Original Poetry.

THE S[illegible]TS [illegible]

BY MRS. T[illegible]ZA D. PH[illegible]

Bright angels from the world above
[illegible] robes of spotless white,
Have gathered 'round the dying bed.
To [illegible] the spirit's flight

And, as they tune their golden harps
With strains of heav'nly lay,
The disembodied spirit leaves
Its tenement of clay;

And wings its way to realms of bliss
Beyond the rolling spheres
Beyond the flight of time and death,
Beyond this vale of tears.

Now in that bright elysian field
Where streams of pleasure flow
Where flowers of love forever bloom
And trees immortal grow.

It joins the choir of cherubims
Around the Great White Throne
And sings angelic songs of praise
That sins have been atoned.

Andover, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

How I Married in Spite of Myself.

I was a young surgeon, just free from college and walking the hospitals, when I got my first practice in the little country town of Danfield. Dr. Thompson of the place, was an old friend of my father's, and it was arranged that I should assist him, with an ultimate view to the whole practice—an just be good look-out above all, my friends vegin[illegible] prophesied, 'Thompson can't possibly live another ten years, you know.' So with many pleasant dreams about dead men's shoes and other cheerful subjects, I moved myself and my goods and chattles to W—shire.

Most naturally I had a good deal of curiosity as to my new friends and patients. Mine was a sociable temperament; and as I had about two hundred and fifty pounds a year of my own, in addition to what Dr. Thompson was to give me, I fancied I was in a position to have a little home and a wife of my own, provided of course that I could find some really nice girl who had a sort of grand feeling that the medical profession ought to be obliged to me for entering it.

'It isn't as if I were a fellow who had quite to earn his daily bread,' was a remark I made to my bosom friend, Charlie Somers.

I arrived at Dunfield in the early part of May. It was settled, that for the first time I should live at Dr. Thompson's, whom I found to be a cheerie old fellow, and his wife a most kind, motherly old soul. They had no children, and the house was quiet and well ordered. The practice, too, was very good.

The town had its squire, Sir William Crowhurst. His wife, lady Crowhurst, was the grandee of the place; and, by good fortune, their two little girls were my first patients, being conveniently seized with a mild touch of the measles soon after my arrival, and when the doctor happened to be laid up with lumbago. This of course, gave me a good start, and was the best introduction I could wish for to the other swells of the town, such as the clergyman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who had seven children, of whom one or the other was always ailing; Mr. Gordon the lawyer, who had also a wife and two grown up daughters; and many others.

It is true there was a rival doctor in the place, there are always rival medical men in a small town, but then 'he hadn't even a stray dog to experimentalize upon,' as old Thompson chuckingly told me. Mr. Snares was his unlucky name. As, however, I can only mention one or two of these people again in my story, I will not weary you with a lot of, *dramatis personae*, who will never be accounted for; else the postmaster, chemist, dissenting minister schoolmaster, and others, are all well worth being described, each in his or her own peculiar way.

About three weeks after my arrival, Thompson showed me a note from Mrs. Gordon, saying that her daughter had a bad cough, would one of us come up to see her?

'Now, Mr. Gwynne,' said the doctor, 'there's a chance of distinguishing yourself. Lawyer Gordon is a smart man, and making no end of money. Mrs. Gordon is a great one for being on the sick list. Unfortunately, she doesn't like me, because she suspected me once of sending her bread pills and a water mixture when her imaginary illness drove me beyond bounds, so that lean and hungry Snares was called in; but he injured his cause by persisting to remain for lunch, which Mrs. Gordon thought very impertinent on first acquaintance; and so it was. Now I believe that this cough is more than half to decide if you will do, or if she must send to Colchester for Dr. Sims, which will, of course cost her a great deal more. They are good patients, too good to loose; so go and do your best for us. On no account be sparing of grave shakes of the head and plenty of medicine, though it may be as innocent as you like, provided it be judiciously nasty.

'All right, sir,' was my reply; 'I'll go up at once;' and as I spoke, I rose from my seat and proceeded up stairs to put on a clean collar and a better tie, trying to think I wasn,t a bit nervous. But I was; for when I was a young man I was very [illegible]ous, and [illegible] could, to [illegible] life, give a repartee answer or get out of a mess neatly, I pushed my hair up, then patted it down again; it would not look as curly as I fondly fancied it did whenever I took the precaution of wetting it well over night and brushing it up against the grain.

'Come, come, Gwynne, make haste,' at last sounded from below.

I ran down to obey the doctors' call, and soon after proceeded up the town to Mrs. Gordon's. After I had conversed with that lady for a few minutes, that is to say she talked and I listened, she ushered me into a morning room to see my patient.

'We are quite anxious about dear Hetty,' she said; 'she's had a bad cough for some time past, and our home remedies seem to be of no avail.'

Two girls rose as I entered and returned my very nervous bow. I saw that one was tall and graceful, with a mass of black hair loosly drawn from off her face; large, soft, black eyes, a clear complection and regular features; a grand beauty, I thought. The other was different, evidently two or three years younger, with sunny, chestnut hair, that tossed in loose waves down her back, blue eyes, a little pouting mouth, a most bewitching *nez retrousse*, and a short, slight figure. A more complete contrast could hardly exist than between the two sisters. The dark one looked about twenty, the little one about eighteen. As I said, I bowed nervously and coughed two or three times, because I did not know quite what to say.

'This is our dear invalid,' said Mrs. Gordon, patting the youngest on the shoulder.

'Oh, we'll soon cure her,' Mrs. Gordon, I said with alarming cheerfulness, and coughed again.

'Physician, cure thyself,' I heard the invalid remark in a mischievous under tone.

'Oh, I've no cough, thanks, only a little tickling,' I said stupidly, as though the whisper had been for me.

However, I plucked up courage and proceeded to make my professional inquiries, which were diversely answered the mother making out the case to be 'very bad, quite serious, and suggesting the south of France; the daughter quizzing every thing and turning it all into a joke. I wound up my visit by again remarking as I shook hands, 'you've got a nasty cough, Miss Gordon, but we'll soon cure you.'

'Pert little thing! I mentally ejaculated as I left the house. the dark one seems nice. How beautiful she is!

After this I paid many more professional visits at the Gordons, and soon found myself on a very pleasant, familiar footing at their house. So, from professional, I began to make friendly visits, and often joined the girls in leisure half hours, at a game of croquet or archery, or would take them for a quiet row on the river, of warm summer days. Had I been a clecky fellow, likely I might have become far more intimate than I was, might have called them Alice and Hetty, as every body else in the house did. But I was far too nervous and too shy, and so to me they were always the Misses Gordon.

When the autumn tints were beginning to appear in the woods of Dunfield, I discovered that loved Alice, the dark one, and if she could like to live on three hundred a year, in a snug little house of her own. I should like it too; but I dared not tell her. I could laugh and joke with Hetty but with Alice I was always shy and nervous.

Time passed on, perceived that with Mr. and Mrs Gordon I was a favorite. I could see that Hetty too, liked me, and I hoped Alice did but she was so quiet and matronly I uld not judge so well.

When Christmas aproached there was a good deal of sickss about, and I could not go home as I intended; so Mrs. Goodwin kindly bged me to come and dine with them.

'Go, go, my dear fellow,' said friendly Dr. Thompson, when I demurred at leaving them. Go and enjoy yourself and look out for the misletoe. So I gladly accepted the invitation.

On Christmas eve I let the girls out walking, and they kind said they were glad I was coming.

'Cousin Willie is coing too,' cried Hetty, and she glances slyly at Alice.

'Who is cousin Willie?' I asked, wishing I might mix pill for him.

'Oh, he is our only cousin and papa's ward,' was the reply. He always comes at Christmas.'

'I'll come early,' I said making a mighty effort, 'as I wat to speak to Mr. Gordon.'

'Oh do—come as erly as you can, said Hetty.

'Old Thompson wants me to look out for the misletoe, I said foolishly, by way of saying somthing.

'Oh, we've got enty of that ready, eh, Alice?' said Hetty.

'How tiresome you are, Hetty!' said Alice, warmly, and blushing a painful crimson.

Well, it was sily of Hetty; and before me too! But I was so glad to see the blush that I did not notice the little show of temper. Between you and me reader, she had once or twice shown that she had a temper.

I went home, pondering on the way what I should do I could not dine there with my hert bursting with my secret and feeling it might explode at any moment. Then there was cousin Willie, too. If I should pay my beautiful Alice any attention, I might not be able to control my feelings. So I determined to write to her, ask my fate, and go up before dinner for my answer If I were accepted, have a merry Christmas; if rejected, go home and—and—well nearly die of a broken heart.

I was delighted with the idea, and almost ran home to put it into execution. But how easy to get out pen, ink and paper! how difcult to write! I tore up letter after letter; again and again I tried; but the hopelessnes of trying to express my feelings was great. Should I leave it and go and say my say in person? No, no, I could not do that. My tongue would cleave to my mouth; the very thought seemed to deprive me of all power of articulation. Here goes, I said at last. I will write it off at once and I won't read it over.

'My dear'—here I was at a full stop already. How was I to begin? If I were doing it personally, I might try the effect of 'Alice,' spoken in a low, deep tone, but it looks so cool on paper. Therefore I began again: 'My dear Miss Gordon'—I can't remember my words though no doubt my wife does, but I know my letter was very tender, and, I hoped, very earnest and impressive.

I was once more puzzled how to end my epistle but at last decided on—

'Believe me, dear, dear Miss Gordon waiting in trembling hope, and fear, yours in life and death, yours [illegible] and forever,

'PHILIP GWYNNE.'

This I dispatched to Miss Gordon enclosing a note for the young lady's papa, to be delivered at her discretion. You may believe I scarcely closed my eyes all that night.

Next day, Christmas day, I was to busy to attend church; but I got clear about four o'clock, and hastily dressing myself, started for Mr. Gordon's. He met me warmly.

'Come in here, my dear fellow,' said he; 'I can't tell you how pleased she is my wife I mean. And I am quite satisfied as to worldly affairs. Quite. Old Thompson's is a good practice. We must have a settlement you know; but that'll be all right. Rather you have her than the earl. God bless you! I am proud to call you son. I've spokon to her. She loves you, my boy, loves you dearly, she says, and has done so long. And now that you are one of the family, I may as well tell you a secret. My youngest daughter is engaged, too. Yes, Alice and my nephew William are going to make a match of it. Don't look so astonished. She'll make him a good wife; for though she is a year younger than dear Hetty she looks older you know and more steady and sedate. But Hetty's a dear girl, and will, I'm sure, make you happy. Don't speak, don't speak! There, I'll send her in! And off the lawyer bolted in his usual jerkey way before I could speak a word.

Was I mad? was I dreaming? Alice the younger?—Alice engaged! Hetty loving me dearly! what on earth was it all about? How could I have been such a fool? A thousand hitherto unnoticed facts crowded on my brain confirming the statement. How could I have trusted appearances so utterly, and taken her for the eldest without being certain She engaged; and wild, merry, sweet Hetty loving me! It still would not enter my brain. What should I do? Get up, bolt, and explain afterward?

I sprang up to obey the impulse. As I did so, the door opened, and with downcast eyes and rosy blushes Hetty came in. I rushed eagerly toward her and grasped her hands. I would confess all, I thought. 'Hetty'—I began. She mistook my action, my words, for affection. She came nearer to me, responded to my warm clasp, and then, overcome by shyness, hid her pretty curley head on my shoulder. My embarrassment momentarily increased. 'Oh, Hetty, Hetty—' I began once more

'Dear Philip,' she whispered in reply to what she deemed affection, I am so happy, Philip.'

What could I do tell her it was all a mistake, and thus blight the bright young life and heart forever? In that one second I made a great decision. My chances of happiness had fled. I would sacrifice myself and marry her, and she should never know the truth.

I bent down and whispered, 'God bless you, Hetty. I will try and make you happy; and I kissed the wild, teasing girl, now so gentle, so winning, so sweet. I could not rudely break her heart.

She looked up and then hid her face again on my shoulder, and clung to me to hide her emotion. Was it possible to love her? Ought I not to be thankful? Had I married Alice—no, I mean proposed to her—I should only have been rejected, and gone away miserable; now I had a real true heart to love me. Surely, surely, in time I might return her affection.

'Can you be happy with me, Hetty? I asked.

'Oh, Philip, indeed I can,' she replied.

'I always feared you laughed at me,' I said.

'I only laugned to hide my feelings,' said Hetty.

'I am not rich, Hetty,' I continued.

'Yes you are, she exclaimed. I am not worthy of you.

There was no escape for me. She would not see me in my worst light. She would love me.

We sat down side by side. She prat-

Harper's Magazine.

The November number complete the fifty-fifth volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. While no change is contemplated in the general character of the Magazine, the Conductors will not fail to avail themselves of any suggestions which may add to its present interest or permanent value. Special and increased attention will be given to the departments of Popular Science and Industrial Arts. Papers on these subjects will be profusely illustrated. It is proposed that the various Editorial Departments shall give a complete resume of the times. Each of these departments is placed in the charge of one member of the Editorial Corps, all, however, under the supervision of the Editor in Chief. The Easy Chair will comment upon topics relating to social life and manners. The Book Table will criticise the important books of the day. The Monthly Record will note all important political events. The Drawer will present the facetiæ and anecdotes of the times.

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Andover Advertiser

led to me how Alice and Wille had long loved each other, but it had never been a settled thing till now, as his position had not been such that he could marry.

'And Alice is so glad on Hetty, little thinking ing were. She says kind of a man she wo brother. You know it was both to want you for Philip?'

'No, dearest,' I stamo not.'

I could not talk to her ed to mind my silence. hand, dreaming, thinkin was repeating my le Somers; telling him all for Alice. Now I must was Hetty I ment. O whirl my poor brain is

At last, to my great Mrs. Gordon entered shook me warmly by th 'Dear Mr. Gwynne, th would rather give my to than you. Alice, tho quiet and steady, she is ble of acting for her always be kind and t won't you?'

'Of course he will— cried Mr. Gordon. Co wash your hands.'

Deeply grateful for that my hands were di I felt I shou d burst something equally ab there) I followed him

'What time do you don?' I asked.

'Six,' he replied. quarter past five.'

'Ah, I shall just I find I have forgotte about a certain me allow me, I'll just run gery, for it will not about physic.'

'Certainly not, ce Mr. Gordon; thoug and i the circumstan six sharp.'

I almost ran off. my surgery by my la it was empty. Loo sank into a chair and What should I do? escape was now. S note to say I was s and see what to-m Should I pack up my character and profe and bolt? They alternatives. I alm But was I not a m not going to act un man? After plight receiving her shy k explain? And yet right to marry on other? Why had t Alice, and told me hopeless? Why di eyes and see that, c ances, she was the to ask that now.

My duty was clea smoothed my tu my hot temples in c termined to be a m I would act my pa to make it natural

So I retraced my the Gordon's draw struck six. I was to Cousin Willie. te rded fellow, loo a gentleman, and Alice, and she of I felt better when After all, Hetty w her wavy, glossy h with their now, so that shy smile rou I declare I foun them to my little o felt quite proud a dining-room.

What need I day my lot grew s dearer and dear knew her otherwis tempered; while not tell tales—Ali I am very fond of ews and neices; b love is my own m

We have now years, and little o home; and as I w wife leans over m how out of my b at and tweet mischievous Phil, what a h though you had of yourself!"

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