

# The Era

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

EDWARD WHELAN] This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may  
Vol. VI. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY

MOON'S PHASES.—DECEMBER, 1856.  
First Quarter 4th day, 11h. 14m. evening. W.  
Full Moon 11th day, 3h. 50m. evening. N. E.  
Last Quarter 19th day, 2h. 30m. morning. S. E.  
New Moon 27th day, 4h. 32m. morning. E. N. E.

## Literature.

### WINTER SCENES.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,  
As cold as it ever can be;  
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime  
Of the waves on an angry sea.  
The moon is full, but her silver light  
The storm dashes out with his wings to-night;  
And over the sky from south to north,  
Not a star is seen as the winds come forth  
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day the snow came down—all day—  
As it never came down before,  
And over the earth at night there lay  
Some two or three feet or more.  
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;  
The windows block'd and the well curb gone;  
The haystack grown to a mountain lift;  
And the woodpile looked like a monster-drift,  
As it lay at the farmer's door.

As the night set in, came hail and snow,  
And the air grew sharp and chill,  
And the warning roar of a sullen blow  
Was heard on the distant hill;  
And the North! see! on the mountain peak,  
In his breath how the old trees whirl and shriek!  
He shouts aloud the plain, Ho! Ho!  
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,  
And growls with a savage will!

Such a night as this to be found abroad  
In the snow and the stinging air,  
A shivering dog, in the field by the road,  
When the hail through his shaggy hair  
The wind drives hard, doth crouch and growl,  
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl;  
Then to shield himself from the coming sleet,  
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet,  
Pray, what does the dog do there?

His master came from the town to-night,  
And lost the travelled way;  
And for hours he trod with main and might  
A path for his horse and sleigh;  
But deeper still the snow-drifts grew,  
And colder still the fierce wind blew;  
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,  
At last o'er a log had floundered down,  
That deep in a huge drift lay.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,  
She made in the heavy snow;  
And her master strove till his breath grew short,  
With a word and a gentle blow;  
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,  
His hands were numb'd and had lost their might;  
So he struggled back to his sleigh again,  
And strove to shelter himself in vain,  
With his coat and his buffal.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein  
To rouse up his dying steed;  
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain  
For help in his master's need.  
He strives for a while with a wistful cry  
To catch but a glance from his heavy eye;  
And wags his tail if the rude wind flap  
The skirts of his coat across his lap,  
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, the storm is o'er,  
'Tis the hour of midnight past;  
The forest writhes and bends no more  
In the rush of the mighty blast.  
The moon looks out with a silver light  
On the high old hills, with the snow all white,  
And the giant shadow of the Camel's Hump,  
Of ledge, and tree, and ghostly stump,  
On the silent plain are cast.

But there are they—by the hidden log—  
Who came that night from the town—  
All dead! the man and his faithful dog,  
And his beautiful Morgan brown!  
He sits in his sleigh—his face is bland—  
With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand;  
The dog with his head on his master's feet,  
And the horse half seen through the crusted sleet,  
Where she lay when she floundered down!

## NOT FOR MONEY.

"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

(Concluded.)

"Oh, nurse! how deliciously fragrant. What does it mean?"

These were my first exclamations as I entered the parlour on my return home the next evening. She glanced towards the table, and with a low shriek of delight I reached it, and buried my face among dewy moss roses and crimson verbenas, among creamy tulips and purple heliotrope.

"Oh! every flower has the breath and the very look of home!" I murmured, through happy tears, as I lifted the large china vase, and turned round the beautiful blossoms, arranged with most exquisite taste. "Where did you get them?"

"They are yours, not mine, Miss Mary, darling, Mr. Mills left them with his compliments."

"He did!"

In my surprise I replaced the vase on the table, and stared at my nurse.

"Yes; he was here nearly three hours, and I never saw a nicer, handsomer gentleman in my life. Then he's so easy and natural like, for all he's so grand looking. Why, I felt as if I had known him always in five minutes, and talked so, too."

"Did you?" I questioned, with a little self-consciousness, for I was fully aware of my nurse's garrulous propensity, and I really imagined that I must have been a prominent subject of conversation with her. "What did you talk about?"

"Why, about you, of course, my precious dear. I told him how many years I have lived in your father's family, and how I rocked your blue eyes to sleep in the days that you cannot remember, and loved you just as well as if you were my own child. I told him, too, how delicately you were brought

up, among the very best of the land, and how nothing was considered too good for you, and how at last your father died, after those terrible lawsuits, and you came here, and for two years had been working so nobly to support your dear mother and the children. And I told him how it almost killed me to see my darling, who had been such a carefully tended blossom, going out day after day to work for her family, and—"

"Here the good woman broke down. She always did when talking of our misfortunes. "Oh, nurse! how could you say all this to a stranger?"

"Why, dear child, don't feel unhappy about it. He listened to every word with so much interest; and when I spoke about Mr. Stowell, and how he wanted to marry you after your father's death, he got right up and walked quickly across the room, muttering to himself: 'She is a noble girl—one of Nature's diamonds, above all price;' and when he came and sat down again, his eyes shone through a mist—I am certain it was tears."

I buried my burning face in my hands, and the old woman went on.

"Mr. Mills said he should call in a few days to see Mr. Mason, and he left his card; but I understand well enough who he'll come to see, Miss Mary."

That evening, at supper, Mr. Alcott Mills was the one topic of conversation. Mr. Mason gave us what little knowledge of his history he had incidentally obtained among his friends.

The young man was a very promising artist. He had just returned from the Continent, and was expecting to remain in town until autumn.

"But I can't imagine what on earth he wants to see me for," added the master of the house, as he passed his cup to be replenished. I saw his pretty wife exchange a very significant glance with her mother as she received it.

Mr. Mason was engaged in a large book-binding establishment, and it was ostensibly to consult him with regard to the rejuvenation of some old, but valuable books, that Mr. Mills called at his residence a few evenings later.

Mr. Mason and his wife had, however, gone to a concert, so I was left to entertain the young man until their return. If I did not do this to his satisfaction, I at least was equally interested and refreshed by his conversation. Under any circumstances, I should have enjoyed it exceedingly, but almost entirely excluded from congenial companionship as I had been for the last two years, it was not strange but those graceful thoughts, and that suggestive imagery, all bound together with noble sentiments, and high, earnest, yet practical views of life, and occasionally outsparking with wit and humour, should have been to me an inspiration, almost an intoxication.

"You must find your work very arduous this warm weather. You are looking pale and weary, too, all but your eyes," said my guest, pausing suddenly in his conversation, and sweeping my face with his deep, radiant eyes. "You ought to ride out in the country, twice a week, at least. How I wish you would give me the pleasure of your company on an excursion."

"Thank you. I fear it would not be possible for me to leave the shop long enough—"

"Pardon my interruption, Miss Marshall. Will you go if I will procure you leave of absence?"

Before I could reply, Mr. and Mrs. Mason entered the parlour, but, on Mr. Mills rising to leave, he said to me in an undertone:

"You did not answer my question; will you do it now?"

"Yes; I will go if they can spare me. But I do not see how they can possibly do this."

He smiled. It was one of those rare smiles that warm, and brighten, and enrich a whole face.

"They shall, though."

And they did. The next Thursday afternoon we left the red brick walls, and brown, dusty streets of the city, for the green meadows, the cool shadows, and sweet bird songs of the country. How my heart sprang out to its old childlike and scenes, for my city transportation had been a forced one, and the flower longed still for the country dew and sunshine

By which its bud was nursed.

I look back half a dozen years to that afternoon, and I can recall very little of what we said for the first hour. I remember the river broke a glorious God painting before my enraptured eyes. On one side lay its dark background of woods, the light wind heaving up the heavy foliage, and the sunlight writing its epistles of love on the dark blue page of the waters, as it rolled up the green distance a dimple of beauty on the broad bosom of earth.

Suddenly an elegant open carriage swept along. I glanced admiringly at the coal black horses, with their silver-mounted caparisonings, at the daintily gloved groom, and with a quick start at the occupants of the carriage.

These were Mr. and Mrs. Stowell, and as my eyes met the former he bowed with a little more than his usual staidness, while the head of his young wife bent in graceful acknowledgment of my companion's recognition, but a quick quiver shook her lips as she went by.

"Mrs. Stowell is an old friend of yours, Mr. Mills?" I questioned, as we swept on.

"Yes; I knew her once intimately." After a pause, "Shall I tell you, briefly, a passage in her past life?"

"I should greatly like to hear it?"

"I met Julia Ellis (now Mrs. Stowell) eight years ago, when her life was coming into the bloom of its seventeenth summer. For four years I was her father's clerk; for two I was her affianced husband. I do not wonder your blue eyes turn to me with that startled expression, and I can hardly understand now how I ever loved her, ever thought to make her the woman crowned and consecrated of my life. And yet she was beautiful, she certainly is that now, and I made the mistake that many a man older and wiser than I have done before me. I thought this outward loveliness was a type of the inner."

many wealthy suitors, known years before I could shelter her tree.

"Well, at last, my artist aspirant, I have met an obstacle. I abjured the mercantile career, and I have now to seek, and, with the assistance of several friends, I went abroad, and remained in Rome three years. Ah, me! what promises of constancy have those red lips rained into my thirsty heart! what sweet tears from those May blue eyes have dewed my forehead!"

"But we parted. The next year her father failed. Julia was an only child and a spoiled one. Admiration, social excitement and elegant surroundings, were necessities to her."

"She had not inner riches to meet outer poverty, and not moral courage to brave the change in her circumstances."

"There was little apology for her, though. A remnant of her father's fortune, sufficient to secure his small family from want, was secured to it. But just before the failure, Mr. Stowell, the millionaire, had seen and greatly admired her. Now, he offered himself, and his elegant house and fine horses were weighed in the balance with the love of the poor artist, and after a struggle—so I have since learned from one who knew her intimately—the selfishness of the lady triumphed over the heart of the woman. One month they were betrothed, the next they were married."

"For two months I had not heard of my betrothed, and her silence perplexed and alarmed me. I did not doubt her constancy—I would sooner have distrusted the love of the mother that bore me, but I feared that sickness or some other evil had overtaken my idol."

"One day I sat in my studio at Rome, when a package was brought me. How eagerly I unrolled it! But I searched in vain for the fair, delicate chirography, whose very sight thrilled the palace of my being. It was not there, and in my disappointment I dropped the letters and papers to the floor. At last I half unconsciously lifted one of the letters, opened it, and the first lines my eyes rested on where those that announced the marriage of Mr. Stowell, the millionaire, with Julia Ellis. Oh, black, blasting hour! that lifted up a waste of desolation from all the others in my life, your memory has not power to stir me now!"

"Of course I suffered—any man of my nature must, to find his idol, clay. But it was brief. The mists passed away from my eyes; the woman went out from the bridal chamber where I had sanctified and consecrated her in my heart; and as she went, I looked for a moment on her true soul. How stark and shrivelled it was!"

"Go, go out of my heart!" I said at last, very calmly and without any bitterness of spirit, for I pitied her; pitied her, that she had bartered, for the husks of this life, the great jewel of my affection!"

Alcott Mills paused. I could not answer him for the tears that were dripping from my eyes. I think he saw them. At all events, his head leaned down to me as he said, low and solemnly, "She went out of my heart, and I shut its door, and all was quiet there—quiet, but so empty. But, within the last month, an angel has come to me. She stands now on the threshold of my heart. I have seen the radiant crown she wears, and in it are set great jewels of love and sympathy, and self-sacrifice. Oh, how dark and miserable, and meagre seems Julia, the earth woman, the earth love, beside her!"

"The angel stands on the threshold. I have opened the door. Do you think she will walk in, Mary?"

I looked up in bewildered surprise, but the first glance into those deep-set, shining eyes, revealed his meaning. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the great solemn life-truth dawned and dazzled over my being. I loved, and I was beloved!

It was no time for the display of maiden-art or affectation, not even for rightful maiden timidity. Solemnly as the question had been asked, my soul answered it: "I will go in, Alcott."

A month later I went home. I had not apprised the family of my engagement; I had only written them to expect me on a certain day, and a dear friend with me.

But the letter never reached them. It was late in the afternoon when Alcott and I left the depot in a private carriage that conveyed us over the three miles which intervened between us and home. As we drew near our cottage, I observed several persons raking hay in the fields on our right. The youngest of these suddenly lifted his head and looked at us. The rake dropped from his hands, he brushed his straw hat from his forehead, and then with one bound and a loud shriek, "Goodness alive! if that isn't my sister Mary!" he was over the bars, and I was out of the carriage and in his arms, sobbing only, "Fred! oh, my brother!"

He needn't have blushed, though. His coat was off, and his handsome face was sunburned. I turned and presented him to the elegant stranger in the carriage, whose eyes were shining through a mist of tears, and whose voice was hoarse as he clasped Fred's hand and returned his greeting.

In a few minutes we were at home; my arms were about my mother's neck, my sister's kisses were on my cheek. That is all I can tell you of that meeting.

I never returned to my toil in the city. My sister Annie took charge of the school which was to have been mine, and Fred obtained a situation in an academy. He is at college now, and winning laurels there. The next October, Alcott and I were married. Six years I have been his wife—his wife. Those two monosyllables embody all the happiness the earth holds for me.

We live in the country, reader, in a cottage, nestled down among the trees; and every May-time the rose vines write their crimson romances on the pillars of the portico.

My husband is not a rich man—I doubt whether he ever will be. I certainly do not care, for have I not the unfathomable, unspeakable riches of his love, and do you think I would barter these for Mr. Stowell's palace and diamonds, and carriage?"

God has rewarded me in this life for these two years of "much suffering," but he does not always do this here, reader.

The hereafter may hold the blessing and the benediction, but God keeps it, and He cannot forget.

I know the life burdens may be very heavy, and the heart and the flesh fail beneath them, but, "as our day is, so shall our strength be." The light in which I walk now would not be so bright if the darkness had not gone before; the mountain heights would not look so fair, if I had not trodden the valleys.

We cannot tell what discipline would be best for us; but we know if our appointed tasks are "well done," our reward will come for us, and, taking our hands gently in his, he will lead us at last to the morning.

town Road, on Sunday, the 12th instant, bore with the greatest speed, in the 22d year of Raymond, of St. John's, N. B.

the 29th November, 1856, for ten weeks with excellent success. He has left a numerous circle of friends, and was a native of the County of Down, Ireland.

Marmaduke married at a very early age, and was a mild inoffensive sort of woman, who thought of chopping her own head off, and commanding her lieg lord. Her husband, in Marmaduke the idea of man's superiority, and her own inferiority, was unconsciously acquired a certain degree of which, besides striking into the heart of his inferior, had the effect of making him generally unpopular, and him to be regarded, in surrounding households, as a modern Blue Beard.

All things have an end, and so it was with the life of Marmaduke Mellen. Poor woman! her life had been far from a happy one. Meekly and uncomplainingly she had walked through life, yielding in all things to the strong will of her despotic husband. Ungrudgingly she had devoted herself to his service. She now took the liberty to die—the only thing, it may be said, during the whole course of her wedded life, which she had ventured to do without his permission.

Mr. Mellen missed his wife. It would have been strange if he had not. He began to feel that she had been far more necessary to his comfort than he supposed. He hired a housekeeper, but found that she was far from supplying the place of his deceased wife. Besides, being a housekeeper, he did not feel at liberty to order her about as authoritatively as if she were his wife.

Under these circumstances, it was not strange that Mr. Mellen should think of taking to himself a second partner. He pondered for a long time on the important question. On whom, of all the marriageable ladies of his acquaintance, should he bestow the honor of his hand?

This was a weighty question, and he felt it to be so. He pondered long and anxiously. His anxiety, however, did not proceed from any apprehension of rejection, in whatever quarter he might pay his addresses. That idea never crossed his mind. It was rather that of one, who, having a variety of articles presented for his acceptance, is puzzled to decide of which to make choice.

At length, he decided upon addressing Mrs. Kent, a widow who had lately moved into the neighbourhood. Of Mrs. Kent, personally, he knew little, except that she had a moderate property left her by her husband.

Having once made up his mind he proceeded, with a promptness worthy of Napoleon, to put his plan into execution. With the air of one conferring a favour, he laid his proposal before the fortunate lady whom he had selected as the recipient of his addresses.

Mrs. Kent took the matter very coolly. She requested time for consideration.

Mr. Marmaduke Mellen was somewhat surprised that any lady should require time to consider such a brilliant proposal. However, as he felt quite easy about the ultimate answer, he merely bowed acquiescence, informing the lady that he would wait upon her that day week.

Mrs. Kent was not ignorant of Marmaduke's imperious character. She could not help hearing of what was a topic of general remark. She well knew that the death of the first Mrs. Mellen was generally attributed to a long course of tyranny on the part of her husband.

Did not all this lead her to reject his suit summarily? It did not. Mrs. Kent was aware that, whatever might be Mr. Mellen's peculiarities of temper, he was a man of wealth and position. Of course, as his wife, she would share in these advantages. As to the drawback hinted above, she was a woman of strong will, and did not feel particularly dismayed. She anticipated that Mr. Mellen would attempt to domineer over her, but was quite prepared for such an emergency.

Having duly weighed all the considerations above mentioned, when Marmaduke waited upon her on the day appointed, she graciously acceded to his proposal, and fixed upon an early marriage day. This was not long in arriving. Four weeks from the date of her acceptance, Mrs. Kent bade farewell to the name bequeathed her by her first husband, and became Mrs. Marmaduke Mellen the second.

For a brief period all went smoothly. Mr. Mellen thought it best to wait until the close of the honeymoon before he made known to his wife the plan of government which he adopted for her benefit.

One day, after the usual dinner hour, Mr. Mellen retired to find his mother-in-law seated quietly at the table, beside his wife. Now, to mothers-in-law Mr. Mellen's special abhorrence. He would have been very glad to have had one enter his home. As, however, appearances would not quite sanction their union, he was disposed to have their visits like those of the hapless lady sustaining, rather than a welcome one.

This was not all. Actual as possible with the order up dinner before nearly an hour late, but duty to wait for him, late?

"Eating dinner?" together with the lady, as he entered, is at present late.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kent, subject to such late to day, and as most well known to need hungry, we decided.

Also— "And I suppose, Alonzo WILDERNESS, had to eat a cold Swinship No. 49. This tract, in some surpris'd and covered with your for me."

"However late, 1856."

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