to visit places that were so familiar to her, and if they drove out, it was to the dentist's, the milliner, or to the dressmakers. Anne caught glimpses of the monuments and the cathedral from the carriage windows, and was often tempted to go out by herself to explore. But Mr. Morton would be shocked at this, she knew, and, as he never offered his escort, she was obliged to stifle her curiosity. Lottie seemed preparing a great quantity of dresses, yet she paid very few visits, and was not 'at home' to almost every one who called. Remembering how all Newton, at least its visiting community, had hastened to call on her friend as their visitor, Anne began to wonder if this courtesy was no longer extended in good society; for, if she had been introduced to any one, it was a passing notice, not a marked attention, and no invitation came for her, though the family received several which were declined.

At length, Anna could no longer deceive herself as regarded her welcome, and mortification and pain at the change in one she had looked upon as a sister began to spring up in her heart. It was hard to confess it to herself, still harder to act upon it. She expected to be away three or four weeks at least, and, if she returned before the first fortnight was out, her mother and brother, at least, would know she had been disappointed. So she wavered a day or two, until, to her surprise, for she had not heard they were expected, Mrs. Ashton, and some gay young ladies in her charge, arrived to take up their quarters in the blue room and the adjoining chamber, almost equally elegant in its appointments.

Her position was now embarrassing in the extreme. Mrs. Ashton was kindly condescending towards her; the young ladies seemed to forget her existence entirely as soon as they were alone together. With Mrs. Morton, they were always talking of people and gayeties which she knew nothing about; and, if they went out, the four filled the carriage, leaving no place for her. Visitors and invitations thronged in upon the newcomers, and from the various household movements, Anne began to think a grand party, in honour of their arrival, was in prospect.

Mrs. Morton's stylish relatives, to whom Lottie had been so anxious to introduce her friend, but whose names even she scarcely knew after passing two weeks in the house, overwhelmed Mrs. Ashton with attention. Anne, if noticed at all, was very far in the background, while two conspicuous figures as Miss Clemens and Miss Douglas occupied a central position.

She had thought it very hard that Lottie no longer talked to her with the unreserve of the old days; but had smothered the feeling with the recollection of her mother's oft-repeated counsel that she ought not to expect it. It was Mrs. Ellis's theory that every wife's affairs were so intimately associated with her husband's pursuits and opinions, that she had no longer the right to canvass them with a third person. Anne could see the justice of this as far as an unmarried person can understand it; but this open neglect had no such excuse, and she pondered on it bitterly one morning over a new magazine which she had idly opened. The gay party had gone out as usual, Lottie's "You won't mind being left alone there's a good creature," being the sole apology offered, and a young girl, half waiting-maid, half seamstress, employed by Mrs. Morton, the only other occupant of the morning room.

"It's a real shame, ma'am," the girl said, looking up from her work, presently.

"What's gone wrong?" Anne inquired, kindly, for the first time aware that large tears were plashing on the uncut pages before her.

The way Mrs. Ashton and those young ladies ride over people's heads, I mean," Marianne said, energetically. "I don't believe they care a row of pins about Mrs. Morton, or Mr. Morton either, only just to make the house a convenience, and not have to pay a hotel bill, while they are waiting till it's time to go North. Though Mrs. Morton wants to hurry off, too."

"Is Lottie—Mrs. Morton—going North?" Anne asked, quickly, betrayed by her surprise into encouraging the girl's gossip.

"Didn't you know it, ma'am? Oh, yes; she's going just as soon as you're gone—after this week, and the party. That's all they're waiting for. I heard Mrs. Ashton tell Mrs. Morton last night they'd miss a great party if they didn't get away then, to travel with, I suppose, some young gentlemen that Miss Douglas has set her cap for. And then I heard Mr. Morton say, 'Certainly; if people would come at inconvenient times, they couldn't expect to have every one's plans put out.'"

"There, never mind," Anne said, gently, though the eddiness was forced, and only lasted until she reached her own room. A suffocating sensation stifled her, and a burning flush rose to her face, as she instinctively took down her dresses and began folding them. She saw through all