HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, January 7, 1854. New Series. No. 101.

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.

OUR HATTY.

(Continued from Hazzard's Gazette, No. 97.)

Rap, tap, on the door of Hatty's little den—what on earth did it mean? She hoped they were not going to take that away from her; and, with a guilty, frightened look, she opened the door.

Miss Tabetha entered.

"Are you vexed with me for coming here, child; You don't look glad to see me."

"No, no!" said Hatty, pushing back a tangled mass of dark hair; "but it's so odd you should want to come. Nobody ever wanted to see me before."

"And why not, Hatty?"

"Well, I don't know," said she, with touching meekness and simplicity, "unless it's because I'm 'stupid, and ugly, and disagreeable.'"

"Who told you that, Hatty?"

"All of them down stairs," said she; "and I don't care about it, only—only—" and the tears rolled down her cheeks, "it is so dreadful to feel that nobody can ever love me!"

Miss Tabetha said, "Humph!"

"Hatty," said she, "come here. Do you ever look in the glass?"

"Not since a long while," said the young girl, shrinking back.

"Come here, and look in this little mirror. Do you see those large, dark, bright eyes of yours? Do you see that wealth of raven hair, which a skilful hand might render a beauty, instead of that tangled deformity? Do you see those lithe, supple limbs, which a little care and training might render graceful as the swaying willow? There is intellect on your brow; soul in your eyes; your voice has a thrilling heart-tone. Hatty, you are a gem in the rough! You cannot be 'ugly;' but listen to me. It is every woman's duty to be lovely and attractive. You have underrated and neglected yourself, my poor child. Nature has been no niggard to you. I do not say this to make you vain, but to inspire you with a proper confidence in yourself. But what have we here?" as a large portfolio fell at her feet.

"O Miss Tabetha, please don't! It's only a little scribbling, just when I felt wretched. Please don't!"

"Yes, but I shall, though. It's just what I want to see most;" and she went on reading paper after paper, while Hatty stood like a culprit before her. When she had finished, she said, very slowly and deliberately, "Hatty, come here. Did you know that you were a genius?"

"A what, Miss Tabetha?"

"A genius, you delicious little bit of simplicity—a genius! You'll know fast enough what it means; and to think that I should have been the first to find it out;" And she caught the astonished child in her arms and kissed her, till Hatty thought a genius must be the most delightful thing in the world, to bring so much love with it.

"Look here, Hatty, does anybody know this?" holding up the manuscripts.

Hatty shook her head.

"So much the better. 'Stupid, ugly, and disagreeable!' humph? Do you know I'm going to run off with you" said the little old maid. "We shall see what we shall see, Miss Hatty!"

Five years had rolled away. A new life had been opened to Hatty. She had grown into a tall, graceful woman. Her step was light as a fawn's. Her face—not beautiful, certainly, if tried by the rules of art; and yet who that watched its ever-varying expression would stop to criticise? No one cared to analyse the charm. She produced the effect of beauty; she was magnetic: she was facinating. Miss Tabetha was satisfied; "she knew it would be just so."

They had almost forgotten her at Lee House. Once in a while they wondered "if Miss Tabetha wasn't tired of her." Miss Tabetha thought she would let them know! Unbounded was their amazement when Miss Tabetha ushered "Our Hatty" in. It was unaccountable! She was really "almost pretty!" Still there was the same want of heart in their manner to her; and the little old maid could not have kept within bounds had she not had powerful reasons of her own for keeping quiet awhile.

"By the way, Miss Tabetha," said Mr. Lee, "as you are a bluestocking, can you enlighten me as to the author of that charming little volume of poems which has set all the literary world astir? It isn't often I get upon stilts; but I'd give someting to see the woman who wrote it."

Miss Tabetha's time had come. Her eyes twinkled with malicious delight. She handed him a volume, saying, "Well here is a book I was commissioned to give you by the authoress herself."

Mr. Lee rubbed his glasses, set them astride his nose, and read the following on the fly-leaf:—

"To my dear father, James Lee; from his affectionate daughter, The Author."

Mr, Lee sprang from his chair, and, seizing his child by both hands, ejaculated, "Hatty Lee, I'm proud of you!"

Tears gathered slowly in her large eyes as she said, "Oh, not that! Dear father, fold me once to your heart, and say, 'Hatty, I love you!'"

Her head sank upon his shoulder. The old man read his child's heart at last; he saw it all—all her childish unhappiness; and, as he kissed her brow, aud cheek, and lips said, in a choking voice, "Forgive your old father, Hatty!"

Her hand was laid upon his lips, while smiles and tears chased over her face like sun and shadow over an April sky.

Oh, what is Fame to a woman? Like the "apples of the Dead Sea," fair to the sight, ashes to the touch! From the depths of her unsatisfied heart cometh ever a voice that will not be hushed, Take it all back, only give me love!

TWO IN HEAVEN.

"You have two chileren," said I.

"I have fonr," was the reply; "two on earth, two in heaven."

There spoke the mother! Still hers, only "gone before!"

Still remembered, loved, and cherished, by the hearth and at the board; their places not yet filled; even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in heaven!"

Earth less attractive. Eternity nearer. Invisible cords, drawing the maternal soul upwards. Still small voices, ever whispering, Come! to the world-weary spirit.

"Two in heaven!"

Mother of angles! walk softly! Holy eyes watch thy footseps! cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth-taint; so shalt thou "go to them," though "they may not return to thee!"

SUMMER DAYS.

A delightful summer we passed, to be sure, at the —— Hotel, in the quiet village of S——. A collection of prettier women, or more gentlemanly, agreeable men, were never thrown together by the necessity of seeking country quarters in the dog-days. Fashion, by common consent, was laid upon the shelf, and comfort and smiling faces were the natural results. Husbands took the cars in the morning for the city, rejoicing in linen coats and pants, and loose neckties; while their wives were equally independent till their return, in flowing muslin wrappers, not too dainty for the wear and tear of little climbing feet, fresh from the meadow or wildwood.

There were no seperate "cliques" or "sets." Nobody knew, or inquired, or cared, whether yonr great-grandfather had his horse shod, or shod horses for other people. The ladies were not afraid of smutting their fingers or their reputation, if they washed their children's faces; and did not consider it necessary to fasten the door, and close the blinds, when they replaced a missing button on their husband's wristband, or mended a ragged frock.

Plenty of fruit plenty of fresh, sweet air plenty of children, and plenty of room for them to play in. A short nap in the afternoon, a little additional care in arranging tumbled ringlets, and in girdling a fresh robe round the waist, and they were all seated, in the cool of the evening, on the long piazza, smiling, happy, and expectant, as the car-bell announced the return of their liege lords from the dusty, heated city. It was delightful to see their business faces brighten up as each fair wife came forward and relieved them from the little parcels and newspapers they carried in their hands, and smiled a welcome sweet as the cool, fresh air that fanned their heated foreheads. A cool bath, a clean dickey, and they were presentable at the supper-table, where merry jokes flew round, and city news was discussed between the fragrant cups of tea, and each man fell in love with his pretty wife over again—or his neighbour's if he liked!

It was one harmonious, happy family; Mrs.——and her husband were the prime ministers of fun and frolic in the establishment. It was she who concocted all the games, and charades, and riddles, that sent our merry shouts ringing far and wide, as we sat in the evening on the long moonlit piazza. It was she who planned the pic-nics and sails, and drives in the old hay-cart; the berry parties, and romps on the green; and the little cosy suppers in the back parlour, just before bed-time, that nobody but herself could have coaxed out of the fussy old landlord. It was she who salted our coffee and sugared our toast; it was she who made puns for us, and wrote verses; it was she who sewed up pockets in overcoats, or stole cigars, or dipped their ends in water; it was she who nursed all the sick children in the house; it was she who cut out frocks and pinafores, and caps for unskilful mothers; it was she who was here, and there, and everywhere, the embodiment of mischief, and fun, and kindness; and as she flew past her handsome husband with her finger on her lip, bent upon some new prank, he would look after her with a proud, happpy smile, more eloquent than words.

He was the handsomest man I ever saw—tall, commanding and elegant, with dark-blue eyes, a profusion of curling black hair, glittering white teeth, and a form like Apollo's. Mary was so proud of him! She would always watch his eye when she meditated any little piece of roguery, and it was discontinued or perfected as she read its language. He was just the man to appreciate her—to understand her sensitive, enthusiastic nature—to know when to check; when to encourage; and it needed but a word, a look, for her whole soul went out to him.

And so the bright summer days sped fleetly on; and now autumn had come with its gorgeous beauty, and no one had courage to speak of breaking up our happy circle; but ah, there came one, with stealthy steps, who had no such scruples!

The merry shout of the children is hushed in the wide halls—anxious faces are grouped on the piazza; for in a darkened room above lies Mary's princely husband, delirious with fever! The smile has fled her lip, the rose her cheek; her eye is humid with tears that never fall; day and night, without sleep or food, she keeps untiring vigil, while unconscious of her presence, in tones that pierce her heart he calls unceasingly for "my wife!" She puts back the tangled masses of dark hair from his heated forehead! she passes her little hand coaxingiy over it; she hears not the advice of the physician. "to procure a nurse." She fears not to be alone with him when he is raving. She tells no one that on her delicate breast she bears the impress of an almost deadly blow from the hand that was never before raised but to bless her. And now the physician, who has come once, twice, thrice a day from the city, tells the anxious groups in the hall that his patient must die. Not one dare break the news to the wretched Mary! There is little need! She has gazed in their faces with a keen, agonised earnestness; she has asked no question, but she knows it all, and her heart is dying within her! No intreaty, no persuasion, can draw her from the bedside.

The old doctor, with tearful eyes, passes his arm round her trembling form, and says, "My child, you cannot meet the next hour; leave him with me."

A mournful shake of the head is her only answer, as she takes her seat again by her husband, and presses her forehead low upon that clammy hand, praying God she may die with him.

An hour of time—an eternity of agony—has passed. An unresisting form is borne from that chamber of death.

Beautiful as a piece of rare sculpture lies the husband! No traces of pain on lip or brow; the long, heavy lashes lay upon the marble cheek; the raven locks, damp with the dew of death, clustered profusely round the noble forehead; those chiselled lips are gloriously beautiful in their repose! Tears fall like rain from kindly eyes; servants pass to and fro respectfully, with measured tread; kind hands are busy with vain attempts to restore animation to the fainting wife. Oh, that bitter, bitter waking!—for she does wake. God pity her!

Her hand is passed slowly across her forehead; she remembers—she is a widow! She looks about the room; there is his hat, his coat, his cane; and now, indeed, she throws herself, with a burst of passionate grief, into the arms of the old physician, who says, betwixt a tear and a smile, "Now, God be praised! she weeps!"

And so, with the falling leaves of autumn, "the Great Reaper" gathered in our noble friend. Why should I dwell on the agony of the gentle wife; or tell of her return to her desolate home in the city; of the disposal of the rare pictures and statuary collected to grace its walls by the refined taste of its proprietor; of the necessary disposal of every article of luxury; of her removal to plain lodgings, where curious people speculated upon her history, and marked her moistened eyes; of the long, interminable, wretched days; of the wakefnl nights, when she lay with her cheek pressed against the sweet, fatherless child of her love; of her untiring efforts to seek an honorable, independent support? It is but an every-day history; but, God knows, its crushing weight of agony is none the less keenly felt by the sufferer!

COMFORT FOR THE WIDOW.

A Little fatherless boy, four years of age, sat upon the floor, surrounded by his toys. Catching sight of his mother's face, as the tears fell thick and fast, he sprang to her side, and, peeping curiously in her face, as he put his little hand in hers, said, "You've got me!" Simple, artless little comforter! Dry your tears, young mother. There is something left to live for; there are duties from which even your bleeding heart may not shrink! "A talent" you may not "bnry;" a stewardship of which your Lord must receive an account; a blank page to be filled by your hand with holy truth; a crystal vase to keep spotless and pure; a tender plant to guard from blight and mildew; a dew-drop that must not exhale in the sun of worldliness; an angel for whom a "white robe" must be made; a cherub in whose hands a "golden harp" must be placed; a little "lamb" to be led to the "Good Shepherd!"

"You've got me!" Ay! Cloud not his sunny face with unavailing sadness, lest he "catch the trick of grief," and sigh amid his toys. Teach him not, by your vain repinings, that "our Father" pitieth not his children; teach him to love Him, as seen in the sky and sea, in rock and river; teach him to love Him in the cloud as in the sunshine! You will have your gloomy hours; there is a void even that little loving heart may not fill, but there is still another, and He says, "Me ye have always."

THORNS FOR THE ROSE.

"It will be very ridiculous in you, Rose, to refuse to give up that child," said a dark-looking man to the pretty widow Grey. "Think what a relief it will be to have one of your children taken off your hands. It costs something to live now-a-days," and Uncle Ralph scowled portentously, and pushed his purse farther down in his coat-pocket; "and you know you have another mouth to feed. They'll educate her, clothe and feed her, and—"

"Yes," said the impetuous, warm-hearted mother, rising quickly from her chair, and setting her little feet down in a very determined manner upon the floor, while a bright flush passed over her cheek, "Yes, Ralph, and teach her to forget and disrespect her mother!"

"Pshaw, Rose, how absurd! She'll outgrow all that when she gets to be a woman, even if they succeed now. Would you stand in your own child's light? She will be an heiress, if you act like a sensible woman; and, if you persist in refusing, you may live to see the day when she will reproach you for it.

This last argument carried some weight with it; and Mrs. Seldon sat down dejectedly, and folded her little hands in her lap. She had not thought of that. She might be taken away, and little Kathleen forced to toil for daily bread.

Uncle Ralph saw the advantage he had gained, and determined to pursue it, for he had a great horror of being obliged eventually to provide for them himself,

"Come, Rose, don't sit there looking so solemn; put it down, now, in black and white, and send off the letter, before one of your soft, womanish fits comes on again," and he pushed a sheet of paper towards her, with pen and ink.

Just then the door burst open, and little Kathleen came bounding in from her play, bright with the loveliness of youth and health; and springing into her mother's lap, and clasping her neck, frowned from beneath her curls at Uncle Ralph, whom she suspected somehow or other to be connected with the tear-drop that was trembling on her mother's long eyelashes.

"I can't do it, Ralph," said the young widow, clasping her child to her breast, and raining tears and smiles enough upon her to make a mental rainbow.

"You are a fool!" said the vexed man, "and you'll live to hear somebody there tell you so, I'm thinking;" and he slammed the door in a very suggestive manner, as he passed out.

Poor Mrs. Selden! Stunned by the sudden death of a husband who was all to her that her warm heart craved, she clung the more closely to his children. No woman ever knew better than Rose Selden the undying love of a mother. The offer that had been made her for Kathleen was from distant relatives of her husband, of whom she knew little, except that Mr. and Mrs, Clair were wealthy and childless, and had found a great deal of fault with her husband's choice of a wife. They had once made her a short visit, and, somehow or other, all the time they were there—and it seemed a little eternity to her for that very reason—she never dared to creep to her husband's side, or slide her little hand in his, or pass it caressingly over his broad white forehead, or run into the hall for a parting kiss, or do anything, in short, save to sit up straight, two leagues off, and be proper!

Now you may be sure this was all very excruciating to little Mrs. Rose, who was verdant enough to think that husbands were intended to love, and who owned a heart quite as large as a little woman could conveniently carry about. She saw nothing on earth so beautiful as those great dark eyes of his, especially when they were bent on her, nor heard any music to compare with that deep, rich voice; and though she had been married many happy years, her heart leaped at the sound of his footstep as it did the first day he called her "wife."

Cared "the Great Reaper" for that? Stayed he for the clasped hands of intreaty or the scalding tear of agony? Recked he that not one silver thread mingled in the dark locks of the strong man? No! by the desolation of that widowed heart, no! He laid his icy finger on those lips of love, and chilled that warm, brave heart, and then turned coldly away to seek another victim. And Rose pressed his children to her heart with a deeper love, a love born of sorrow, and said, We will not part. She knew that fingers that never toiled before must toil unceasingly now. She knew, when her heart was sad, there was no broad breast to lean upon. She had already seen days that seem to have no end, dragging their slow, weary length along. She dared not go to a drawer, or trunk, or escritoire, lest some memento of him should meet her eye. She struggled bravely through the day to keep back the tears, for her children's sake; but night came, when those little restless limbs needed a respite, even from play, when the little prattling voices were hushed, and the bright eye prisoned beneath its snowy lid; then, indeed, the long pent-up grief, held in check through the day by a mother's unselfish love, burst forth; till, exhausted with tearful vigils, she would creep, at the grey dawn, between the rosy little sleepers, and, nestling close to their blooming faces, dream—God knows how mockingly—of happy hours that would never come again.

And, oh, the slow torture of each morning waking! the indistinct recollection of something dreadful! the hand drawn slowly across the aching brow! the struggle to remember! Then, the opening eye, the unfamiliar objects, the strange, new, small, room nothing home-like but those sleeping orphans,

God help the widow!

And now, as if her cup of bitterness were not full, little Kathleen must leave her. Must it be! She paced the room that night after Uncle Ralph had left, and thought of his words, "She may live to tell you so." Then she went to the bed-side, and parted the clustering hair from Kathleen's forehead, and marked with a mother's pride the sweet, careless grace of those dimpled limbs, and noted each shining curl. There were the father's long lashes, his brow, his straight, classic profile. Oh, what wonld he tell her? And then old memories came back with a rushing tide that swept all before it? Poor Rose!

Kathleen stirs uneasily, and calls "Mamma," and smiles in her sleep. Oh, how could she part with that little loving heart? Countless were the caresses she received from her every hour. Watchful and sensitive, she noted every shade of sorrow on her mother's face; and, by a thousand mute remonstrances, testified her unspoken sympathy. That little impulsive heart would be cased in an armour of frigidity at Clairville. She might be sad, or sick, or dying, and Rose shuddered and sat still nearer to her child. What companionship would she have? what moral influence exerted? Might she not even be weaned from the heart she had lain beneath?

Ah, Uncle Ralph! you little knew, as you sat in your office the next morning, and folded a little slip of paper back in its envelope, upon which was written these simple words, "Kathleen shall go"—you little knew at what cost! You marked not the blistered paper and the unsteady pen-marks, as you smiled satisfactorily, and said, "Very concise and sensible, for a woman."

Uncle Ralph did think of it again once, as he walked home to his dinner; but it was only to congratulate himself that if Rose should be unable to support herself—which he doubted—there would be one less for him to look after! As to a woman's tears—pshaw! they were always crying for something; if it wasn't for that, it would be something else.

We will pass over the distressful parting between mother and child. The little trunk was duly packed, the little clasp Bible down in one corner. A book-mark with a lamb embroidered upon it was slippled in at these words—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Mother's God would care for Kathleen; there was sweet comfort in that.

And so Rose choked back her tears, and unclasped again and again the little clinging arms from her neck, and bade her sunny-haired child "good-bye!" and laughed hysterically as the little hand waved another and a last adieu. Even Uncle Ralph felt an uncomfortable sensation about his fifth button, gave his dickey a nervous twitch, and looked very steadily at the tops of the opposite houses!

Two months had passed! Little Kathleen sat very quite in that heated, close school-room. There was a dark shadow under her eyes, either from illness or sorrow, and her face was very pale. Rose had written to her, but the letters were in the grave of Mrs. Clair's pockets, never to be resurrectionised; so Kathleen was none the wiser or happier. Uncle Ralph made it a principle never to thing of anything that impaired his digestion, so he dismissed all uneasy thoughts of or care for his niece, and made no inquiries, because he was firmly of the opinion that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

"You are uncommonly obtuse about your lesson this morning," said Kathleen's tutor; "you've told me twice that France was bounded south by the Gulf of Mexico. What are you thinking of?" said he grasping her arm.

"Sir?" said little Kathleen abstractedly.

"I say, what ails you, to be so stupid this morning?" said the vexed padagogue.

"My head aches badly," said Kathleen, "and—and—"

"And what?" said Mr. Smith.

"And—I—want—to see—my mother'" said the child, with a burst of tears.

"Fiddlestick!" said the amiable Mr. Smith; if she cared much about you, I reckon she would have written to you before now. Mrs. Clair thinks she's married again, or something of that sort; so don't worry your head for nonsense. How's France bounded, eh?"

The division lines on the atlas were quite concealed by Kathleen's tears; so she was ordered into the presence of her grim relative, who coaxed and threatened in vain, and finally sent her to bed.

For two long weary months the free glad spirit of the child had been fettered and cramped at Clairville. No one spoke to her of home or her mother; or, if they chanced to mention the latter, it was always in a slurring, sneering manner, more painful to the loving, sensitive child than their silence. But why did mamma not write? that was the only wearying thought by day and night. And so Kathleen drooped, and lost colour and spirits, and walked like an automan up and down the stiff garden-walks, and "sat up straight," and "turned out her toes," as she was bid, and had a quick, frightened, nervous manner, as if she were constantly in fear of reproof or puishment.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Clair, "how is Kathleen? Got over her hysterics? I must break her of that."

"Dear heart, no, ma'am! She's just fretting the soul out of her for a sight of her mother; it's nater, I s'pose," said Bridget, polishing her face with her checked apron.

"Stuff, Bridget! The child's just like her mother, and that's saying enough! However, give her a little valerian, and sleep at the side of her bed to-night. I'll look in, in the morning," said the angular lady, as she smoothed out her dress and her wrinkles.

And so Bridget, obedient to orders, stretched her stout Irish limbs "at the side of the bed," though she might as well have been in Ireland as there, for any response she made to that plaintive petition, through the long night, "Oh, do call my mamma! please call my mamma!"

And so night passed, and the golden morning light streamed in upon the waxen face of little Kathleen. No breath came from those parted lips—no ringlet stirred with life—the hands lay meekly beside her, and the last tear she should ever shed lay glittering like a gem upon her cheek!

"Ralph," said Mrs. Selden, "I shall start for Clairville to-morrow! I can stay away from Kathleen no longer."

"You'll be mad if you do," said Uncle Ralph; "the child's well enough, or you would hear. You can't expect them to be writing all the time. Your welcome will be a sorry one, I can tell you; so take my advice, and let well alone."

Mrs Seldon made no reply, but began to pack her trunk, and Uncle Ralph left the house.

In about an hour's time he returned, and found Rose trying in vain to clasp the lid of her trunk.

"Do come here, Ralph," said she, without looking up, "and settle this refactore lock. Dear little Kathleen! I've crammed so many traps in here for her. How glad she will be to see me!" and she turned and looked up, to see why Ralph didn't answer.

Brow, cheek, and lip were in an instant blanched to marble paleness. A mother's quick eye had spared his tongue the sad tidings.

If you visit the Lunatic Asylum at——you will see a very beautiful woman, her glossy ringlets slightly threaded with silver. Day after day she paces up and down that long corridor, and says, in heart-rending tones to every one she meets, "Oh, do call my mamma! won't you, please, call my mamma!"