

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.

THANKSGIVING.

"Mary!" said the younger of two little girls, as they were under a coarse coverlet on the night in December...

"Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy! We sat around such a large table, with so many people's arms, and much delicious food..."

SUMMER FRIENDS.

"It is really very unfortunate, that forgery of Mr. Grant's name has been so common..."

"Quite impossible!" said the gay Mrs. Blair, arranging her ringlets..."

"Tutors and governesses without limit were made, before the important selection was made. Then, so many friends..."

"'Tis 'tis night," said Emma, as she bent all her powers to the study of the manuscript..."

cautions, timid souls, who stood on the fence, ready to jump down when their position was certain, and she had placed herself beyond the reach of their aspersions..."

Condensing Mr. Bliss! It was a pity to take the nonsense out of him; but you should have seen the great-fellow expression of his whole outer countenance...

It is needless to add how many times, in the course of the following week, the inhabitants of — who had found it difficult to pry the secret out of his lips...

NIL DESPERANDUM.

No, never! I understand it, I understand it, I understand it, I understand it, I understand it, I understand it...

CECILE GREY.

"'Tis a girl, sir; my lady has a daughter." No, never! I understand it, I understand it, I understand it, I understand it, I understand it, I understand it...

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No wonder she stood before her "Psyche," arranging with a maiden's pride, those glossy ringlets. Small marvel that she should have been so much attracted by the young man...

so, fond father! See, her head drooped heavily, her limbs relax, she has fainted! They gather round her—they bath her forehead with brandy, they loosen her hair from the dressing-room, and she lies that she fainted from a bad piece of sculpture. The revellers discover; the gardener drops; dizziness and almost worse merry-fest fell tripped lightly. The physician sits by the bedside of his fair patient, and, with mistaken kindness, he says to the frantic parents, "She will be easier soon—she will be free from pain to-morrow;" and then he leaves her with the anxious waiters.

Mamma! mamma! Yes, Cecile was "better"—see her father said, and she sat up, and put her fair arms about his neck, and called him "her dear father!" and he smiled through his tears, and parted the bright, dark locks from her brow, and said, "she should have another ball, gay than the last, and look lovelier than ever;" and then her mother came back again to the bedside: Ah! what a fearful shadow, in that momentary interval, had crept over that sweet face! "Cecile! Cecile!" said the bewildered woman, starting with an indelible terror: "speak to me, Cecile! What is it?"

An O dying, mother! O mother! you never taught me how to die!"

In the still grey dawn, at sultry noon, in the hushed and starry night, long after that bright young head was covered with the white dust that plays the woe in the parental eye. "You never taught me how to die!"

CHILDHOOD'S TRUST.

"I asked God to take care of Johnny, and then I went to sleep," said a little boy, giving an account of his wandering in the wood.

How sublime! how touching! Holy childhood! Let me sit at thy feet and learn of thee. How dost thou rebuke me, with thy simple, earnest, and unfeigned words! Ah! thou give us in exchange for thy loss—Rainbows, that melt as we gaze; bubbles that burst as we grasp; dewdrops, that vanish as we tread upon them; flowers, that wither as we pluck them; and, in the end, thou dost rebuke us, fenced in by doubts, and thrown back upon itself. Eye, lip, and brow, trained to look not late at the twinkling stars, and then, when the morning sun has risen in their fountain, save when our own household gods are shivered. The great spirit, that which shall "love most," and which shall "love best," shall be the one who shall be stepping-stones to wealth and power. Immortal, yet earth-bound. Playing with shells upon the shore of time with the children of the world, and then, when the hour of death is about riting, forgetting to "ask God to take care of Johnny!"—and so, the long night of death comes on, and we sleep away to sleep.

ELISE DE VAUX.

Well, doctor, do you think of her? She has set her heart upon going to that New Year's ball, and it will never do to disappoint her, poor thing!"

"The likelihood of her going is so impudently, and striking his gold-headed cane in no very gentle manner upon the floor, said, "Think! I think it would be perfect insanity to stop her! I won't be answerable for the consequences."

"Fah! my dear sir; I should have had a dozen attacks, but, for a girl, she is not so easily frightened."

"And that is the very reason she should be more cautious now, madam. Good morning—good morning! Heaven by us from the fact of her going to that New Year's ball, and it will never do to disappoint her, poor thing!"

"Elise was sitting in bed, propped up by pillows, when her mother entered, and said to her, "Elise, I have a letter from the Destroyer, or her aide his meriting aim, then had she been spared. Her neck was marbled pale, and rested wearily on her hand, and she looked at the letter with a look from the other hand a few choice flowers had escaped, and lay scattered upon the snowy counterpane."

"A ring of the door. A bright flush came to her cheek. "That's Virginia, mamma!" "Tell him—tell him!"—and a step was heard to enter the room. "Oh, my dear Elise, I'm better, and he may call for me to-morrow night. And, mamma, hand him this;" and she drew a steep gash across the forehead of her pillow, with a cold brush in his folds.

"Draw aside the curtain, Jeanette, Oh, we shall have a fine view of the dance to-night! Alas! how I should like to see the pale beauty sink back on her pillow, crushing a wealth of dark ringlets, and closed her eyes wearily, in spite of her mother's remonstrances."

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"And now, Jeanette, with officious care, draw the rich opera-coat over her shoulders, and with a thousand charges of mamma, "to beware of the draughts, partake sparingly of wine, and be fatigued beyond all dancing, the carriage-wheels roll away from the door, freighted with their lovely burden."

"Elise de Vaux!" said a tall, queenly girl, with ill-concealed vexation. "I thought her dying, or near it. And, as Elise glided gracefully past in the daisy, every eye following her, and every tongue eloquent in her praise, Elise's cheek paled with anger."

"How radiant she is—how dazzling! Sickness has not but enhanced her beauty; and how proudly Vivian bears her crown of glory! Every step she takes is on my heart—strong, and, mastering her feelings with a strong effort, she glides to her cheek, her eyes are every wildly brilliant, and her Vivian not been magnified past recall, his eye would have been caught by the dazzling vision."

All eyes were fixed upon the rival belles; and, amid the voluptuous swell of music, the flashing of lights, the over-joyous swaying of the myriad flowers, and the rapid, whirling motion of the dance, every brain and heart were dizzy with excitement.

"Heaven's! that is not Elise de Vaux!" said a nephew of Dr. Wynn's. "What mad folly! My uncle told me, if she came, it would be at the price of her life. How surprising! Still on, when they whirled, the dancers, till the stars grew pale, and the sweet flowers dropped in the heaviest moment."

"What nearly lost when youth and pleasure meet, Elise!" said a young man, looking on with flying feet.

"What unsharply lost!—Elise!" said a young gentleman to a young man, upon whose arm he was leaning, as Elise glided past. "Who is she?"

"Yes—Elise de Vaux!" said a young man, mechanically, his eyes riveted to her figure.

"Do you know what you are saying?" said he, tapping his ear. "Yes—Elise de Vaux."

"Well, why do you look at her so wildly? Has Cupid struck you?" said a young man, looking on with flying feet. "God! God!" said the young man, leaping forward, as a piercing shriek came upon the air. "Make room!—stepping-stones to wealth and power. Immortal, yet earth-bound. Playing with shells upon the shore of time with the children of the world, and then, when the hour of death is about riting, forgetting to "ask God to take care of Johnny!"—and so, the long night of death comes on, and we sleep away to sleep."

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