A Perrin

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Here's a good deal of fun in a few lines about

Somebody!

Somebody goes a courting—
Somebody does, I know;
There's a light every night in the parlor,
And so I know 'tis so.

Somebody's going a courting—
Somebody is, I know,
By the polishing of boots and collar—
And somebody's impatient to go.

Somebody's gone a courting—
Somebody has, I know;
Somebody has gone a courting,
And somebody's coming home.

Montpelier, Feb. 5, 1861.

Winter Scene.

The mill stands still beneath the stream,
The church is locked within;
Mistletoe berries from the leafless beams,
To fright away the sinner,
Icicles stick in the minister's path,
Youngsters skate on the pool below;
Blackbirds perch on the golden fowl—
And hark, how the cold winds blow!

There goes the sexton footing at ease,
Here comes Dick to fetch a log;
You'd swear his breath was the smoke of a pipe,
In the frosty morning fog.
Hodge is breaking the ice for the kine,
Old and young cough as they go,
The round red sun forgets to shine,
And hark, how the cold winds blow!

The Wife's Portion.

"And what shall I be?" asked a little dame
Whose spouse is running "for a member's name,"
"Why, pray," quoth John, "if wives have any force,
You'll be, my dear, a generous, of course!"

One of the poets of '92 penned the following indignant lines, in view of the threats of disunion then fulminated by the Southern opponents of the "Sage promoter":

"What! from this glorious Union up,
An' go to drawin' trousers,
Just for a trifling, paltry piece of
Something called a species!
The eagle of America
Has flew across the seas,
And the star of the Lonely Bellerophon
Has hung upon her knees.
Say!—shall we let him fan from him,
With wing and way, and wake (?) other
And every superior pin-feather
A flyin' at the other?"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by S. S. Boyce, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Vermont.

THE UNKNOWN MOTHER:

OR,

SHADOWS O'ER LIFE'S PATHWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORA MONTEALE."

[CONTINUED.]

The letter found Gerald Earle seated in his office, conversing with his uncle. The address was unknown to him, but the mail mark was familiar, and quickly opening it, with the sudden fear that it brought him news of her death, he read the unexpected and astounding news which it contained.

"God of heaven!" he exclaimed, as he finished, "Can this be true? Read it quick, uncle, and tell me, am I a victim of some enemy's plotting, or can this be a reality?" and handing the letter to his uncle, he waited in anxious expectation for his decision.

Uncle Charles adjusted his spectacles, and slowly read the missive. At its close he still remained silent, when Gerald said,

"Tell me, what do you think?"

"I am inclined to think it a base forgery.—But you know the man, I suppose, whose name is attached to it?"

"I have heard Eulie speak of him, but he was never at home when I have been there; yet I know not what motive could induce him to write me such a letter unless—but no, no, it *cannot* be true."

"The fact of her being a child of her father's slave, I am more inclined to think is true than the rest, because such things frequently happen, and I once asked her about her mother, when she replied that she was taken from her in her infancy, and she had no recollection of her whatever."

"But, uncle, to think of such an idea as that *she* knew such was the fact, if it was so, and was thinking to deceive me! It *is* not, it *cannot* be, for she was purity itself. I must *see* her. But O! if she *is gone*, as this says."

"The best thing you can do, is to go to her home, and there you will learn the truth or falsehood of this, Gerald, so do not stop to imagine any more about it, but be off with yourself, and I will not tell any one why you have gone, for if 'tis all a falsehood, it best not be known."

The next hour saw Gerald on his way to Merlyn Hall, his heart torn by conflicting doubts and hopes. He stopped not to sleep or eat, scarcely, but made all possible haste, till at last he was greeted with a sight of the well-known edifice. As he sprang from the horse he had taken from the village, to convey him to the Hall, and gave the bridle to Jem, as he came up, Milly rushed out, and catching hold of his hand, exclaimed,

"O, good Mass Earle, you'se done come, you'se done come for your darlin', but she's gone, never to come back no more," and sinking down upon a seat, she fell into a violent fit of weeping, while she waved her hand for him to enter.

Gerald, scarcely less agitated than herself, leaned for a moment against the door, and then addressed her.—

"Tell me, Milly, is your young mistress gone as I have heard?"

"Yes, Massy, is all dat I know; she's gone with Massa Osborne, leaving a letter telling she'd a marrying he daughter. O no, no, Massa, no' Massa would tell you all 'bout it," and rising, she went forward, and opening the parlor door, she ran up stairs and told Mrs. Merlyn, "Massa Earle was down there to see her."

Taking her handkerchief from the table, Mrs. Merlyn assumed a look of the most heart rending grief, and went down. I cannot stop to relate their conversation, but every word she uttered was in unison with what Rupert had written him. He asked to see the letter Eulocen had left for her, which she readily brought him, and so exact a counterfeit was it of Eulocen's hand-writing, that the wretched young man felt forced to acknowledge to himself that it *must* be true that she had fled: *that* was certain, but O, could he believe that she had wished to deceive him?

Begging Mrs. Merlyn to leave him alone awhile, which she quickly did, he was left to struggle with his agony. And was it unmanly that tears bedewed his cheek? No, for he had thought her as pure as an angel, and he *could* not believe it otherwise now. "There is some mystery yet to be explained, which will prove her innocent of all this," he thought. But no, there was her letter—her letter desiring that another should inform him of the step she had taken. Why, if she had not intended to deceive him, did she not write herself?

"O, Eulie, Eulie!" he exclaimed, "why should you think, if your mother was a slave, that it would alter my love for you? Why could it? O no, it would have made no difference. Alas! she judged my heart by her own, and here she acknowledge the hope she could love another. O, Eulie, can it be that this was left to prove that you had been deceitful in your love for me, else why should you judge me so? Alas, alas! can I believe that her love for me was only based upon the hope that I would marry her, and thus the secret of her birth would forever remain unknown? I cannot, I *cannot*—and yet, she has fled—is even now married to another. Have I no pride, that I should weep, when *she* can forget so easily? It shall *not* be. If I have loved unworthily, I will not disgrace my manhood by weeping over my broken idol. Away with tears, unless I can find something—but no, that cannot be; she is already beyond my reach—even now, perhaps, in the arms of her husband, she smiles at the thought of how I have loved her. But it shall be *have loved*. I *will* tear her image from my soul, never again to return," and rising, he paced the room to and fro for a long time, till at last he succeeded in calming his thoughts, and though his face was pale, no one who looked upon it could have guessed the struggle that had been.

He remained at the Hall over night, during which time he learned that Mr. Osborne lived near Frankfort, Kentucky, and then he reproached himself with the thought, "Why did I ask, or why should I care to know what has become of her, now that she has ceased to me?"

In the morning, as he was going away, Mrs. Croydon said to him, when there were no others in the room,

"Mr. Earle, will you tell me what address should be given to a letter, provided I should write you in the course of a few weeks?".

With much surprise he gave her his address, when she went on,

"You are surprised, but I *must* tell you, that though every one in this house *apparently* believes what is told of Eulocen Merlyn, *I* do not. I believe that she is *not* married, and further, I believe that when she left here, she expected to go into the family of Mr. Osborne as a teacher. Where she is now, God only knows; but as soon as I can learn, I shall write you."

Gerald grasped her hand eagerly, and exclaimed,

"O, tell me, my good woman! *tell* me *how* you expect to learn, and *why* you think as you do?"

"Excuse me, if I do not, now. It may save you unnecessary pain, for perhaps my hopes may prove groundless. If you do not hear from me by the middle of January, believe all you have heard, and forget her as soon as possible. Say nothing of what I have told you to any one, but if there has not been foul play, I am mistaken. But go, now; remember," and with her finger on her lip, she left the room as Mrs. Merlyn entered.

Gerald returned home, and when he related to his anxious uncle that his journey had confirmed the tale of the letter, and all that had passed, save what Mrs. Croydon had told him, his uncle replied,

"Well, my dear boy, it is a sad affair. I had begun to think that you would escape the common fate—that is, to be married in love, either by unmeltingness of the object, or some other reason—but it seems that you are not to be an exception; and like all the rest of us, you must make the best of it. Your cousin Genorie's example is before you—go and do likewise. Forget Eulocen Merlyn as soon as possible."

"But, uncle, I would as soon have supposed heaven to be full of sin, as to have thought this of Eulocen."

"I know it, my boy; but you are not the only one she has deceived, for we all thought her perfection. What think you Genorie will say?"

"She will not believe it, and, O! I cannot myself now, uncle; sometimes it seems as if I was doing her a great wrong to believe such perfidy of her, when I try to think it *is* so."

"But facts, Gerald, must put by all faith in seemings, remember that, and turn your thoughts away from her. But you must go out to Arland Place, and tell your cousin, for you know she was expecting the false girl to return with you."

And to Arland Place Gerald went, but it was as he had said, Genorie would not believe the tale, of her loved friend Eulocen.

"No, Gerald," exclaimed the true hearted girl, "I will not believe she has married another, you may believe it if you can, but should I never hear from her more, I will not believe her capable of such deception. She has gone, you say, but I hope that some event will yet restore her to our arms, pure and lovely as ever. But I think there may be truth in the part of her being the child of a slave, for it often seemed clear to me that her father was always [illegible] her mother.

Leaving Gerald in the sad and heart-breaking dilemma, of fearing to believe, lest he should wrong Eulocen, and yet not finding it possible to make himself resigned to forget her, though he knew from his uncle's talk, that the knowledge of her parentage, if she should return home still his own Eulie, would be an insurmountable objection almost, to their union, we will return to Eulocen.

Skipping over some three months, from the time Gerald learned that she had left her home, we find her domesticated in Mr. Milton's splendid home, which he had not spared either money or pains to adorn with every elegance that could beautify a dwelling in that Southern clime. And, indeed, Eulocen could not but acknowledge that she had found a better and a pleasanter home.

Juline Milton, her new mistress, was the most kind hearted, christian like woman in the world. She was born in Rhode Island, and her husband had become acquainted with her, while spending a summer at Newport. Her health had always been delicate, and the careful observer would quickly conclude that she was not long for this world, and thus her husband thought, with a pang at his heart, when he sometimes looked at her fair, spiritual face, lit up with her dark beaming eyes. Her disease was consumption, that invidious enemy, whose approach is so subtle, that not until he is sure of his prey, do loved ones become aware of his presence.

She was charmed with her gentle attendant, and soon told her husband that she *knew* Eulocen could never have been brought up a slave, but she did not question her, choosing rather to wait until Eulocen should open her heart, and tell her the cause of her secret sorrow. For sorrow she knew it was, which gave her face that sad, sorrowful expression. So she treated her as a sister, and soon found she was worthy the affection of a sister.

But Eulocen, though she came to love her mistress as she would have done an angel almost, was perfectly silent as to anything relating to her past life. Yet she loved to sit and listen to Juline's voice when she conversed with her husband, as she often did, about death, and sometimes she would suffer her to draw herself into conversation. One day after Eulocen had read, at Juline's request, a chapter in the Bible, Mrs. Milton said:

"Eulie, I know that you have been separated from your friends, but are they living, or have they gone before you to the Spirit Land?"

"I had friends once, but I am an orphan now," replied Eulocen in a trembling voice.

"Do not say you had them *once*, because they are yours now, though death has taken them, for those whom we mourn for *most*, become to us what no earthly friend *can* be.—They return with all their beauty, and live forever with us in our own souls. Do you not find it so?"

"I have never thought of such a thing before, but perhaps it is so," replied Eulocen.

"O, I know it is so!," continued Mrs. Milton. "I have only one brother left of my family, father died ere I could remember him. But my mother and sister were both taken from me almost at once. I thought at first that grief at their loss would kill me, but gradually, while I so lovingly mourned, I found that they yet lived in my own heart, and they became to me what they never could have become had they lived. And now it is through them that death has grown sweet to think of, for it is where they are, that my spirit is being drawn."

"But can you forget the sorrow of their death?" asked Eulocen.

"No; but its memory has ceased to be sorrow now. You know we do not remember our sorrows as we do our joys, and it is a blessed thing we do not. 'Pleasures are pleasures for ever,' or that is—we live over our pleasures again and again—but our sorrows we do not, we can think of them, but we cannot feel that intensity of grief with which they first come. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps it is, but even the thought of them, of *some* sorrows is at times almost insupportable," said Eulocen, with starting tears.

"And yet, my dear girl, perhaps those sorrows were in reality our greatest blessings.—For sorrows, while it ashes us, makes the mind more genial. We love and trust our friends more in sorrow—the dead become dearer, and we are more fondly alive to the woes of others. Let us not fear suffering, for it helps to make us better, it makes us more sure of being immortal."

"How so?" inquired her attentive listener.

"Because it is only at night, that we can see the shining of the stars, and were there no night, we should not know they were there; so it is that in sorrow, "the night of the soul," we can see Heaven nearest, and become most conscious that we are the children of God, for then we feel the *need* of him, and it is Father, Father, that we cry when in our deepest agony. O, no! I would not have lived without sorrow, for it is through its influence that I now draw my sweetest moments of bliss, because it has taught me that I shall live again, where all my lovly ones can come. I shall die," she added, with increasing earnestness, "but it will be only to know the more blessedly, that God is the Father of us all."

The entrance of her husband now interrupted her, but after this, she had many long conversations with Eulocen, about sorrow and death, conversations which removed from Eulocen's mind, the last doubt of God's goodness to His children, and she now found sweet hours of heartfelt joy. She looked upon life with new views, newer beauty did it have, for her schooled and chastened heart, and in that heart arose a pure and holy love for God. Again she felt that it was a glorious and blessed privilege to live, even though under a cloud, in the world he had made, and as the winter days drew near the spring's coming, she felt that she had learned the truth of the sentence, "Strength is born in the deep silence of long suffering hearts, not amidst joy."

It may be thought strange, that Eulocen did not write some of her friends. But the treachery of her aunt forbade her to write to any one there, for she well knew if it fell into her hands it would be destroyed, and as she strove to forget the past, she refrained from writing to Genorie, or doing anything to remind her of her blighted joys. Her soul, with a holier and sublimer faith now looked heavenward, and she thought, "It's in Heaven that I will again renew my friendship and love for the dear ones I have lost here."

Only one thing that belonged to the past, did she strive to retain, that was her taste for music, and as Mrs. Milton had a fine Piano and Guitar, when she was gone to ride in the morning, and the servants were busy in the other part of the house, Eulocen would wile an hour away in the practice of some of her favorite songs and pieces. On one occasion, becoming so lost in memories of other days, she played on, regardless that Mrs. Milton had returned, until she came suddenly behind her, and surprised her with the words:

"O, Eulie! Eulie! tell me where you learned to play such beautiful music."

With some alarm, lest she had offended, Eulocen arose and said, "In the days of long ago. I trust that you will forgive me, that I for a time forgot my present position."

"Oh! there is nothing to forgive, only I wish I had known that you had such a talent before but now you must play again for me, and then you will tell me all about those days of the past, will you not, Eulie?"

"No! O, no! I cannot; it is better I should not," she said gently, "but I will play."

And seating herself, she played till Mrs. Milton was satisfied. After that, it seemed as if the tie which bound her lovely attendant to her was doubly increased, to define, and some part of each day was spent in listening to Eulocen's music. Yet, she would not tell her past history, save that she was brought up in Virginia, where she was born she did not know.

So the spring days went slowly by, bringing their wealth of golden beams and blooming flowers, and silently braiding the quiet hours into the web of Eulocen's chequered life.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

I Knew She Would.

Deacon W. was a staid and honest Baptist deacon in one of the interior towns of Maine, who had a vein of dry caustic humor in his composition. The deacon had a boy of some dozen summers, who was sometimes inclined to be a little ugly when not under the parental eye. In school especially John was a source of constant annoyance to the teacher. One day the teacher punished him for some act of disbemeanor, and John went home crying to enter his complaint, and told his father the mistress had whipped him.

"What!" exclaimed the deacon, elevating his eyebrows, "been whipped?" "Yaas," sobbed the boy. "And did you let a woman whip ye," shouted the old deacon. "Yas, I could'nt help it." "Wall, John, you little rascal, you go to school to morrow, and if Miss —— undertakes to whip ye again, you just pitch in; don't let a woman whip ye if ye can help it. Dont take any stick to strike with, but ye may strike and kick as much as you are a mind to."

The next day the boy went to school, and emboldened by the permission given by his father, was soon brought before the tribunal of violated rules. The teacher undertook to correct him, and he did as his father had told him. The result was that John got a most unmerciful trouncing and was thoroughly subdued. When he went home he went to his father, crying:

"Well, dad, I got an awful bad licking to day." "What," said the old deacon, "have you let that woman whip ye again?" "Ya-a-s" whimpered John. "I kicked her and struck her, and fit her all I could, but she lammed me orfully." "Aha!" chuckled the humorous old deacon, "you tarnal little fool, I knew she would, and she'll give ye a trouncing every time she undertakes it; and I advise ye to behave yourself in future."

John began to have some perception of his father's motive, and ever after was sadder and a wiser boy.—*Aroostook Pioneer.*

The family of Garibaldi is early found to be amongst the nobles of Genoa, and at the institution of the Golden Book, 1528, its members were recorded as of the ancient nobility, together with the members of the family of the great liberator of his country at that day—Andrew Doria. From that period till 1751, the successive generation of the Garibaldi family were regularly recorded in that illustrious volume of nobility; and the last name but one is Joseph Garibaldi, born in 1729, probably the ancestor of the Dictator, whose name is Joseph. In 1685 Jeannetta Garibaldi was one of the four Senators who accompanied the Doge of Genoa to Paris, after the bombardment of Genoa by Louis XIV., to express their regret at having displeased that King.

Garibaldi's success has not been unattended with domestic loss. One of his sons has died of his wounds; another is a prisoner at Gaeta.

Col. Slobbins says that out in Indiana where he kept tavern, the hoosiers drink so much new corn whisky that "tassels" grow out through the crowns of their hats and the "silk" hangs through the heels of their trowsers.

"What do you ask for that ere beast?"—"One hundred and twenty-five dollars." "One hundred and twenty five dollars?" "Yes." "Give you twenty-five." "Take him along—it shan't be said that I spoiled a good horse trade for a hundred dollars."

No doubt it is a great deal pleasanter to die for some beautiful women than to live with them.

Sir Royle Roche paid the very equivocal compliment to a friend by saying, "I hope, my Lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, you'll stay there all night."