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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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Selected Poetry.

From Putnam for June.

CITY AND COUNTRY SPRING.

COUNTRY.

I bring the flowers—the bright and graceful flowers—
The fresh and fragrant flowers, that scent the morning air.
I've the snowdrop peeping chilly, with the valleys's drooping lily,
For the bride to twine a wreath of to deck her golden hair.

CITY.

And I bring the bonnet—the tasty little bonnet—
The airy, jaunty bonnet, with its streamers long and fair;
And the pretty girls that don it, and the Paris blossoms on it,
Far outlast your fleeting beauties, that would fade if they were there.

COUNTRY.

I bring the birds—the gay and joyous birds—
The proud, rejoicing birds, with their carols loud and high;
And they swell their little throats, as they trill in merry notes,
And smooth their plumage down for a voyage through the sky.

CITY.

My birds are soaring kites—not chickens eating kites—
But pleasure-giving kites, that our jolly boys let fly;
And I'll bet a silver shilling, if your ladyship is willing,
That their tails are longer far, and their colors full as high.

COUNTRY.

Nay, 'tis I who bring the sports—the children's lively sports—
The noisy, healthful sports, on kind nature's grassy floor;
Rolling hoops and bounding balls, in my vast and roofless halls,
Give far more life and gladness than your pavements ever bore.

CITY.

Is it you who talk of hoops? Surely, I have monstrous hoops—
Yes, vast, encroaching hoops—ladies wearing each a score.
We've had our balls already—it's time now to grow steady;
But wait till lent is over, and I'll give you one ball more.

COUNTRY.

I bring the leaves—the young and tender leaves—
The green and fluttering leaves, waving through the forest old,
Reviving mother earth who rejoices at their birth,
And clothing with new verdure branches stripped by winter cold.

CITY.

And I bring the dresses—the exquisite spring dresses—
The lovely, perfect dresses, formed in fashion's newest mould;
And they trail along the ground, with a dignity profound,
And still return to dust again, 'mid mortal things enrolled.

TOGETHER.

But we both bring the hearts—the kind and gentle hearts—
The brave and loving hearts, with a faith serene and clear,
That in ever blooming youth, by the light of trust and truth,
Are constant as the seasons, moving through their earthly sphere.

And the winter cannot chill them, nor summer's parching kill them,
Nor autumn's faded leaf be of them the type austere;
But, with beauty ever vernal, in a spring of joy eternal,
We shall see them bud and blossom through the soul's unchanging year.

A Beautiful Story.

THE TWO COUSINS.

"He didn't care much about it," he said: "they might marry him, if they liked, and to whom they liked, provided he was not expected to make love. Give him his hookah, and a volume of Shelley, and really, wife or no wife, it was almost the same thing to him. By the bye, one thing he must stipulate for—that she should not hunt or talk slang."

This Launcelet Chumley said, yawning—although it was only twelve o'clock, yet it was ten before he came down to breakfast—and sauntering from the drawing room through the open window on to the lawn, he stretched himself under the shadow of the chestnut trees to dream vague poems all the day after; a mode of existence that seemed to him to fulfill the sacred destiny of his being.

Launcelot Chumley was a spoilt child. A spoilt child full of noble thoughts and generous impulses tarnished by prosperity, and choked for want of stimulants to exertion; he was also vain for want of wholesome opposition. Provided people left him alone, they might do as they liked, he used to say. Let them not disturb his books, nor cut down the chestnut trees on the lawn, nor break his pipes, nor talk loud nor make a noise; and he was perfectly satisfied.—His indifference and indolence drove his mother to despair. She tried to tempt him to exertion by dazzling visions of distinction. But Launcelot prided himself on his want of ambition, and vowed that he would not accept a dukedom if offered to him; it would be such a bore! His mother had indeed done her best to ruin him by unmitigated indulgence; and now she wrung her hands at her own work. But, as something must be done, she bethought herself of a marriage, which, woman like, she fancied would cure everything—indolence, vanity, selfishness.

Mrs. Chumley bethought her of a marriage—but with whom?

There were in London two Chumley cousins—Ella Limple and little Violet Tudor. These two young ladies were great friends after the fashion of young ladies generally. They had mysterious confidence together, and wrote wonderful letters. Ella Limple, being of a pathetic and sentimental temperment, talked of sorrow and sadness, and said there was no more happiness for her on earth, there being something she could never forget; though none knew what. Violet Tudor, her bosom friend, laughed at all sentiment, and expressed a shy contempt for lovers. She vowed also that she would never marry a less man than a lion king or a general who had seen severe service and been wounded badly; and then she did not know—perhaps she might.—For Violet rode blood horses, and once pronounced an Indian officer a "muff," because he had never seen a tiger hunt. An expression that caused that gentleman to blush and to feel that kind of anger which is, among his own sex, usually assuaged in a duel.

It may be imagined, therefore, that Mrs. Chumley did not place Miss Violet Tudor very high in her scale of feminine graces; although she certainly did not know one half of that curly headed gipsey's escapades. Consequently she was passed over at once. Ella was, on the contrary, all that Mrs. Chumley wished; young, pretty, mild, manageable; with stainless pedigree and unexceptionable manners. What more could any mother demand for her son! Mrs. Chumley sent by that day's post an affectionate invitation asking Ella to pass a week with her, much to Ella's surprise and pleasure. For cousin Launcelot had long been a kind of hero in that young lady's imagination; and she was glad to be asked to meet him. "Though dearest Vi knows that nothing could make me forget poor Henry, all alone in those terrible East Indies!" she mentioned in the letter which communicated the circumstance to her bosom friend.—Out of curiosity then she accepted the invitation; and, in less than a week's time, she found herself at High Ashgrove, with all her prettiest dresses and her last new bonnet.

Ella's correspondence with Violet Tudor increased overwhelmingly during the visit. The early letters were gay, for her; but soon they deepened into a nameless melancholy; and were rife with mysterious hints. Occasionally there burst forth in them the most terrible self-accusings that English words could frame. If she had become the head of a society of coiners, or the high priestess of a heresy, she could not have used stronger expressions of guilt. Violet was frightened at first; but she remembered that it was Ella's habit to indulge in all sorts of exaggerated self-accusations. At last came a letter, which unveiled the mystery; reducing the sphynx that devoured men's bones to a tame dog that stole his neighbor's cream—the usual ending of most young ladies' mysteries. "I do not know what my dearest Violet will think of her Ella—but if it is to be the death blow of that long and tender love which has supported my sad heart through so many bitter trials, I must tell her the truth. Violet, I have broken my vows, and am deserving of the fate of Imogen in that dreadful ballad. Poor dear Henry!"

"Violet, love, I am engaged to my cousin Launcelot."

"My aunt made me the offer so supplicatingly," and Launcelot said so sweetly—"I think you will make me a very nice wife, Miss Limple," that I could not resist. Besides, cousin Launcelot is very handsome; and that goes a great way. You know I always found fault with poor dear Henry's figure; he was inclined to be too stout. Launcelot's figure is perfect. He is tall,—six feet I should think—and with the most graceful manners possible. He is like a picture—has very brown bright hair, all in thick curls, not short and close like poor dear Henry's. He wears them very long, like the portraits of Raphael. Henry's hair, poor darling, was inclined to be red. His eyes are large and dark grey, with such a beautiful expression of melancholy in them. They are poems in themselves, Violet. Now Henry's you know, were hazel; and hazel eyes are unpleasant—they are so quick and fiery. I like such eyes as Launcelot's—melancholy, poetic eyes, that seem to feel and think as well as to see. Hazel eyes only see. Don't you know the difference? He is very quiet, lies all day under the trees smoking out of the most exquisite hookah, and repeating Shelley. I dote on Shelley, and hate Shakspeare. How fond Henry was of Shakspeare!—that wearisome Hamlet! And now her own Ella is going to beg and pray of her dearest Violet to come here as soon as possible. I enclose a note from aunt Chumley, asking you; and darling Vi, I will never forgive you if you don't come directly.—For no lover in the world could ever separate me from my own Violet. If you don't come, I shall think you are angry with me for my bad conduct to poor Henry; and indeed I feel how guilty I am. I had such a terrible dream of him last night. I thought he looked so pale and reproachful, just like his favorite Hamlet. Good bye.—I can't write another word; for aunt wants me to go to the village with her. Do come, dearest Violet, and come immediately."

This letter delighted Ella's friend. She had never liked the flirtation with Cornet Henry Dampier; which she had thought very silly and sentimental; while this seemed to offer a real future. She wrote to her aunt—of whom she was considerably afraid; and in a few days, arrived at High Ashgrove. She was received by Ella with a burst of enthusiasm; which, coming from one so calm, quite electrified Launcelot; by Aunt Chumley with no superfluous kindness; and, by Launcelot himself, with a cold blow. Yet she was pretty enough. The thick raven hair, which it was her will and pleasure to wear crowding over black eyes that never rested for a moment; her tiny hand; her fabulous waist; her light airy figure; her wide red lips, and her untameable vivacity, made her appear like a wild bird alighting on the steps of that still, lazy, and gentlemanlike house.

For the first two days Violet behaved herself with perfect propriety. She embroidered more than two square inches of Berlin work, and did not make a single allusion to the stables. She fell asleep only twice when Launcelot condescended to read aloud the mistiest parts of Queen Mab, and she tried hard to look as if she understood what Epipsychidion was all about. Poor little woman! She knew as much about either as if cousin Launce, as she called him, had informed her in the native dialect of the glories of the Anax Andron, or as if he had told her how arms and the man were sung at Mantau long ago.—But this state of things could not last long. Old habits and instincts entered their protest, and Violet Tudor felt she must be natural or she should die. Launcelot said that she was noisy, and made his head ache; and he changed his resting place for one farther from the house, complaining of Miss Tudor's voice; which he declared was like a bird's whistle, that penetrated into his brain. This he said to his mother languidly, at the same time asking when she was going away again.

"You don't keep horses, cousin Launcelot?" Violet said on the third morning at breakfast, raising her eyelids and fixing her eyes for an instant on him.

"Not for ladies, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot.

"Why do you call me Miss Tudor?" she asked again. "I am your own cousin. It is very rude of you!"

"I should think myself very impertinent if I called you any other name," returned Launcelot still more coldly.

"How odd! Aunt, why is cousin Launce so strange?"

"I don't know what you mean, Violet," said Mrs. Chumley, a little sternly; "I think *you* are strange—not my son!"

An answer that steadied the eyes for some time; for Violet looked rebuked, and wondering how she had deserved rebuke. A moment after, Ella asked Launcelot for something in her gentle, quiet, unintoned voice, as if they had been strangers, and had met for the first time that day. It was a striking contrast; not unnoticed by Chumley, who was inwardly thankful that such a quiet wife had been chosen; him adding a grace of thanks for having escaped Violet Tudor. After breakfast he strolled, as usual, into the garden, Mrs. Chumley going about her household concerns; Violet went to the door, turning round for Ella.

"Come with me, Elly, darling," she said; "let us go and tease Launce. It is really too stupid here! I can't endure it much longer. I want to see what that lazy fellow is really made of. *I* am not engaged to him, so I am not afraid of him. Come!" And with one spring down the whole flight, she dashed upon the lawn like a flash of light Ella descended like a well-bred lady; but Violet skipped and ran, and jumped, and once she hopped until she found herself by Launcelot's side, as he lay on the grass, darting in between him and the sun like a humming bird.

"Cousin Launce how lazy you are!" were her first words. "Why don't you do something to amuse us? You take no more notice of Ella than if she were a stranger, and you are not even ordinarily polite to me. It is really dreadful! What will you be when you are a man, if you are so idle and selfish now? There will be no living with you in a few years; for I am sure you are almost insupportable as you are."

Launcelot had not been accustomed to this style of address, and for the first few moments, was completely at fault. Ella looked frightened. She touched Violet and whispered. "Don't hurt his feelings!" as if he had been a baby, and Violet an assassin.

"And what am I to do to please Miss Tudor?" Launcelot asked with an impertinent voice; "what herculean exertion must I go through to win favor in the eyes of my strong, brave, manly cousin?"

"Be a man yourself, cousin Launce," answered Violet: "don't spend all your time dawdling over stupid poetry, which I am sure you don't understand. Take exercise—good strong exercise. Ride, hunt, shoot, take interest in something and in some one, and don't think yourself too good for everybody's society but your own. You give up your happiness for pride, I am sure you do; yet, you are perfectly unconscious of how ridiculous you make yourself."

"You are severe, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot, with his face crimson. Violet was so small and so frank, that he could not be angry with her.

"I tell you the truth," she persisted, "and you don't often hear the truth. Better for you if you did. You must not let it be a quarrel between us; for I speak only for your own good; and, if you will only condescend to be a little more like other men, I will never say a word to you again. Let us go to the stables. I want to see your horses. You have horses?"

"Yes," said Launcelot; "but as I remarked at breakfast, not ladies' horses."

"I don't care for ladies' horses; men's horses will suit me better!" said Violet, with a toss of her little head that was charming in its assertion of equality. "I would undertake to ride horses, cousin Launce, you dare not mount; for I am sure you cannot be good at riding, lying on the grass all your life!"

Launcelot was excessively piqued His blood made his face tingle, his brows contracted, and he felt humble and annoyed; but roused. Tears came into Ella's eyes. She went up to her friend and said—"Oh, Violet, how cruel you are!"

Launcelot saw this little bye-scene. He was a man and a spoilt child in one, and hated pity on the one side, as much as interference on the other. So poor Ella did not advance herself much in his eyes by her championship. On the contrary, he felt more humiliated by her tears than by Violet's rebukes; and, drawing himself up proudly, he said to Violet, as if he were giving away a kingdom. "If you please we will ride to-day."

"Bravo, bravo! cousin Launce!" Violet left the lovers together, hoping they would improve the opportunity; but Ella was too well-bred, and Launcelot was too cold; and they only called each other Miss Limple and Mr. Chumley, and observed it was very fine weather; which was the general extent of their love making.

They arrived at the stable in time to hear some of Violet's candid criticisms. "That cob's off fetlock wants looking to. The stupid groom! who ever saw a beast's head tied up like that? Why he wasn't a crib biter, was he?" and with a "Wo-ho, poor fellow, steady there, stead!"—Violet went dauntlessly up to the big carriage horse's head and loosened the strain of his halter before Launcelot knew what she was about. She was in her element. She wandered in and out of the stalls, and did not mind how much the horses fidgetted; nor, even if they turned themselves sideways as if they meant to crush her against the manger. Launcelot thought all this vulgar beyond words; and he thought Ella Limple who stood just at the door and looked frightened, infinitely the superior of the two ladies; and thanked his good star again that had risen on Ella and not on Violet. Violet chose the biggest and most spirited horse of all, Ella selecting an old grey that was as steady as a camel, and both went into the house to dress for their ride. When they came back, even Launcelot—very much disapproving of Amazons in general—could not but confess that they made a beautiful pair. Ella so fair and graceful, and Violet so full of life and beauty. He was obliged to allow that she was beautiful; but of course not so beautiful as Ella. With this thought he threw himself cleverly into the saddle, and off the three started; Ella holding her pummel very tightly.

They ambled down the avenue to together; but when they got a short distance on the road, Violet raised herself in the saddle, and waving her small hand lost in its white gauntlets, darted off, tearing along the road, till she became a mere speak in the distance. Launcelot's blood came up into his face. Something stirred his heart, strung his nerves up to their natural tone, and made him envy and long and hate and admire all in a breath.

He turned to Ella and said hurriedly, "Shall we ride faster, Miss Limple?"

"If you please," answered Ella, timidly; "but I can't ride *very* fast you know."

Launcelot bit his lip. "Oh, I remember, yet I hate to see women riding like jockeys; you are quite right;" but he fretted his horse, and frowned. Then he observed very loudly, "Violet Tudor is a very vulgar little girl."

After a time Violet came back; her black horse foaming, his head well up, his neck arched, his large eyes wild and bright; she flushed, animated, bright, full of life and health. Launcelot sat negligently on his bay—one hand on the crupper as lazy men do sit on horseback—walking slowly. Ella's dozing grey hanging down his head and sleeping, with the flies settling on his twinkling pink eyelids.

"Dearest Violet, I thought you would have been killed," said Ella; "what made you rush away in that manner?"

"And what makes you both ride as if you were in a procession, and were afraid of trampling on the crowd?" retorted Violet. "Cousin Launcelot, you are something wonderful. A strong man like you to ride in that mannner.—Are you made of jelly that would break if shaken? For shame. Have a canter. Your bay won't beat my black, although my black is blown and your mare is fresh." Violet gave the bay a smart cut with her whip, which set it off at a hand gallop. Away they both flew, clattering along the hard road, like dragoons.—But Violet beat by a full legth; or, as she phrased it, "she won cleverly;" telling Launcelot that he had a great deal to do yet before he could ride against her, which made him hate her as much as if she had been a Frenchman, or a Cossack; and love Ella more than ever. And so he told her, as he lifted her tenderly from her grey, leaving Violet to spring from her black mammoth unassisted.

All that evening he was sulky to Violet, and peculiarly affectionate to Ella; making the poor child's heart flutter liked a caged bird.

"Cousin," whispered Violet, the next morning, laying her little hand on his shoulder, "have you a rifle in the house—or a pair of pistols?"—Launcelot was so taken by surprise that he hurriedly confessed to having guns and pistols and rifles, and all other murderous weapons necessary for the fit equipment of a gentleman.

"We will have some fun, then," she said, looking happy and full of mischief. Violet and Ella—Ella dragged solely against her will, for the very sight of a pistol nearly threw her into hysterics—went into the shrubbery; and there Violet challenged Launcelot to shoot with her at a mark at twenty paces; then, as she grew vain, at thirty. Launcelot was too proud to refuse this challenge; believing of course that a little blackeyed girl, whose waist he could span between his thumb and little finger, and with hands that could hardly find gloves small enough for them, could not shoot as well as he.

Launcelot was nervous—that must be confessed; and Violet was excited. Launcelot's nervousness helped his failure: but Violet's excitement helped her success. Her bullet hit the mark every time straight in the centre, and Launcelot never hit once; which was not pleasant in their respective conditions of lord and subject; for so Launcelot classed men and women—especially little women with small waists—in his own magnificent mind.

"He had not shot for along time," he said, "and he was out of practice. He drank coffee for breakfast, and that had made his hand unsteady—"

"And confess too, cousin Launce," said Voilet, "that you never were very good at shooting any time of your life, without coffee or with it. Why, you don't even load properly; how can you shoot if you don't know how to load? We can't read without an alphabet!" In the prettiest manner possible she took the pistol from her cousin's hand and loaded it for him—first drawing his charge. "Now try again!" she said, speaking as if to a child; "nothing like perseverance."

Launcelot was provoked, but subdued, and he did as his little instructress bade him; to fail once more. His bullet went wide of the target, and Violet's lodged in the bull's eye. So Launcelot flung the pistol on the grass and said: "It is very unlady-like amusement, Miss Tudor; and I was much to blame to encourage you in such nonsense." Offering his arm to Ellen, he walked sulkily away.

Violet looked after them both for some time, watching them through the trees. There was a peculiar expression in her face—a mixture of whimsical humor, of pain, of triumph, and of a wistful kind of longing, that perhaps she was, in her own heart, unconscious of. She then turned away; and with a half sigh, said softly to herself: "It is a pity Cousin Launcelot has such a bad temper!"

After this, Launcelot became more and more reserved to Violet, and more and more affectionate to Ella. Although he often wondered at himself for thinking so much of the one—though only in anger and dislike—and so little of the other. Why should he disturb himself about Violet?

On the other hand Violet was distressed at Launcelot's evident dislike of her. What had she said? What had she done? She was always good-tempered to him, and ready to oblige. To be sure she had told him several rough truths; but was not the truth always to be told? And just see the good she had done him! Look how much more active and less spoilt he was now than he used to be. It was all owing to her.—She wished, for Ella's sake, that he liked her better; for it would be very disagreeable for Ella when she married, if Ella's husband did not like to see her in his house. It was really very distressing. And Violet cried on her pillow that night thinking over the dark future when she could not stay with Ella, because Ella's husband hated her.

This was after Violet had beaten Cousin Launcelot three games of chees consecutively.—Launcelot had been furiously humiliated, for he was accounted the best chess-player of the neighborhood. But Violet was really a good player, and had won the prize at a chess-club, where she had been admitted by extraordinary courtesy; it not being the custom of that reputable institution to suffer womanhood within its sacred walls.—But she was very unhappy about Cousin Launce for all that; and the next day looked quite pale and cast down. Even Launcelot noticed his obnoxious cousin's changed looks and asked her rather graciously, "If she were ill?" To which question Violet replied by a blush, a glad smile bursting out like a song, and pretty pout, "No I am not ill, thank you," which ended their exchange of civilities for the day.

Launcelot became restless, feverish, melancholy, cross; at times boisterously gay, at times the very echo of despair. He was kind to Ella, and confessed to himself how fortunate he was in having chosen her; but he could not understand—knowing how much he loved her—the extraordinary effect she had upon his nerves. Her passiveness irritated him. Her soft and musical voice made him wretched, for he was incessantly watching for a change of intonation or an emphasis which never came. Her manners were certainly the perfection of manners—he desired none other in his wife—but, if she would sometimes move a little quicker, or look interested and pleased when he tried to amuse her, she would make him infinitely happier. And oh! if she would only do something more than work those eternal slippers, how glad he would be. "There they are," he exclaimed aloud, as the two cousins passed his window. "By Jove, what a foot that Violet has; and her hair, what a lustrous black; and what eyes. Pshaw! what is it to me what eyes or hair she has?" And he closed the window and turned away. But in a minute after he was watching the two girls again, seeing only Violet. "The strange strength of hate," he said, as he stepped out on the lawn to follow them.

Launcelot's life was very different now to what it had been. He had become passionately fond of riding, and was looking forward to the hunting season with delight. He rode every day with his two cousins; and he and Violet had races together, which made them sometimes leave Ella and her grey for half an hour in the lanes. He used to shoot too—practising secretly—until one day he astonished Violet by hitting the bull's eye as often as herself. He talked a great deal, and had not opened Shelley for a fortnight. He was more natural and less vain; and sometimes even condescended to laugh so as to be heard, and to appreciate a jest. But this was very rare, and always had the appearance of a condescension, as when men talk to children. He still hatred Violet; and they quarrelled every day regularly, but were seldom apart. They hated each other so much that they could not be happy without bickering. Although to do Violet justice, it was all on Launcelot's side. Left to herself, she would never have said a cross word to him. But what could she do when he was so impertinent? Thus they rode, and shot, and played at chess, and quarrelled, and sulked, and became reconciled, and quarrelled again; and Ella, still and calm, looked on with her soft blue eyes, and often "wondered they were such children together."

One day, the three found themselves together on a bench under a fine old purple beech, which bent down its great branch like bowers about them. Ella gathered a few of the most beautiful leaves, and placed them in her hair. They did not look very well; her hair was too light; and Launcelot said so.

"Perhaps they will look better on you, Miss Tudor," he added, picking a broad and rudy leaf, and laying it Bacchante fashion on her curly, thick black bands. His hand touched he cheek. He started, and dropped it suddenly, as if that round fresh face had been burning iron. Violet blushed deeply, and felt distressed, and ashamed, and angry. Trembling, and with a strange difficulty of breathing, she got up and ran away; saying that she was going for her parasol—although she had it in her hand—and would be back immediately. But she stayed away a long time, wondering at cousin Launcelot's impertinence. When she came back no one was to be seen. Ella and Launcelot had gone into the shrubbery to look after a hare that had run across the path; and Violet sat down on the bench waiting for them, and very well pleased that they had gone. She heard a footstep. It was Launcelot without his cousin. "Ella had gone into the house," he said, "not quite understanding that Miss Tudor was coming back to the seat."

Violet instantly rose; a kind of terror was in her face, and she trembled more than ever. "I must go and look for her," she said, taking up her parasol.

"I am sorry, Miss Tudor, that my presence is so excessively disagreeable to you!" Launcelot said, moving aside to let her pass.

Violet looked full into his face, in utter astonishment. "Disagreeable! Your presence disagreeable to me? Why, cousin Launce, it is *you* who hate *me!*"

"You know the contrary," said Launcelot hurriedly. "You detest and despise me; and take no pains to hide your feelings—not ordinary causingly pains! I know that I am full of faults," speaking as if a dam had been removed, and the waters were rushing over in a torrent—"but still I am not so bad as you think me! I have done all I could to please you since you have been here. I have altered my former habits. I have adopted your advice, and followed your example. If I knew how to make you esteem me, I would try even more than I have already tried to succeed. I can endure anything rather than the humiliating contempt you feel for me?" Launcelot became suddenly afflicted with a choking sensation; there was a sense of fullness in his head, and his limbs shook. Suddenly tears came into his eyes. Yes, man as he was, he wept. Violet flung her arms round his neck; and took his head between her little hands. She bent her face until her breath came warm on his forehead, and spoke a few innocent words which might have been said to a brother. But they conjured up a strange word in both. Violet tried to disengage herself; for it was Launcelot who now held her. She hid her face; but he forced her to look up.

For a long time she besought only to be released; when suddenly, as if conquered by something stronger than herself, she flung herself from him, and darted into the house in a state of excitement and tumult.

An agony of reflection succeeded to this agony of feeling; and Launcelot and Violet both felt as if they had committed, or were about to commit, some fearful sin. Could Violet betray her friend? Could she who had always upheld truth and honor, accept Ella's confidence only to deprive her of her lover? It was worse than guilt! Poor Violet wept the bitterest tears her bright eyes had ever shed; for she labored under a sense of sin that was insupportable. She dared not look at Ella, but feigned a headache, and went into her own room to weep. Launcelot was shocked too; but Launcelot was a man: and the sense of a half-developed triumph somewhat deadened his sense of remorse. A certain dim unravelling of the mistery of the past was also pleasant. Without being dishonorable, he was less overcome.

On that dreadful day Launcelot and Violet spoke no more to each other. They did not even look at each other. Ella thought that some new quarrel had burst forth in her absence, and tried to make it up between them, in her amiable way, but ineffectually. Violet rushed away when Launcelot came near her, and she besought of Ella to leave her alone so pathetically, that the poor girl, bewildered, only sighed at the dread of being unable to connect together the two greatest lovers of her life.

The day after, Violet chanced to receive a letter from her mother, in which the poor woman, having had an attack of spasms in her chest, and being otherwise quite out of sorts, expressed her firm belief that she should never see her sweet child again. Mrs. Chumley ordered the brougham to take her to the station precisely at two o'clock. Launcelot was not in the room when these arrangements were made; nor did he know anything that was taking place until he came down to the luncheon, pale and haggard, to find Violet in her traveling dress, standing by her boxes.

"What is all this, Violet?" he cried, taken off his guard, and seizing her hands as he spoke.

"I am going away," said Violet as quietly as she could; but without looking at him.

He started as if an electric shock had passed through him. "Violet going!" he cried in a suffocated voice. He was pale; and his hands, clasped on the back of the chair, were white with the strain. "Going! Why?"

"Mamma is ill," said Violet. It was all she could say.

"I am sorry we are to lose you," he then said very slowly—each word as if ground from him as words are ground out, when they are the masks of intense passion.

His mother looked at him with surprise. Ella turned to Violet. Every one felt there was a mistery they did not know of. Ella went to her cousin.

"Dear Violet, what does all this mean?" she asked, her arm round the little one's neck caressingly.

"Nothing," answered Violet with great difficulty. "There is nothing."

Big drops stood on Launcelot's forehead.—"Ought you not write first to your mother—to give her notice before you go?" he said.

"No," she answered, her flushed face quivering from brow to lip; "I must go at once."

At that moment a servant entered hurriedly to say the latest moment had arrived to enable them to catch the train. Adieus were given in all haste. Violet's tears, beginning to gather—but only to gather, as yet, not to flow—kept bravely back for love and for pride. "Good bye" to Ella, warmly, tenderly, with her heart filled with self-reproach. "Good bye" to aunt; aunt herself very sad; and then "Good bye" to Launcelot. "Good bye, Mr. Chumley," she said, holding out her hand, but not looking into his face. He could not speak. He tried to bid her adieu; but his lips were dry, and his voice would not come.—All he did was to express in his features such exquisite suffering that Violet for a moment was overcome herself, and could scarcely draw away her hand. The hour struck; and duty with brave Violet before all. Launcelot stood where she had left him. She ran down the lawn; she was almost out of sight, when "Violet!" rang from the house like the cry of death.

Violet—a moment irresolute—returned; when almost unconsciously she found herself kneeling beside Launcelot, who lay senseless in a chair; and saying, "Launcelot, I will not leave you!"

The burden of pain was shifted now. From Launcelot and her to Ella. But Ella—sentimental and conventional as she might be—was a girl who, like many, can perform great sacrifices with an unruffled brow; and who can ice over their hearts, and feel without expression; who can consume their sorrows inwardly, the world the while believing them happy.

Many years after—by the time her graceful girl-hood had waned into a faded womanhood and when Launcelot had become an active country gentleman and Violet a staid wife—Ella lost her sorrows, and came to her peace in the love of a disabled Indian officer, whom she had known many years ago—and whose sunset days she made days of warmth and joy; persuading herself and him too, that the Cornet Dampier she had flirted with when a girl, she had always loved.

Caught Praying.

A few Sundays ago, a modest young gentleman of our acquaintance attended the morning service, in one of our fashionable churche. He was kindly shown into a luxuriously cushioned pew, and had hardly settled himself, and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a beautiful young lady entered, and, with a graceful wave of the hand preventing our friend from rising to give her place, qietly sunk into a seat near the end. When a hymn was given out, she skilfully found the page, and, with a sweet smile, that set his heart a-thumping, handed her neighbor the book. The minster raised his hands in prayer, and the fair girl knelt, and, in this posture, perplexed her friend to know which most to admire—her beauty or her devoutness. Presently the prayer was concluded, and the congregation resumed their seats. Our friend respectfully raised his eyes from the fair form he had been so earnestly scanning, lest, when she looked up, she would detect him staring at her. After a couple of seconds, he darted a furtive glance at his charmer, and was astonished to see her still on her knees; he looked closely, and saw that she was much affected—trembling, in violent agitation, no doubt, from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing, he watched her closely.—Her emotion became more violent; reaching her hand behind her, she would convulsively grasp her clothing, and strain, as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress. The sight was exceedingly painful to behold; but he still gazed, like one entranced with wonder and astonishment. After a minute, the lady raised her face, heretofore concealed in the cushion, and with her hand made an unmistakable beckon to our friend. He quickly moved along the pew towards her, and inclined his ear, as she evidently wished to say something. "Please help me, sir," she whispered; "my dress has caught, and I can't get up." A brief examination revealed the cause of the difficulty; the fair girl wore fashionable high-heeled shoes; kneeling upon both knees, these heels, of course, stuck out at right angles, and in this position the highest hoop of her new-fangled skirts caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself, or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled, the tighter was she bound; so she was constrained to call for help. This was immediately, if not scientifically rendered; and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew—thinking, no doubt, that she was not in praying costume.—*Richmond Whig.*

Snoring.—Old Hicks was an awful snorer. He could be heard further than a blacksmith's forge; but his wife became so accustomed to it that it soothed her to repose. They were a very domestic couple—never slept apart for many years. At length the old man was required to attend court at some distance. The first night his wife never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The next night passed away in the same manner, without sleep. She was getting in a very bad way, and probably would have died had it not been for the ingenuity of the servant girl. She took the *coffee mill into her mistress' chamber and ground her to sleep at once.*

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm-clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Oh," said he, "it's the most convenient thing in the world; for I have nothing to do but pull the string, and wake myself."

Agricultural Department.

From the American Farmer.

WORK FOR THE MONTH---JUNE.

Before commencing the details of the several things to be attended to this month, we feel ourselves called upon to advise every owner, and tenant of a farm, to consider it a matter of duty, as it surely is his interest, to give his *personal attention* to all the operations on it, as he may rest assured, that personal superintendence—presence—forms a very strong element among those that lead to success in the culture of the earth—he may rest assured, that his *presence* among his hands while they are at work, whether they be slaves or hirelings, will operate as a saving of time, in a ratio of two hands, out of every ten that he may have employed. We say this from experience, without intending any disparaging reflection upon human nature, and offer the opinion above advanced as the natural result of things, as borne out by our own observation and scrutiny of the action of those engaged in labor. In proportion to the interest manifested by the employer, in the execution of the work alloted to those employed by him, so has the employees in his service increased in their vigilance,—and in field operations, the interest of an employer is best and most effectually demonstrated by his personal supervision and presence—these infuse a spirit of energy and industry into the employed, and as a consequence, tend to arm them with the will and the nerve to toil.

And while we thus frankly speak of the necessity for the presence of the master, or employer, we would conjure every one who holds that relation, in the allotment of his tasks, to let them be within the compass of moderation, such as physical powers of man can excute without prostration. And after having so graduated them, let them insit upon their being performed.

With these injunctions, we proceed to point out a few of the many things that ought to be attended to during this month:

HARVESTING.

As our Southern friends will have completed their harvesting before our journal shall have visited them again, we seize the present moment to make a few advisory remarks.

Harvest Force.—In the first place then, we would say to you that your harvest force should be ample to cut, bind and and secure your crop; that it is better, much better, to have an excess than too few hands, You may rely upon it that it is an enlightened and true economy upon such occasions to be full handed, as well to get the grain down in good season, as to be able to place it in a condition to protect it from the contingencies of weather.

In providing your harvest hands, if you have to hire any, and we presume you will, do it early, in order that you may be able to select good ones; don't delay engaging them until the harvest is upon you.

Of Harvest Implements.—Provide yourself timely with a full supply of the best implements, and be sure that they are all in good order, and ready for work before the time for use arrives. This can only be effectually done by an immediate personal inspectian of your stock. If you have not enough, purchase whatever you may be deficient in at once, and have what you may have, examined without delay. See to these things yourself.

Of Harvest Stores.—In laying in your harvest stores, see to it that they be *good in quality,* and *plentiful in quanity,* in order that the harvesters may suffer for nothing required to sustain their muscular energies, under the peculiarly trying nature of their labors in the field. Working, as they do, under the almost consuming rays of the sun, their physical powers are most heavily taxed, and unless they be sustained by refreshments between meals, it matters not how willing their hearts may be—it matters not what degree of ambition by which they may be animated—all will have to yield to the extra calls made upon their strength unless *extra* means be taken to sustain their sinking natures. Kind and provident attentions of this kind to their wants, act with moral power and effect, in nerving them for the struggle; and will, when backed by kindly words from a master or employer, go far to counteract the enervating effects of heat, and the toil encountered under its prostrating power. Interest and humanity then, both concur in the policy of allowing generous fare, and in the use of mildness of phrase upon these occasions. The experience of the past have demonstrated that money cannot be better laid out than in providing, not only the *necessaries,* but the *comforts* of the inward man. It has also demonstrated that money thus expended, besides its physical influence, will exert a moral one—will infuse that spirit of pride and gratitude among the sons of toil, which challenges the heart to do its best, and the arms, the muscles, the nerves and the hands, to strive on with their highest toned energies, in order that, when the sun sinks beneath the western horizon, they may with the lips of truth exclaim,—"a faithful day's work hath been done." To ensure such results, the master must give his personal supervision. His presence will serve to ensure requisite attention to the necessities of the hands, ensure order, faithfulness and fidelity from them, and in every way promote the master's or employer's interest.

Lunches must be timely served to the hands in the field between meals; full time allowed for dinner, and unceasing vigilance observed, in keeping the men repeatedly furnished with *cool drinks* throughout the day, say every half hour.

Harvest Drink.—Half a gallon of *molasses,* five gallons of *water,* and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of good, pulverized *ginger,* well stirred together, make a pleasant, safe and invigorating beverage.

TIME OF CUTTING GRAIN.

Gain cut from 7 to 10 days before it becomes dead-ripe, yields more bushels to the acre, better flour, and is intrinsically worth more money than when cut when dead-ripe. Besides which advantages, there is scarcely any loss from shattering, while the *straw,* as provender, is infinitely superior.

There is another powerful reason in favor of early cutting. The *rust,* that fell destroyer of the wheat crop—that blight upon well-grounded hopes—it is known, makes its appearance only a few days before the grain becomes thoroughly ripened; therefore, by anticipating this period—by cutting before its appearance—we avert its infliction—for a sore infliction the rust always proves to be. Again, by cutting some days before the period when the grain becomes dead-ripe, more time is allowed for the harvest—a matter of much importance.

To show the advantages resulting from early cutting in England, we will give one of several experiments made by *Mr. John Hannam,* the distinguished English farmer. These experiments extended through *five* different periods of cutting, viz:

No. 1 was cut a month before fully ripe.
" 2 " 3 weeks " "
" 3 " 2 weeks " "
" 4 " 2 days " "
" 5 " when ripe.

Taking 100 lbs. of the grain, he found it to yield flour as follows:

No.	Flour.	Seconds.	Bran.
1.	75 lbs.	7 lbs.	17 lbs.
2.	76 lbs.	7 lbs.	16 lbs.
3.	80 lbs.	5 lbs.	13 lbs.
4.	77 lbs.	7 lbs.	14 lbs.
5.	72 lbs.	11 lbs.	15 lbs.

"It thus appears," says Mr. Hannam, "that No. 3, cut 2 weeks before it was fully ripe, is superior to all other varieties, giving more per bushel than No. 5, cut when fully ripe, by $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of flour, and a gain of 15 per cent. on the flour of equal measure of grain. 100 lbs. of wheat of No. 3 makes 80 lbs. of flour; while 100 lbs. of No. 5. yields only 72 lbs., showing an average of 8 per cent. in favor of grain cut raw. In grinding, it was found that No. 5 ground the worst—worse than No. 1. In No. 5, were a greater quantity of flinty particles, which would not pass the bolt, than in any of the others.—The bran from No. 5 was coarse and heavy; while that from No. 3 was thin as a bee's wing."

Mr. Hannam thus sums up the advantages:—"A gain of 15 per cent. of flour upon equal measures; a gain in the weight of straw of 14 per cent.; while the flour produced by No. 3 was of a far better quality than that produced from grain cut at any other time." Wheat cut early commands in England 2s. per quarter more than that cut when full ripe.

CULTIVATION OF CORN.

Keep the *cultivator* and *hoe,* or *corn-harrow* and *hoe,* in your corn-fields constantly from now until you lay it by, which should be when it gets into silk. Let no weeds grow therein, and keep the soil at all times open to the influences of the sun, dew and rain. In times of drought be sure to keep the soil open. Bnt don't use the plough.

BEETS.

The *Mangold Wurtzel* and *Sugar Beet* may be drilled in up to the 10th of this month. The crops will not be so large as they would have been had they been put in a month earlier; but still with careful culture, the season being propitious, will make a fair and remunerating crop. For the sake of your milch cows, do put in some, if it is only an acre.

CARROTS

May also be drilled in, if done the first week in this month. These roots are among the best food for milch cows: make an excellent and healthfuf alternative food for horses, and are well relished by all other stock.

LATE POTATOES.

Though late, potatoes may be put in up to the 10th of this month.

BROADCAST CORN.

To ensure green food for your cows in August and September, when the pastures will have nearly failed, put in an acre or so of broadcast corn. Manure the ground heavily, plough it deep, pulverize the soil thoroughly; then sow 3 bushels of corn per acre, harrow and cross harrow the seed in, and roll.

MILLET.

You may sow millet seed up to the 10th of this month. If your crop of hay has, or is like to prove a short one, prepare as many acres as your necessities may require, and sow it to millet seed. You must manure heavily, plough deep, pulverize the soil thoroughly, roll, and sow the seed, and finish by rolling.

For the kind of land best adopted to its growth mode of harvesting, and curing, see our directions of last month.

CLOVER FOR HAY.

As we advised you last month, clover for hay should always be cut when it first somes into bloom.

Mrs. Jordan and the Methodist Preacher.

Whilst the celebrated Mrs. Jordan was performing, once, at Chester, her laundress was arrested for a debt of eight pounds sterling, which Mrs. Jordan paid. Walking out in the afternoon of the same day she was compelled to take shelter from a shower of rain under a porth, where she was espied by the liberated widow, who fell upon her knees and blessed her—the children, distressed at the position of their mother, contributing to make up a very affecting scene. Mrs. Jordon could not conceal the tear of feeling. Stooping to kiss the children, she slipped some money into the hands of the mother, saying, "There, there, it's all over; go, good woman; Good bless you; don't say another word."

This interesting episode was witnessed by another person, who had taken shelter near to the spot, and who now came forward, exclaiming, with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger! but would that the world were all like thee!"

The penetrating eye of Thalia's votary soon developed the profession of her new acquaintance, whose countenance and attire declared him to be a Methodist preacher.

After listening to a brief sermon on the sisterly love that had been evinced, and of the fulfilled command to feed the hungry and relieve the distressed, Mrs. Jordan interrupted the discourse, by observing, "Ah! you are a good old soul, I dare say; but you'll not like me when I tell you that I am—a player."

The preacher with a complacent countenance, remarked, "The Lord bless thee! whoever thou art; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraideth thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together, on the way to Mrs. Jordan's dwelling.

The offer of the preacher's arm was accepted, and the old streets of Chester beheld the serious disciple of Wesley walking arm-in-arm with the female Roscius of comedy.

Pat.—Pat was hungry, and got out of the cars for his refreshment. The cars very thoughtlessly went on without him. Pat's ire was up.

"Ye spalpeen!" he cried, starting on a run, and shaking his fist, as he flew after the train "stop there, ye old stame wagon—ye've got a passenger *aboard* that's left *behind.*"

The steam wagon was relentless, and the passenger aboard that was left behind had to stay behind.

A reverend sportsman in Wiltshire, seeing a Quaker on the road, as he was returning home at night, laid a wager that he would get a direct answer from him. "Well, friend," said he, as they met, "did you see the fox?"—"If I had seen it," was the reply, "I would have told it to go where thou wouldst never find it."—"Why, where's that?"—"Into thy study."

A Kiss for $750.—The Chicago *Tribune* states that a man named Hosley, in that city, undertook to kiss the wife of an Indian doctor, named Brooks, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. The husband hearing of the matter, instituted a suit for slander against Hosley, and the jury gave him a verdict of $750.

A Good Plan.—In Andover last year, $5 premium was offered to the boy who would destroy the largest number of Caterpillar's nests. The consequence was 20,000 nests were destroyed. This year $15 are offered in similar premiums.—This is a good plan. If towns would generally adopt it, they would be cheaply rid of the pest of catipillars.—*Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette.*

Remarkable.—The Richmond *American* is credibly informed by a gentleman from King William county, that the swallows, whose advent is the heralding of Spring, are dying daily in immense quanities, and can be scooped up by the basket full.

"What does the minister say of our new burying-ground?" asked Mrs. Hines of her neighbor. "He don't like it at all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," says Hines, "if the Lord spares my life, I will."

Two girls of fashion entered an assembly room, at the moment a citizen's fat wife was just quitting it. "Oh," said one of them, "there's beef a-la mode going out." "Yes," said the fat lady, "and game coming in."

Moderation in all Things.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present like to have partaken.

The Rise and Fall of a successful Fool.—He shot up like a balloon, and and came down like a monkey in a parachute!—*Cremorne Proverb.*

"I say my little son where does the right road go to?" "Don't know, sir; taint been nowhere since we lived here."

Reform.—In political, as well as in all personal matters, the synonym for to-morrow.