HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, February 9, 1854. New Series. No. 110.

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.

THE STRAY LAMB.

I was walking through the streets yesterday, chilled outwardly and inwardly, as one is apt to be, by the first approach of winter, somewhat out of humour with myself, and indisposed to be pleased with others, when I noticed before me, on foot, a party of emigrants in a very destitute condition. One of the women was tottering under the weight of a huge chest she carried upon her head; most of them were ragged, and all travel-stained and careworn. Bringing up the rear, with uncertain, faltering steps, somewhat behind the rest of the party, was a little girl of eight years, bonnetless, barefooted and barelegged, her scanty frock barely reaching to her little purple knees, her tangled brown hair the sport of the winds. She stepped wearily, as if she had neither aim nor object in moving on; showing neither wonder nor childish curiosity at the new sights and scenes before her. It seemed to be a matter of indifference to the rest of the party whether she kept pace with them or not. My heart ached for her, she looked so friendless, so prematurely careworn. What should be her future fate in this great city of snares and temptations? Who should take her by the hand? Ah, look! the Good Shepherd watches over the stray lamb! I hear a shriek of joy! A well-dressed woman before me sees her; with the spring of an antelope she seizes her, presses her lips to those little chilled limbs, then holds her at arms' length, pushes back the hair from her forehead, strains her again to her breast, while tears of gratitude fall like rain from her eyes; then lifts her far above her head, as if to say, "O God, I thank thee!"

What can this pantomime mean? for not a word have they spoken, amid all these sobs and caresses. "What does this mean?" said I to a bystander. "Oh, and it's a child come over from the old counthry, ma'am, to find her mother; and sure, she's just met her in the street, and the hearts of 'em are most breaking with the joy, you see." "God be thanked!" said I, as I wept too; "the dove has found the ark, the lamb its fold. Let the chill wind blow, she will heed it not! The little weary head shall be pillowed sweetly to-night on that loving breast; the chilled limbs be warmed and clothed; the desolate little heart shall beat quick with love and hope!" And there I left them, still caressing, still weeping, unconscious of the crowd that had gathered about them, forgetting the weary years of the past, pressing a lifetime of happiness into the joy of those blissful moments.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

LENA MAY.

Such a gloomy room as it was! You may sometimes have seen one just like it. The walls were dingy, the windows small, the furniture scanty and shabby. In one corner was a small bed, and on it a boy of about nine years so pallid, so emaciated, that, as he lay there with his long lashes sweeping his pale cheek, you could scarce tell if he were living. At the foot of the bed sat a lady, whose locks, sorrow, not time, had silvered. Her hands were clasped hopelessly in her lap, and her lips moved as if in silent prayer.

"Good morning, Mrs. May," said the doctor, as he laid aside his gold-headed cane, very pompously. "I have but a minute to spare. General Clay has another attack of the gout, and can't get along without me. How's the boy?" and he glanced carelessly at the bed.

"He seems more than usually feeble," said the mother dejectedly, as the doctor examined his pulse.

"Well all he wants is something strengthening, in the way of nourishment, to set him on his feet. Wine and jellies, Mrs. May—that's the thing for him—that will do it. Good morning, ma'am."

"Wine and jellies!" said the poor widow; and the tears started to her eyes, for she remembered sunnier days, when those now unattainable luxuries were sent away untasted from her well-furnished table, rejected by a capricious appetite; and she rose, and laid her hand lovingly on the little sufferer's head, and prisoned the warm tears beneath her closed eyelids.

Little Charley was blind. He had never seen the face that was bending over him, but he knew by the tone of her voice whether she was glad or grieving; and there was a heart-quiver in it now, as she said, "Dear, patient boy!" that made his little heart beat faster; and he pressed his pale lips to her hand, as if he would convey all he felt in that kiss; for love and sorrow had taught Charley a lesson—many of his seniors were more slow to learn—to endure silently, rather than add to the sorrow of a heart so tried and grief-stricken. And so, through those tedious days, and long, wearisome nights, the little sufferer uttered no word of complaint, though the outer and inner world was all darkness to him.

Gently, noiselessly, a young, fair girl glided into the room. She passed to the bedside; then, stooping so low that her raven ringlets floated on the pillow, she lightly pressed her dewy lips to the blind boy's forehead.

"That's your kiss, Lena," said he tenderly. "I'm so glad you are come!" and he threw his wasted arms about her neck. "Put your face down here—close, Lena, close. The doctor has been here, and mamma thought me sleeping: but I heard all. He said I must have wine and jellies to make me well; and dear mamma so poor, too! Oh, you should have heard her sigh so heavily! And, Lena, though I cannot see, I was sure her eyes were brimming, for her voice had tears in it. Now, Lena, I want you to tell her not to grieve, because Charley is going to heaven. I dreamed about it last night, Lena. I wasn't a blind boy any longer; and I saw such glorious things!"

"Don't, don't, Charley!" said the young girl, sobbing. "Take your arms from my neck. You shall live, Charley; you shall have everything you need. Let me go, now, there's a darling!" and she tied on her little bonnet, and passed through the dark, narrow court, and gained the street.

Wine and jellies! yes, Charley must have them; but how? Her little purse was quite empty, and the doctor's bill was a perfect nightmare to think of. Oh, how many tables were loaded with the luxuries that were strength, health, life to poor Charley! and she walked on despairingly. The bright blue sky seemed to mock her—the well-clad forms and happy faces to taunt her. Oh! throbbed there on the wide earth one heart of pity? Poor Lena! excitement lent a deeper glow to her cheek, and a brighter lustre to her eye; and the cold wind blew her long tresses wildly about. One could scarce see a lovelier face than Lena's then—so full of love, so full of sorrow.

At least, so thought Ernest Clay; for he stopped and looked, and passed, and looked again. It was the embodiment of all his artist dreams. "I must sketch it," said he to himself. "She is poor—that is evident from her dress; that she is pure and innocent one may see in the holy expression of her face." And low and musical was the voice which expressed his request to Lena. His tone was respectful; but his ardent look embarrassed her, and she veiled her bright eyes with their long lashes without replying.

"If your time is precious, you shall be well paid; it will not take you long. Will money be any object to you?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Lena, despair giving her courage. "O sir, I have a brother, sick, dying for necessaries beyond our reach! Give me some wine to keep him from sinking—now, if you please, sir!"—and she blushed at her own earnestness—"then I will come to you to-morrow. My name is Lena May,"

"Dear, dear mother!—wine for Charley, and more when this is gone."

"Lena!" said her mother, alarmed at her wild, excited manner.

"An artist, mother, gave me this, if I would let him make a sketch of me. Dear Charley!"—and she held the tempting luxury to his fever-parched lip—"drink, Charley. Now you'll be strong and well, and all for this foolish face!" and she laughed hysterically; then her hands fell at her side, her head dropped; the excitement was too much for her—she had fainted.

"There, that will do; thank you! Now turn your head a trifle to the left, so:" and the young artist's eye brightened as his hand moved over the canvas. In truth, it were hard to find a lovelier model. That full dark eye and Grecian profile, that wealth of raven hair, those dimpled shoulders! Yes, Lena was the realisation of all his artist dreams; and then she was so pure, so innocent. Practised flatterer as he was professionally, praise seemed out of place now—it died upon his lip. He had transferred many a lovely face to canvas, but never one so holy in its expression.

And little Charley day by day grew stronger; and rare flowers lay upon his bed; and he inhaled their fragrance, and passed his slender fingers over them caressingly, as if their beauty could be conveyed by the touch. And then he would listen for Lena's light footstep, and ask her, on her return, a thousand questions about the picture, and sigh as he said, "I can never know, dear sister, if it is like you;" and then he would say, "You will not love this artist better than me, Lena?" and then Lena would blush, and say, "No, you foolish boy!"

"Well, Lena," said Ernest, "your picture will be finished to-day. I suppose you are quite glad it is over with?"

"Charley misses me so much!" was love's quick evasion.

"There are still many comforts you would get for Charley, were you able, Lena?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said the young girl eagerly,

"And your mother, she is too delicate to toil so unremittingly?"

"Yes," said Lena dejectedly.

"Dear, good, lovely Lena! they shall both have such a happy home, only say you will be mine!"

Dear reader, you should have peeped into that artist's home. You should have seen the proud, happy husband. You should have seen with what a sweet grace the little child-wife performed her duty as its mistress. You should have seen Charley with his birds and his flowers, and heard his merry laugh, as he said to his mother, that "if he was blind, he always saw that Ernest would steal away our Lena."

THOUGHTS BORN OF A CARESS.

"Oh, what a nice place to cry!" said a laughing little girl, as she nestled her head lovingly on her mother's breast. The words were spoken playfully, and the little fairy was all unconcious how much meaning lay hid in them; but they brought tears to my eyes, for I looked forward to the time when care and trial should throw their shadows over that laughing face—when adversity should overpower—when summer friends should fall of like autumn leaves before the rough blasts of misfortune—when the faithful breast she leaned upon should be no longer warm with love and life—when, in all the wide earth, there should be for that little one "no nice place to cry."

God shield the motherless! A father may be left—kind, affectionate, considerate, perhaps—but a man's affections form but a small fraction of his existence. His thoughts are far away, even while his child clambers on his knee—the distant ship with its rich freight, the state of the money-market, the fluctuations of trade, the office, the shop, the bench; and he answers at random the little lisping immortal, and gives the child a toy, and passes on. The little, sensitive heart has borne its childish griefs through the day unshared. She don't understand the reason for anything, and nobody stops to tell her. Nurse "don't know," the cook is "busy," and so she wanders restlessly about poor mamma's empty room. Something is wanting. Ah, there, is no "nice place to cry!"

Childhood passes; blooming maidenhood comes on; lovers woo; the mother's quick instinct, timely word of caution, and omnipresent watchfulness, are not there. She gives her heart, with all its yearning, sympathies, into unworthy keeping. A fleeting honeymoon, then the drawning of a long day of misery; wearisome days of sickness; the feeble moan of the first-born; no mother's arm in which to place, with girlish pride, the little wailing stranger; lover and friend afar; no "nice play to cry!"

Thank God!—not unheard by Him who "wipeth all tears away" goeth up that troubled heart-plaint from the despairing lips of the motherless!

A CHAPTER ON LITERARY WOMEN

"Well, Colonel, what engrosses your thoughts so entirely this morning? The last new fashion for vests, the price of Macassar oil, or the misfit of your last pair of primrose kids? Make a 'clean breast' of it."

"Come, Minnie, don't be satirical. I've a perfect horror of satirical women. There's no such things as repose in their presence. One needs to be always on the defensive, armed at all points; and then, like as not, some arrow will pierce the joints of his armour. Be amiable, Minnie, and listen to me. I want a wife."

"You! a man of your resources! Clubs, cigars, fast horses, operas, concerts, theatres, billiard-rooms! Can't account for it," said the merciless Minnie. "Had a premonitory sympton of a crow's foot or a grey hair? Has old Time begun to step on your bachelor toes?" and she revelled her eye-glass at his fine figure.

The Colonel took up a book with a very injured air, as much as to say, Have it out, fair lady, and when you get off your stilts I'll talk reason to you.

But Minnie had no idea of getting off her stilts; so she proceeded, "Want a wife, do you? I don't see but your buttons, and strings, and straps are all tip-top. Your laundress attends to your wardrobe, your *hotel de maitre* to your appetite, you've nice snug quarters at the——House, plenty of 'fine fellows' to drop in upon you, and what in the name of the gods do you want of a 'wife?' And if it is a necessity that it is not postponable, what description of apronstring does your High Mightiness desire? I've an idea you've only to name the thing, and there'd be a perfect crowd of applicants for the situation. Come, bestir yourself, Sir Oracle, open your mouth, and trot out your ideal."

"Well, then, negatively, I don't want a literary woman. I should desire my wife's thoughts and feelings to centre in me—to be content in the little kingdom where I reign supreme—to have the capacity to appreciate me, but not brilliancy enough to outshine me, 'or to attract 'outsiders.'"

"I like that, because it is so unselfish," said Minnie, with mock humility. "Go on."

"You see, Minnie, these literary women live on public admiration—glory in seeing themselves in print. Just fancy my wife's heart turned inside-out to thousands of eyes besides mine for dissection. Fancy her quickening ten thousand strange pulses with 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.' Fancy me walking meekly by her side, known only as Mr. Somebody, that the talented Miss—— condescended to marry! Horrible! Minnie, I tell you, literary women are a sort of nondescript monsters; nothing feminine about them. They are as ambitious as Lucifer; else, why do they write?"

"Because they can't help it," said Minnie, with a flashing eye. "Why does a bird carol? There is that in such a soul that will not be pent up—that must find voice and expression; a heaven-kindled spark that is unquenchable; an earnest, soaring spirit, whose wings cannot be earth-clipped. These very qualities fit it to appreciate, with a zest none else may know, the strong, deep love of a kindred human heart. Reverence, respect, indeed, such a soul claims and exacts; but think you it will be satisfied with that! No! It craves the very treasure you would wrest from it, Love! That there are vain and ambitious female writers, is true; but pass no sweeping condemnation; there are literary women who have none the less deserved the holy names of wife and mother, because God has granted to them the power of expressing the same tide of emotions that sweep, perchance, over the soul of another, whose lips have never been touched 'with a coal from the altar.'"

"Good morning, Colonel," said Minnie; "how did you like the lady to whom I introduced you last evening?"

"Like her! I don't like her at all—I love her! She took me by storm! Minnie, that woman must be Mrs. Colonel Van Zandt. She's my ideal of a wife embodied."

"I thourht she'd suit you," said Minnie, not trusting herself to look up. "She's very attractive; but are you sure you can secure her?"

"Well, I flatter myself," said the Colonel, glancing at an opposite mirror, "I shall at least, 'die making an effort,' before I take No for an answer. Charming woman! feminine from her shoe-lacings to the tips of her eyebrows; no blue-stockings peeping from under the graceful folds of her silken robe. What a charmed life a man might lead with her! Her fingers never dabbled with ink, thank Heaven! She must be Mrs. Colonel Van Zandt, Minnie!"

She was "Mrs. Colonel Van Zandt." A week after their marriage, Minnie came in looking uncommonly wicked and mischievous. "What a turtle-dove scene!" said she, as she stood at the door. "Do you know I never peep into Paradise that I don't feel a Luciferish desire to raise a mutiny among the celestials? And apropos of that, you recollect 'Abelard,' Colonel; and the beautiful 'Zeluka,' by the same anonymous writer; and those little essays by the same hand, that you hoarded up so long! Well, I've discovered the author—after a persevering investigation among the knowing ones—the anonymous author, with the signature of 'Heloise.' You have your matrimonial arm round her this minute! May I be kissed if you haven't!" and she threw herself on the sofa in a paroxysm of mirth. "O Colonel! 'marry a woman who has just sense enough to appreciate you, and not brilliancy enough to attract outsiders! Fancy my wife quickening ten thousand strange pulses with thoughts that breathe and words that burn! Fancy me walking meekly by her side, known only as the Mr. Somebody the talented Miss——— condescended to marry!' I declare I'm sorry for you, Colonel; you have my everlasting sympathy; you look already like a man 'transported for life!'"

"Laugh away, Minnie! You might have played me a worse trick; for instance, had you married me yourself. 'Heloise' or Amy, 'tis all one to me, so long as I can call her wife. I'm quite happy enough to be willing you should enjoy your triumph; and quite willing to subscribe, on my knees, to your creed, that a woman may be literary, and yet feminine and loveable; content to find her greatest happiness in the charmed circle of Home."

DARK DAYS.

"Dying! How can you ever struggle through the world alone? Who will care for you, Janie, when I am dead?"

"Have you rooms to let?" said a lady in sable to a hard-featured person.

"Rooms? Why, yes, we have rooms," surveying Mrs. Grey very deliberately. "You are a widow, I suppose? Thought so by the length of your veil. Been in the city long? How long has your husband been dead? What was the matter of him? Take in sewing or anything? Got any reference? How old is that child of yours?"

"I hardly think the situation will suit," said Mrs. Grey faintly, as she rose to go.

"Don't cry, mamma," said Charley, as they gained the street. "Won't God take care of us?"

"Put another stick of wood on the fire, Charley; my fingers are quite benumbed, and I've a long while to work yet."

"There's not even a chip left," said the boy mournfully, rubbing his little purple hands. "It seems as though I should never grow a big man, so that I could help you!"

"Hist! there's a rap."

"Work done?" said a rough voice; "'cause, if you ain't up to the mark, you can't have any more. 'No fire, and cold fingers?' Same old story. Business is business; I've no time to talk about your affairs. Women never nan look at a thing in a commercial p'int of view. What I want to know is in a nutshell. Is them shirts done or not, young woman?"

"Indeed, there is only one finished, though I have done my best," said Mrs. Grey.

"Well, hand it along; you won't get any more. And sit up to-night and finish the rest; d'ye hear?"

"Have you vests that you wish embroidered, sir?"

"Y-e-s," said the gentleman (!) addressed, casting a look of admiration at Mrs. Grey. "Here, James, run out with this money to the bank. Wish it for yourself, madam?" said he blandly. "Possible? Pity to spoil those blue eyes over such drudgery."

A moment, and he was alone.

"He's a very sick child," said the doctor, "and there's very little chance for him to get well here;" drawing his furred coat to his ears, as the wind whistled through the cracks. "Have you no friends in the city, where he could be better provided for?"

Mrs. Grey shook her head mournfully.

"Well, I'll send him some medicine to-night, and to-morrow we will see what can be done for him."

"To-morrow!" All the long night the storm raged fearfully. The driving sleet sifted in through the loose windows, that rattled, and trembled, and shook. Mrs. Grey hushed her breath, as she watched the little, waxen face, and saw that look creep over it that comes but once. The sands of life were fast ebbing. The little taper flickered and flashed, and then went out for ever!

It was in the "poor man's lot" that Harry Grey's pet boy was buried. There were no carriages, no mourners, no hearse. Mrs. Grey shuddered, as the waggon jolted over the rough stones to the old burying-place. She uttered a faint scream as the sexton hit the coffin against the waggon in lifting it out. Again and again she stayed his hand, when he would have fastened down the lid; she heard with fearful distinctness the first heavy clod that fell upon her boy's breast; she looked on with a dreadful fascination, while he filled up the grave; she saw the last shovelful of earth stamped down over him, and when the sexton touched her arm, and pointed to the waggon, she followed him mechanically, and made no objection when he said, "he guessed he'd drive a little faster, now that the lad was out." He looked at her once or twice, and thought it very odd that she didn't cry; but he didn't profess to understand women-folks. So, when it was quite dusk, they came back again to the old wooden house; and there he left her, with the still night and her crushing sorrow.

"Who will care for you, Janie, when I am dead?"

NIGHT.

NIGHT! The pulse of the great city lies still. The echo of hurrying feet has long since died away. The maiden dreams of her lover; the wife, of her absent husband; the sick, of health; the captive, of freedom. Softly falls the moonlight on those quiet dwellings; yet under those roofs are hearts that are throbbing and breaking with misery too hopeless for tears; forms bent before their time with crushing sorrow; lips that never smile, save when some mocking dream comes to render the morrow's waking tenfold more bitter. There, on a mother's faithful breast, calm and beautiful, lies the holy brow of infancy. Oh, could it but pass away thus, ere the bow of promise has ceased to span its future—ere that serenest sky be darkened with lowering clouds—ere that loving heart shall feel the death-pang of despair!

There, too, sits Remorse, clothed in purple and fine linen "the worm that never dieth" hid in its shining folds. There, the weary watcher by the couch of pain, the dull ticking of the clock striking to the heart a nameless terror. With straining eye its hours are counted; with nervous hand the draught that brings no healing is held to the pallid lip.

The measured tread of the watchman as he passes his round, the distant rumble of the coach, perchance the disjointed fragment of a song from bacchanalian lips, alone breaks the solemn stillness. At such an hour, serious thoughts, like unbidden guests, rush in. Life appears like the dream it is—Eternity, the waking; and, involuntarily, the most careless eye looks up appealingly to Him by whom the hairs of our heads are all numbered.

Blessed night! wrap thy dark mantle round these weary earth-pilgrims! Over them all the "Eye that never slumbereth," keepeth its tireless watch. Never a fluttering sigh escapes a human breast unheard by that pitying ear—never an unspoken prayer for help that finds not its pitying response in the bosom of Infinite Mercy.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

MEN'S rights! Women's rights! I throw down the gauntlet for children's rights! Yes, little pets, Fanny Fern's about "takin' notes," and she'll "print 'em," too, if you don't get your dues. She has seen you seated by a pleasant window in a railroad-car, with your bright eyes dancing with delight at the prospect of all the pretty things you were going to see, forcibly ejected by some overgrown Napoleon who fancied your place, and thought, in his wisdom, that children had no taste for anything but sugar-candy. Fanny Fern knew better. She knew that the pretty trees and flowers, and bright blue sky, gave your little souls a thrill of delight, though you could not tell why; and she knew that great big man's soul was a great deal smaller than yours, to sit there and read a stupid political paper, when such a glowing landscape was before him that he might have feasted his eyes upon. And she longed to wipe away the big tear that you didn't dare to let fall; and she understood how a little girl or boy, that didn't get a ride every day in the year, should not be quite able to swallow that great big lump in the throat, as he or she sat jammed down in a dark, crowded corner of the car, instead of sitting by that pleasant window.

Yes; and Fanny has seen you sometimes, when you've been muffled up to the tip of your little nose in woollen wrappers, in a close, crowded church, nodding your little drowsy heads, and keeping time to the sixth-lie and seventh-lie of some pompous theologian whose preaching would have been high Dutch to you had you been wide awake.

And she has seen you sitting like little automatons, in a badly-ventilated school-room, with your nervous little toes at just such an angle, for hours, under the tuition of a Miss Nancy Nipper, who didn't care a rushlight whether your spine was as crooked as the letter S or not, if the Great Mogul Committee, who marched in once a month to make the "grand tour," voted her a "model school-marm."

Yes, and that ain't all! She has seen you sent off to bed, just at the witching hour of candle-light, when some entertaining guest was in the middle of a delightful story, that you, poor, miserable "little pitcher, was doomed never to hear the end of! Yes, and she has seen "the line and plummet" laid to you so rigidly, that you were driven to deceit and evasion; and then seen you punished for the very sin your tormenters helped you to commit. And she has seen your ears boxed just as hard for tearing a hole in your best pinafore, or breaking a China cup, as for telling as big a lie as Ananias and Sapphira did.

And when, by patient labour, you had reared an edifice of tiny blocks, fairer in its architectural proportions, to your infantile eye, than any palace in ancient Rome, she has seen it ruthlessly kicked into a shattered ruin by somebody in the house whose dinner hadn't digested!

Never mind! I wish I was mother to the whole of you! Such glorious times as we'd have! Reading pretty books, that had no big words in 'em; going to school where you could sneeze without getting a rap on the head for not asking leave first; and going to church on the quiet, blessed Sabbath, where the minister—like our dear Saviour—sometimes remembered to "take little children in his arms, and blessed them."

Then, if you asked me a question, I wouldn't pretend not to hear; or lazily tell you, I "didn't know," or turn you off with some fabulous evasion, for your memory to chew for a cud till you were old enough to see how you had been fooled. And I'd never wear such a fashionable gown that you couldn't climb on my lap whenever the fit took you; or refuse to kiss you for fear you'd ruffle my curls, or my collar, or my temper—not a bit of it; and then you should pay me with your merry laugh, and your little confiding hand slid ever trustingly in mine.

Oh, I tell you, my little pets, Fanny is sick of din, and strife, and envy, and uncharitableness; and she'd rather, by ten thousand, live in a little world full of fresh, guileless, loving little children, than in this great museum full fo such dry, dusty, withered hearts.