

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FORGIVENESS.

BY JOHN ORRICHLEY PRINCE.

MAN has two attendant angels Ever waiting at his side, With him wheresoe'er he wanders, Wheresoe'er his feet abide; One to warn him when he darkleth, And rebuke him if he stray; One to leave him to his nature, And so let him go his way.

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THE RATIONAL MAN.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

WHOEVER pursues the route leading from Pithiviers to Orleans, must have been struck with the rural landscape which announces the approach to Neuville-aux-Bois.

One of these especially, built at the right of the road, was conspicuous for the extent of its out-houses, and its air of almost baronial grandeur.

The son of an advocate of Orleans, who had died poor and unknown, M. Fresneau was indebted to his own industry for the large fortune he enjoyed.

M. Germain Fresneau lived all the year round at the Noiseterre with an old cousin, who, after having made and lost three fortunes, had come hither to spend the remnant of his life.

obliged to go to the city on business; for the former merchant had not given up business, and his house had the reputation of being the safest and wealthiest in Orleans.

Three new guests had been at the chateau for several days past; one was the son-in-law of the proprietor, M. Durvest, of Nantes; the two others, Henri Fresneau and Emma, his daughter. Henri is the eldest brother of Germain;

At the moment our story commences, breakfast is just over. Old Cousin Maurice and M. Durvest are still at table, smoking cigarettes from Maryland; Henri Fresneau, standing near a window, is reading the newspaper, and his brother is pacing the saloon with an air of ill humour.

Henri is tall, stooping, and a little pale; his hair, already white, falls in waves to his shoulders, and the serene expression of his features is, as it were, crossed with a light cloud of sadness.

Germain Fresneau had already made the tour of the saloon a dozen times; at last he stopped short suddenly before the window.

Upon my soul, it is infatuation, Henri! exclaimed he.

The latter raised his head. 'It is prudence, my brother,' replied he, gently. 'The marriage which you propose for Emma would render her miserable.'

'Miserable!' repeated the merchant. 'You do not seem to have understood that the young man in question possesses every desirable quality. I do not speak to you of his fortune, which you would undoubtedly regard as a defect.'

'It is one for us, Germain,' said the professor, smiling. 'Wealth gives tastes and inclinations with which ours would perhaps poorly accord. The safest way is to live in the sphere for which one has been educated, and changes of position rarely profit the heart; nevertheless this is not the reason of my refusal. I have told you, brother, my word is pledged; Emma is betrothed.'

That is to say that you refuse one of the richest proprietors in order to give her to some petty clerk, with whom she will die of hunger,' observed Germain.

Say that they will live in mediocrity, my brother, but happiness depends upon affection and character rather than upon opulence.

Oh, I know your philosophical contempt for fortune!

You are mistaken in that. I do not despise fortune, for it is on earth an element of enjoyment, and though it has been said of it that it is, like gunpowder, useful only when judiciously employed. I have more than once desired it; but it would be a bad bargain to sacrifice for it one's feelings.

Hear me, said the merchant, pausing before Henri. Allow me to speak to Emma. I will explain to her the advantages which this marriage presents; and perhaps she will herself consent to break with her clerk.

No! said the professor, hastily.

What inconveniences do you see in this?

It would be an attempt beneath us, brother. Emma would resist your solicitations, I am sure, but we must not tempt her; resolute in duty. She loves the young man, and has pledged herself to him; if your words should awaken in her soul the most transient temptation, it would be a disgrace to herself, and a sorrow for me. Leave those who are young to believe in virtue; this belief is their surest safeguard.

Very well, said Germain. You are afraid your daughter will be wiser than yourself; but let us see, Henri, let us reason, if possible, and try to understand each other.

The old cousin, who had until then listened to the debate in silence, threw away

the stump of his cigarette, and laughed loudly. 'Understand each other!' exclaimed he.

One might as well talk of an understanding between the Pope and the Grand Lama. Your brother resembles you no more, Germain, than a star resembles a gas burner.'

A gas-burner is worth twenty-five centimes an evening; and a star is good for nothing but sonnets,' objected Durvest, with a laugh.

As you say, nephew, resumed Maurice; but you will never hinder the one from burning gratis, and the other for money. Germain was borne to keep accounts and transact business; Henri to learn fine things, and exchange tenderness with other men, so I defy them to come to an understanding.'

All in good time, interrupted the merchant. 'I understand nothing myself of your figures of rhetoric; but let us look a little at the result. Henri married a woman who had nothing, and whose nurse he had been during twenty years. He has lost the little he had amassed in paying the debts of some friend.'

Is it possible, uncle? exclaimed Durvest. 'It is true, my friend,' replied the professor. 'Nothing has succeeded with him; in fine, continued the merchant, while I have gained the finest fortune in Lorret, as the register testifies, not to speak of having set up my son in business.'

And married your daughter well, murmured Durvest.

In fact, continued Germain, 'I have only common sense myself. I look upon this world simply as a nest in which we are to lodge ourselves as commodiously as possible. That makes you smile, brother,' he added, seeing Henri shake his head; 'but I should like to know what would become of the world with your sentiments and your reveries.'

A nest where one would not be contented with being warm, brother, replied the professor, 'but in which one would also love and sing.'

All this is poetry, exclaimed the merchant. 'The true style of romance,' murmured Durvest.

They do not understand you, Henri, said Maurice; 'You are speaking French to the Hebrews.'

It is with such ideas that you have spoiled your life, resumed Germain, and will spoil that of your daughter. I, you see, have above all attempted to show my children the right side of things. I have not talked to them as you talk to Emma, of sympathies, of devotion, of self-denial; I have taught them to think of positive interests, because no person will think for them.'

May it please Heaven that you never have cause for repentance, my brother! said Henri, gravely; 'but be silent, I pray you, for here comes Emma to say that it is time to go.'

The young girl just then entered, accompanied by her cousin George, with a bouquet of flowers in her hand. She announced to her father that the cabriolet was ready for them.

So, you will not remain a few days longer? asked Maurice of the professor.

I cannot, cousin, replied the latter. 'My lectures must be resumed to-morrow; and I must be punctual. Adieu, Germain, I wish you continued prosperity. Vale et me ama!'

The two brothers embraced.

Why do you not escort your uncle and cousin? asked Maurice of George.

I am waiting for the postman, said the young man.

You will find your letter on your return, I may have to reply to them immediately.'

You think more of this than seeing us an hour longer? asked Emma, smiling.

Excuse me, said George, 'but affection must yield to duty.'

And duty is business correspondence, added Maurice. 'Let us go, then, my children; I will escort you myself.'

The professor again pressed the hand of his brother, and departed, accompanied by his daughter and the old cousin. Germain looked after them for some time; then, turning towards George, who was conversing with Durvest, said, burying his hands in the pockets of his dressing gown—

Decidedly, your uncle is mad to refuse such a proposal for Emma.

Perhaps he would have accepted it; but for her promise to the young clerk.

And what signifies such an engagement? Has there been any contract signed? Do you think the young man will like them any better for the sacrifice? All this, my children, is poetry, you see; a good opportunity lost may never be regained. Our business in this world is not to be heroes of romances, but to manage our affairs well!

My uncle has always sacrificed to his ideas and sentiments, observed George.

And he has been in the wrong, boy; one never prospers in abandoning one's interests. Every one for himself, and to each man his due, is the only just rational, and moral law; for it is the only one of which no person has a right to complain.'

You talk like a lawyer, father-in-law, said Durvest, laughingly; and I am happy to see that you have such ideas.'

'I have never had any others. Then we shall understand each other, for I have come to speak to you on business.'

Let us pass into my study; we can converse there while waiting for the postman.'

Henri Fresneau and his daughter were on the road to Orleans. The latter, who had hastened his departure, was urging on the horse, which she constantly accused of slowness, and seemed to be earnestly seeking the city with her eyes; the professor observed her for some time with a smile.

You are very impatient, Emma! said he, at last.

Emma blushed. 'I will engage you are hoping to find at home a letter from Oscar.'

Ah, you guess everything, father, said the young girl, confused.

Fresneau passed his hand over her curly hair. 'Poor children! murmured he. Why can I not unite you immediately? But it was your wish, Emma. By espousing Oscar, you might have accompanied him; you preferred to wait until he should be settled near us.'

That I might not leave you, father, Ah, it is not my place at your side? Do you not need my cares and my affection?

Oscar also needs them.

When we are young, we can postpone our happiness. Will not a whole life remain for its enjoyment? Then, at the first opportunity, Oscar will be sent to Orleans (his employers have promised it); and then we shall be reunited. We will buy in the suburbs a house, with a garden; and we will give you the pleasantest room. You know how ingenious Oscar is; he will arrange places for your minerals, and your herbarium; he has told me so.'

Indeed! said Fresneau, playing with his daughter's curls, and caressing her.

And that is not all! said Emma, in a tone of childish importance. 'We will furnish your chamber entirely new, father.'

How? 'Yes, you shall have an arm chair a la Voltaire, such as you have long desired, a lounge for your naps, and a place for your papers. I have calculated all; we shall be rich enough for that.'

But you children? 'We, my father, will take our old furniture, you know how I love it, and Oscar also. Provided we have white curtains at our windows, and flowers on our mantelpiece, our room will always look pretty. Then we must be economical father; six hundred francs of income will not go very far.'

No, said Fresneau, taking his daughter's hand, and pressing it in his own; 'but this income is yours, Emma.'

Ours! 'Yours, yours only, for it was your mother's. When a daughter is married, one must render her an account of the fortune held in trust; and I wish you to have all that belongs to you!'

What do you say? exclaimed Emma, troubled. 'Will you not then live with us?'

Why not? 'The what mean you by rendering account? Do you think arithmetic divides better than affection? We wish to be your children, father, not your partners. Oh, do not talk, I entreat you, of what belongs to you, or to me! Oscar would be hurt; and I am grieved by it.'

Be it so, said Fresneau, softened. 'You are right. Of what use are several purses when there is but one heart? Where the affections rule, interests are effaced, or rather united. Let us continue to live as we have lived, without troubling ourselves as to what is given or received.'

At these words, he embraced his daughter, and took the reins; they had just reached the suburbs of Orleans.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Out of a pine in the Iroquois settlement and about five feet from the ground, is growing up with the tree a ram's head, with the horns still attached to it; and so fixed and imbedded is it in the tree that it must have grown up with it. almost the whole of one of the horns and more than half of the head is buried in the tree; but most of the other horn and part of the head protrudes out at least a foot. We examined both, and found the tree scarcely two feet in diameter. Here we put up at an early hour, and called the place Ram's Horn encampment. Our Flathead Indians related to us a rather strange story about the ram's head. Indian legend relates that one of the first Flathead Indians, who passed this way, attacked a mountain ram as large and stout as a common horse; that, on being wounded, the fierce animal turned round upon his pursuer, who, taking shelter behind the tree, the ram came against it with all his force, so that he drove his head through it; but before he could get it extricated again the Indian killed him, and took off the body, leaving the head as a memento of the adventure. All Indians reverence the celebrated tree, which