The Telegraph.

MONROE, LA., JULY 16, 1887.

A VISION!

It was just as day was dawning
In the beautiful eastern skies,
That I, watchworn and weary,
Closed my sorrowful eyes.

I did not think that I could sleep,
I was weary with watching and weeping,
I only thought I'd rest awhile,
But before I knew I was sleeping.

And soon I fell to dreaming,
And dreamed of heavenly things;
I thought I saw an Angel,
With beautiful golden wings,

Float softly to the cradle,
Where my infant cousin lay,
And take her gently in her arms
And swiftly fly away.

I put out my hand to stay her,
But she vanished from my sight;
And all around, where she had been,
Shown with a heavenly light.

'Twas then I thought of its mother,
And wandered what she'd say,
When I'd tell her that an Angel
Had borne her child away.

At length I was awakened
By a weak and feverish cry,
So I knew that I'd been dreaming
And the little child would die.

Its eyes looked pleadingly in mine,
Its lips were parched and dry;
Although I had been dreaming,
I knew the child must die.

So I placed it on a pillow,
And took it on my arm,
I held it closely to me
And tried its limbs to warm.

But alas! it was too late,
This was the chill of death,
Fainter, fainter, beat its pulse,
It slowly drew its breath.

I waked its sleeping mother,
And bade her come and see,
Her darling little baby, that
An Angel soon would be.

She came and knelt beside it,
And kissed its pallid cheek,
But not a word she uttered,
For from grief she could not speak.

Her baby now lay sleeping.
But we could not hear its breath,
In vain we tried to wake it,
For it was asleep in death.

So the Angel must have come,
And taken the child away;
And carried it up to Heaven,
Just at the break of day.

"LYSSA LEIGH.'

Monroe, La., Aug., 1876.

"THE FARIER LASS O' PIPING PEBWORTH," AND ITS AUTHOR.

[Macon Telegraph.]

In the July number of Lippincott's, now before us, there is a short story under the title "The Farrier Lass of Piping Pebworth" that will be read wherever the magazine circulates with pleasure and interest. It is a gem of many faces, full of light and sparkles, the work of a master hand. For Southern readers it will have a peculiar interest, since the author is a Virginia girl; a blossom and a protest from the heart of the old South.

Miss Amelí Rives comes of distinguished lineage, being the daughter of Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia, than whom no man stood higher in the confidence of the Southern people. Her home is among the red hills of Albermarle, where the family has dwelt since the middle of the last century, and her surroundings make her own life a romance. Trained and educated in this home, selecting her own studies and occupations, she has developed into an artist and literateur. Nature to her mental talents has added a beautiful face and form and an energy which speaks not alone in her works but in her characters themselves. Her first publication was "A Brother to Dragoons," a short story, which made her famous in a week.

It is our misfortune to have missed the first work from the pen of Miss Rives, but "The Farrier Lass of Piping Pebworth" is probably the best compensation we could have had. So charming a tale is rarely told; one so complete in all the elements that round up a story are rarer still. The figures therein under the marvelously deft touch of the artist stand forth like portraits in the galleries of the old masters. Here is the "farrier lass" as pictured by the smith, her father, as he chats over a glass of ale in the tavern: "Ne'er in all thy travels hast thou e'er seen so crack-brain a wench as my Keren! Lord, it set thy head to swimming did she but enter a room. She had no more stability o' motion a merry-go-round; and she was that brown a bun looked pale i' comparison when she did lift it to he mouth to eat it. A strapping jade and strong as any lad o'her age i' the village. In her seeming she took neither after her mother nor after me, though she was a comely wench, as wenches go—hair as black as a January night in stormy weather, and eyes as big and as bright and as yellow (o' my word)—as yellow as two crowd pieces. They looked out from under her thick eyebrows like sunlight peeping from a heavy cloud. And she was made like a lad for suppleness. Taller than her mother by a head and shoulders, and within a full inch o' my forelock. By'r lakin! how she could sing, too! She would troll the a ditty i' the' voice o' a six-foot stripling, but, for a' that, as sweet as bells far away on a still noon in summertide."

His facility of expression and aptness of simile seems boundless. Here is another scene from the reaper's field, when the girl seizes a sickle to show her skill before a rival:

"The wind blew down her thick locks about her so that she was wrapped in a mantle worthy any queen; while with every sweep o' her strong brown arms the tumbling grain did fall like gold about her, so that she seemed to be trampling upon her treasures in a manner truly royal. Also a red glow came into her shadowy cheeks like as though a scarlet flower tossed into a clear, brown stream should rise slowly upward beneath the limpid surface and shine a-through." Only an artist and a poet could have painted this so vividly. But there is a not less striking picture, Keren over the cradle of her old-time lovers babe, she having forced him to keep his vows plighted to another maid. "There kneels she, and Ruth's red shawl o'er her head to please the child—there kneels she, I say, beside the cradle, and kittles him with her nimble fingers, and digs him i' th' ribs after a fashion that would sure a' run me crazy (though it hath ne'er yet been proven what a young babe cannot endure at the hands of women), and punches and pokes and worries him for all th' world like a kitten worrying a flower. And he, lying on his back, winds all his hands and babies and makes merry, after the fashion o' a spring stream among many stones. But at last up gets she to her knees and takes him fiercely in her strong hands, and holds him off at arms' length, looking at him, and she saith in a deep voice, saith she. 'For that thou art not mine, saith she, 'I hate thee; but—' and here comes a change all over face and voice and manner like as when April doth suddenly wake in the midst o' a wintry day in springtide—'but,' saith she, "for that thou art his, I love thee.' And she took nim to her bosom and bowed down her head over him *so that he* was hidden all in her long hair." The story is full of such vivid pictures; none more glowing, however, than when this ferrier lass, having learned her father's trade when his arm was broken, is shown standing at the forge "as though Dame Venus had taken away her hammer from her good man Vulcan to do his work for him." But variety and swift changes are striking features of Miss Rives' style. A fine humor breaks these passages and through all runs a keen wit. A few illustrations only are possible here. Keren is brewing some sack for the fond father, when up comes "Mister Peter Mouldy with his knitting and grins at her across the caldron after the fashion of a horse eating briars. She not noticing him, quoth he:

"Good morning, sweet Mistress Lemon."

Saith she, not looking at him:

"Thou liest!"

"How, mistress?" saith he, with his mouth as wide as a church door on a Sunday.

"Why, for calling a lemon sweet," saith she, "when all the world doth know that it is sour."

Thereat he fell a grinning again.

"Sweet, sweet Mistress Lemon, 'tis thee I praise and not thy name. And I will wager that thou art not sour, Mistress Keren." "How wilt thou find out, either to lose or win thy wager," quoth she.

"Thus," quoth he. And o' my word, the homespun got his arms about her, knitting and all, (though I would a' laid two cows and a lamb they couldn't a' reached about her pretty waist) and smacked right heartily full on her red mouth. Well, comrade, that something would happn I knew full well, but when she did up with him by the seat 'o his breeches and the collar o' his jerkin and did souse him head first into the pot o' sack, me thought I would a' burst asunder, like Judas Iscariot (meaning no blasphemy).

"And when he was clumbed out, spluttering and white with terror, she did fish out his hat with his big knitting-needles, and did set it upon his head, and did thrust him outside, and did shut the door in his face."

There is a little glimmer of humor in this passage from the old farrier's chat:

"Well, for all's fine talk Master Hacket went no more to hell than do any other men that marry—an' less than some, seeing as how he did not marry a scold, which (God forgive me, or her, or both o' us) I have done. Yea, comrade, I will commemorate this our first meeting in eight years by confessing to thee that my wife (in thy ear, comrade), that my wife is a scold. Sometimes I do verily think as how women, like Mistress Lemon, be sent unto men to keep 'em from pondering too heavily concerning the absence o' marriage in heaven. By cock and pye, man, as I live, I do honestly believe that I would rather be a bachelor in hell than the husband o' Mistress Lemon in heaven."

The story is strong in love and self-sacrifice, womanly devotion, self-help and heroic self-denial, a beautiful leaflet that seems to have blown out of some scrap book near a nook where Shakespeare's manuscripts nestle, high in its aim and true in its development. One turns from it elated; and we know of no higher test when to its reading is brought high appreciation for all these. But with us mingles also the pleasure of prophecy, for the hand that has laid this tribute at the feet of our old mother, will lay finer laurels there in days to come. And so should it be, for gifts like these spring from previous condition and not from accident. Not as a prodigy, but as a development of her own people shall we regard as Miss Amelie Rives.

"VERY AMERICAN."

By Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

I think the best thing that can be said to American girls the year round, but especially in July, is to beg them to be more and more American, and, when they have become just as American as they can possibly be, to keep so.

There can be no need of my explaining to any American girl who reads *Sunshine* why she should be a little more American in July than in any other month in the year; or, if she should not *be* more American in July than at any other time in the year, why she may *talk* and *act* a little more American now then at other times. The kind of girl I am thinking of and talking to will be in no more danger of forgetting her country's birth-month than she will be in danger of forgetting her own birth-month, or her mother's. The month that has a birthday in it will never be forgotten; there are too many reasons for remembering birthdays.

But I may say a word or two, perhaps, in explanation of what I mean by advising American girls to be American; for some clever girl who reads what I am writing might ask how an American girl can help being American?

I will imagine that this question is asked, for it will help me to make very clear how an American girl can be truly American by showing how she can *not* be American.

American girls can help being American very easily; they can be very un-American without half trying. I shall not try to speak of all the ways by which this very undesirable reputation can be deserved; but there are two ways which are so much to the point I wish to make, that I will speak of them, and leave you to enumerate others for yourself.

In the first place, then, you can be very un-American indeed, and become more and more so, and when you have become just as un-American as you can be, you can *keep* so by simply being and remaining ignorant about your country.

It is a good rule about good things that if you wish to feel very little interest in them you must know very little about them; and if you wish to have no interest at all, you must know nothing. This rule holds particularly good about the thing we call America. The girl who wants to be un-American must know nothing about her country; she can then feel no interest in it, and if she has no interest she will have no pride, no love, no Americanism. This is the first way to be un-American. In the second place, you can be very un-American, indeed, by being very something else—very French, very Italian, very German, or, alas! "very English." There is no better way in the world to alienate yourself from an old friend or benefactor than to be disloyal to that person. The very best way in the world for a shallow girl to lose admiration for one friend is to compare that friend with another who is more admired by every one else: who is "the fashion." And, even if she be not shallow, it is a dangerous experiment, if she wishes to retain her own self-respect and sense of loyalty, for any girl to expose a dear friend to too much comparison with others; and to hear too much criticism from others. It is a good thing not to permit one's self to do this at all. If your old friend, your brother, your sister, your mother, your father, is not so much admired for surface qualities by people in general, as is some new friend, that is not your affair; he or she is, after all *yours* and yours to keep yours, first and best, always and forever.

A very good way indeed to be thought to be un-American, and to really become so, is to compare your country with other countries, with a constant willingness to believe the criticism of other people which makes America come out of the comparison second best. And then to imitate, as much as possible, the manners and customs of European countries; to catch up all the foreign expressions and "airs" you can; in short, to be just as French or just as English as you possibly can be. You will lose your sense of loyalty toward your own land in this way, and then you will find it very easy to dislike America, just as we poor sinners find it very easy, always, to dislike everybody and everything which is a reproach to us.

To be a truly *American* American girl, is to be a truly country-loving girl; that is to be truly patriotic; and that is to love and honor and be ready to serve her country at all times and in all places. Plenty of times and plenty of places will be found if one is looking for them.

No American girl can possibly help loving and honoring her grand country if she knows anything about it. The long thrilling story of its making from first to last, from its beginning way back in the hearts of men, to its present growth and greatness, will sink deeper and deeper into the heads and hearts of all who study it, and mean more and more, as time goes on. Learn all you can, girls, of every country; you can never study history too much. But first and last and in the middle, learn all you can of your own country. You can never in a whole long lifetime learn all there is to learn. The story can never grow stale, *if rightly studied;* and never grows tiresome.

And stand up for America wherever you are. Don't imitate any foreign styles or manners. If in the depths of your good, true, country-loving hearts you are compelled to admit that your country has a fault, as every great nation has, why, go to work to first conceal and then *cure* that fault; and let it be your glory that, as American girls, it is your mission to make everything American so good and so beautiful, that not long hence it shall be more fashionable to be "very American" than very anything else; even, "very English."—*From Sunshine, for July.*

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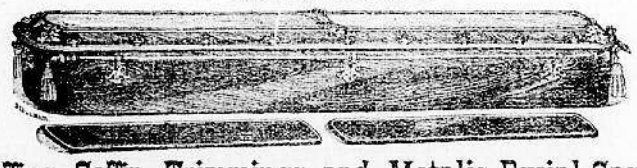

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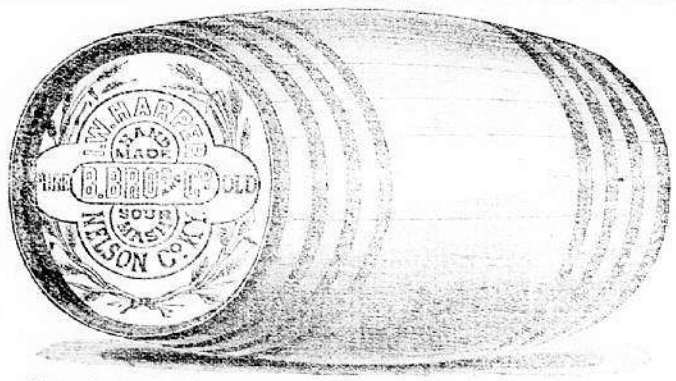

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