

## Henrietta, the Bride.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

During the hottest weather of a summer long gone by, the dress-makers of London were in a pitiable state of worry and exhaustion. The Queen, wife of Charles II., had introduced a sort of Bloomer costume, which fixed all eyes; and of course, all female hearts were set on having a suit like the Queen's. Her Majesty had appeared in the Park with a white-faced waistcoat or jacket, and a crimson short petticoat, a little hat and feather. After this, there was no rest for the dress-makers, till every lady had her short petticoat and jacket. The gentlemen professed themselves scandalized, not at the petticoat, but at the ladies buttoning their jackets to the throats, as men button their coats in cold weather. We hear something, also, of perruques under the hats; but this which seems to us the only objectionable part of the dress, (and it was not a part worn by the Queen,) seems to have passed without challenge in those days of frizzled pates. Amidst the pressure on the dress-makers, the brides claimed to be first served; and the claim was allowed; for it was impossible for young ladies to be married till their wardrobes were prepared for the newest fashion. But it became more and more difficult to supply even the brides; for the apprentices, and even the dress-makers themselves, were dying very fast, some said with heat and fatigue, others with something worse. The fact was, the plague was in London, and spreading fast, though nobody in the fashionable world chose to own it. The physicians, seeing what would please, and believing alarm to be dangerous, denied the fact in genteel houses, though they swallowed a lump of spicy electuary when they rose in the morning, and went their rounds with lozenges in their mouths, and kept a flask of Canary wine handy to fortify themselves when exhausted. They let the world know of these precautions afterwards; but at the time, they seemed to deride all apprehensions, and helped to cry "Peace! peace!" when there was no peace.

Miss Henrietta Holmes was one of the intended brides of that summer, and for her were many needles plied, till one apprentice after another dropped from her stool, or failed to come to work in the morning. The gay girl knew nothing of this; for her lover kept from her knowledge all he could of the spread of the plague; and her parents kept it from themselves.—They were very happy; and they did not like to think of any disturbance. Charles Osborne, her lover, had scarcely any fear. He and his beloved were as healthful as people could well be; and everybody thought they carried long life in their faces. Unless by some accident from an over-adventurous spirit, they seemed as secure as youth, strength, energy and hearts could make them.

The wedding day arrived. There was a great dinner at two o'clock. All the relations who were in London were present; and the clergyman and the family physician and some intimate friends besides. Henrietta was, that day, a sight to make the most melancholy person look cheerful.—Her round, rosy face, and dimpled chin, gave her the air of being younger than she really was; and she looked too child-like to be a bride. She was rallied and toasted rather too much as a child, Charles thought, by some of her father's friends; but they had dandied her as a babe, and had forgotten the lapse of years. Just before her mother and the other ladies left the table, Charles observed that Henrietta looked uncomfortable for a moment, and shivered slightly as if from cold.

He ordered the door which led down to the garden to be closed; and observed that a draught of air was more to be avoided in hot days, when it was pleasantest, than on occasions when nobody liked it. Henrietta thanked him with a smile, and presently withdrew, followed by mother and aunts, all eager to dress her for the ceremony of the evening.

It was her mother who put the finishing hand to her dress, by fastening the embroidered jacket and arranging the lace ruff within it. While doing this the mother became suddenly silent, turned the girl round to face the light, unfastened a jewelled button or two, and then in a constrained voice, asked her daughter how she thought she would go through the ceremony, whether she felt strong and at ease.

"Oh yes," replied Henrietta, "I shall get through very well. Why not?"

"If you feel the least anxious, or faint, or weak, my dear, let me know, and you shall have a cordial which will strengthen your heart."

"Talk of cordials," said an aunt, "to a girl with a cheek like this!" patting it fondly. "She is fresh as a rose. She wants no cordials."

But Henrietta did not say so. "Better give her a little cordial," said another aunt. "A girl may need it on such a day as this, who never did before and never may again. Besides, I saw her shiver before she left the table."

"Henrietta," said her mother, nervously fastening the buttons again. "are you well? Tell me."

"Yes, mother; that is, very nearly, indeed. Only just a little sick."

"Very naturally, I am sure," said everybody.

"We will ask Dr. Hodges about the cordial," and the mother was going to call him, when Henrietta stopped her, laughing. She would not have a word to say to any doctor. She was well now, quite well; the little quill had passed, was quite gone.

Dr. Dodge came, however. He was told that Henrietta felt slightly unwell. In spite of himself he looked grave, till he had felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and so forth. Then with a really cheerful face—for he loved the girl as if she had been his daughter—he told her it was only a little nervousness, natural enough on such a day. She had not lost her appetite, he had observed at dinner; her pulse was steady, her complexion natural, her breathing easy, and she had no pain; he would venture to call her perfectly well; and in this she laughingly agreed. Once more, her mother turned her towards the light, unfastened her dress, put aside the lace ruff, and watched the physician's countenance. He knew it; and he commanded his countenance well. The specks he saw were minute and few; but their character was not to be mistaken.

He wished himself a hundred miles off. He would fain have had those little marks on his own breast, rather than go through what he saw must happen that night. But he would not leave the scene. He was called away to a case more advanced than her's; but he hastened back in time to witness the ceremony. He saw her married; and his composure no doubt removed the fear of the mother, for all was done cheerfully and merrily; and when the guests sat down to the evening banquet, no one but himself seemed to see that death was of the company. As soon as the table was cleared, however, the ladies withdrew; for the bride could not conceal that she was oppressed with the headache. After that, all was gloom and terror. When the poor girl's frantic cries were heard from up stairs, the one low groan from the bridegroom sent everybody away. The young husband could not

stay beside his bride; for she did not know him. While he cooled her head, she cried out for him with so agonized a cry, that he could not bear it. From the door he actually heard the palpitation of her heart. By midnight mortification had set in on that fair breast where the small specks had caught her mother's eye. The first passenger in the early morning saw the house shut up, and the red cross on the door, and no one was within but the old woman who made her harvest of tending the dead. She called from the window, and the dead cart came. The old woman made a plentiful morning meal of the remains of the wedding feast; made a bundle of the rich dress of the bride, holding that lace ruff to the light, with admiration, before she folded it up for her bundle; locked the door after her as she went out, and left the abode where there had been so much mirth yesterday, and where nothing was now heard but the rustle of the mice, which came boldly forth to revel in the fragments of the good cheer.

The incidents of those days are immortalized by their being erected into a type of horrible and inevitable fate; and above all other incidents, that of the little purple stain on the breast. We read and talk of the plague spot so familiarly, that we have almost lost sight of what it means. It would be well to reconsider it, and dwell upon it. If there is such a thing, for instance, as a State with an established vice in it, and call tyranny a plague spot, we had better ponder what that phrase truly means, and what it certainly forebodes. It is idle to take our eyes from it, because the thoughtless exult in the vigorous youth of that State, in its bloom of promise, in the opening before it of a new and blessed career. If the plague spot is there, the bloom and the promise will vanish like the dew and delicate beauty of the desert flower, when the simoom is on the way. Death and putrescence are at hand.

And is there no escape? There have been instances of recovery from the plague; one case among ten thousand. But in that one case, the stain has been at once recognized as a plague spot, and instant and vigorous treatment has followed. Wherever the sufferer has concealed and denied, wherever he has rushed forth into the street, declaring himself well, shouting forth his confidence, and mocking the pity and horror of the world that looked on; in every case perdition has overtaken him, and his self-will has been his ironical epitaph, engraved on the memories of all survivors.

## Empress Eugenie and "Old Mortality."

The following curious information is furnished by the *Dumfries* (Scotland) *Courier*: "Jerome Bonaparte, the only surviving brother of the great Napoleon, married in the United States a Miss Patterson, who was a grand daughter of one Robert Patterson, better known in Scotland, and indeed over the world, as 'Old Mortality.' 'Old Mortality,' by some accounts, was a native of the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, though according to others, the parish of Hawick claims to be his birth place. He married one Elizabeth Gray, cook-maid in the family of the Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. 'Old Mortality's' third son John emigrated to America in 1776, and established himself in Baltimore. The Miss Elizabeth Patterson of New York, whom the future King of Westphalia married in 1803, was the daughter of this John Patterson, of Baltimore, and the grand daughter of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick's cook. And now, a descendant of the Kirkpatrick is Empress Eugenie, of France, married to another Bonaparte."

## Drawing a Chalk Line.

"Once upon a time," there came to Philadelphia a young Kentuckian, for the purposes of learning the sciences of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a 'little sprinkling' of waggishness. He was inducted in the Charity Hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters, he was introduced to a young French gentleman, it seems, was very frank in his manners, courteous, yet cold, and he thus addressed his companion:

"Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that you may prove mutually agreeable, but in order that it may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room-mates, with none of whom I could ever agree—we could never pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim the one nearest the window."

The Kentuckian assented. "Now," says the Frenchman, "I'll draw the boundary line between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights;" and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division, midway, from one side of the room to the other. "Sir," he added, "I hope you have no objection to the treaty."

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger, "I am perfectly satisfied with it." He then sent down for his baggage, and both students sat down to their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged, while 'Old Kentuck' was watching him, and thinking what a queer genius he must be, and how he might 'fix' him.

Thus things went on until dinner time came.—The bell was rung; the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and moustaches, and essayed to depart.

"Stand, sir!" said the stranger suddenly placing himself, with a toe to the mark, directly in front of the French student, "if you cross that line you are a dead man."

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed, "is it possible that I did not reserve the right of passage?"

"No, sir, indeed you did not; and you pass this line at your peril."

"But how shall I get out of the room?"

"There is the window which you reserved to yourself—you may use that; but you pass not that door—my door, which you generously left me."

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of a third story window was not 'what it was cracked up to be,' said to his new friend, "sir, in order that we may be mutually agreeable, I'll rub out that hateful chalk line and let you pass."

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement of that 'boundary question,' they have been the very best friends.

SUPREME COURT OF VERMONT ON THE LIQUOR LAW.—This Court has passed a decision on the Constitutionality of the Maine Law in Vermont. The Christian Repository says:

"The decision embraces and sustains several of the most important principles of the Vermont Liquor Law—such as the right of search and seizures, without warrant, in certain cases—the right to anticipate and prevent evil in society—the right to destroy property in cases where the public good requires it."