

## Boots' Corner.

### THIS WORLD.

This world is a sad, sad place, I know—  
 And what soul living can doubt it?—  
 But it will not lessen the want and woe  
 To be always singing about it.  
 Then away with songs that are full of tears,  
 Away with dirges that sadden;  
 Let us make the most of our fleeting years,  
 By singing the lays that gladden.

A few sweet portions of bliss I've quaffed,  
 And many a cup of sorrow;  
 But in thinking over the flavored draught,  
 The old-time joy I borrow.  
 And in brooding over the bitter drink,  
 Pain fills again the measure;  
 And so I have learned that it's better to think  
 Of the things that give us pleasure.

The world at its saddest is not all sad;  
 There are days of sunny weather;  
 And the people within it are not all bad,  
 But saints and sinners together.  
 I think those wonderful hours of June  
 Are better far to remember,  
 Than those when the earth gets out of tune,  
 In the cold bleak winds of November.

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In thinking over a joy we've known,  
 We easily make it double,  
 Which is better by far than to mope and moan  
 O'er sorrow, and grief, and trouble.  
 For though this world is sad, we know—  
 And who that is living can doubt it?—  
 It will not lessen the want and woe  
 To be always singing about it.—Pilot.

HAWTHORNDEN.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### HARD TO FORGIVE.

"WHAT troubles you, my dear?" he inquired, anxiously. "Aren't you well?"

"Perfectly well," she replied, then hesitated.

"Out with it, my child," he said, affectionately.

"I have been to see poor Laura, and I was thinking of her," she answered, quite simply.

"Pshaw! Rosa," he replied hastily, "don't give her a thought; she'll take care of herself, she's used to it."

"O, please don't say so; she is dreadfully persecuted, tormented, and so troubled and sorry every way." She then related, unfortunately perhaps, the fright Laura had experienced in the morning, from the near approach of her tormentor.

"This is all moonshine, my child," he replied, with all the assurance of cautious age; "she imposes upon you. I can't let you go where she is, if she entertains you with such stuff as this."

"But, father," she said, entreatingly, "I saw her fright; it could not be feigned; and she is so penitent. I do wish—" she hesitated, then paused.

"Wish what, my darling?" he inquired, caressingly.

"I don't like to say it, for fear you will be angry with me; but I do wish you would be her protector."

"My dear little innocent girl, has she deluded you with the idea that she wants a protector?"

"O, I do wish Aleck would come home!" she exclaimed, finding she was making no progress in convincing the Colonel. "I know he would forgive her, if nobody else will."

"Indeed, Rosa," he replied, gravely, "he has the most to forgive. If Laura had behaved respectably, she would not be as she now is; she must suffer; such conduct brings its own punishment, even if she were ever so penitent. I could have received her here into my family, though I abhor her course, but I find her conduct has been more scandalous than I thought; no woman is talked about as she has been, without reason."

"Yes," replied Rosine, slowly, a little abashed; "but then Laura hates her past conduct, and wants to do right now, and ought we not to forgive her if she is really truly sorry, and resolved to do so no more."

"Well, my dear, we may forgive her if we will, but it does not follow that we must give her the same confidence we did before. But you are very young to know any thing about these matters, it was an unlucky day when Laura Marten chose you for her intimate friend. One thing at least she is old enough to know, that when a man's honor has been wounded in the person of his wife, you touch him, and through him all his family, in the tenderest point. You must trust me to do right in this matter, little one," he added, stroking her bright curls, and speaking very tenderly, "and not worry you over sensitive conscience about one who is not worthy of your anxiety. I shall be guided entirely by Aleck's reply to several letters written him from home on this subject; till then matters must go on as they are."

Rosine was not all relieved by this conversation; she feared she had not taken the best way of speaking about Laura, and yet she had the assurance that her motives were right in the effort she had made. She could not reconcile the opinions of good Sister Agnes and her dear Colonel, so she went about her daily life as usual, sorrowful for her friend, but never speaking her name; hoping each day that something would come from Lieutenant Hartland that would bring about

a change in Laura's position. Sister Agnes had impressed upon Laura the duty of returning Mrs. Hartland's call, which she did after some delay, but finding the family out and a strange servant at the door, she was reluctant to leave her card as "Mrs. Hartland," and the family were left in ignorance of the call. Since her last meeting with Le Compte, she had not ventured into the street alone; but when accompanied by one of the Sisters, she drew down her thick veil, scarcely daring to look either to the right or to the left. Thus she who had once been remarked for her bold, venturesome, daring spirit and manner, was completely cowed. It is not always that by coquetry and deceit, even a married woman brings such immediate suffering upon herself as Laura had done, but it comes in time, and they invariably leave a sting that pierces the heart sooner or later—it may come in the life of a beloved daughter or son, for the sins of the mothers are visited upon their children.

Le Compte met Dr. Hartland occasionally in the way of their profession, and he would sometimes amuse himself with hints of his intimacy with his brother's wife, hoping thereby to widen the family breach, or lead the other to the same retort which would bring on a quarrel; but he did not understand the spirit with which he had to deal. High tempered and easily excited, Dr. Hartland looked down now so thoroughly upon both Laura and Le Compte, that all he said passed by him as beneath his notice. After much anxious waiting, a letter, only one, came from Lieutenant Hartland, and that written to his father.

"On board the X—, off Cadiz, Jan. 18—.

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"I am in the receipt of various epistles from home, filled with sundry inquiries and criticisms on my private affairs. I will answer them all through you.

"Laura Marten was made my lawful wife on the 20th of April last; she has the certificate of our marriage. I am sorry this step does not please you and my mother; of Ned's caustic severity upon the same, I shall take no notice; written by any other man, I would call him out. With regard to the scandal abroad, if it were not dishonorable in me to throw up my commission on the eve of war, I would do it, for the satisfaction of chastising those who have made themselves busy with what is none of their business. I have been on the sick list for the last month, or you would have heard from me before; I am now just able to crawl about, and bound for the Gulf of Mexico; God knows when, if ever, I shall see home again. You will do as you please about noticing Laura, but it strikes me all this scandal might have been nipped in the bud, if when the marriage was made public, you had made her like one of the family. I have received a long letter from my wife, written since her fearful illness, explaining every thing; and I have also Rosine's last letter, which I keep by me as a comfort in much weakness, and a sedative in those dreadful nervous attacks to which of late I have been subjected.

"Believe me, my honored father, this step you deem so unpardonable, though taken hastily perhaps, under the excitement of the moment, was not with any intended disrespect to either yourself or my mother.

In haste,

Your affectionate son,

ALEX. HARTLAND."

The manly tone of this epistle had great effect upon the family; it brought home to their hearthstone the truth, that the pet of the household, the youngest born, was on his way to the seat of war, perhaps to waste away with disease in an unhealthy climate, perhaps to sacrifice his life on the field of battle. The letter served to quiet the Doctor, and prevent his oft-recurring reference to the "new member of the family."

Mrs. Hartland was visibly softened by it, and called upon Laura with the Colonel, leaving behind a cool ceremonious invitation for Laura to tea the next day. She begged Sister Agnes to say it was not her duty to accept this overture, but the good Sister could see only a positive duty in acceding to this first way that had been opened toward peace and harmony with her husband's relations. When she came, Rosine exerted herself to make the time pass pleasantly, the Colonel and his lady were politely cool, while Ned spent the evening at his office. There was no nearer approach to intimacy than this chilling civility, during the winter, though Laura, in obedience to a request from her husband, removed her quarters to a fashionable boarding-house. Here the terrible dread of Le Compte, which still continued, so affected her nervous system, that every card brought to her room gave her a paroxysm of fear; and there was also a sharp misgiving in her mind whenever a letter came to her from her husband, for although their tone was affectionate and comforting, they wholly ignored Le Compte and the past, and with something of the Doctor's peremptory tone, requested that Le Compte's name might never be mentioned between them. Laura would have felt more secure, had he sometimes reproached her a little for her unfaithfulness. For [some reason her tormentor seemed for awhile to have ceased to follow his victim with persecution, perhaps the publication of the marriage may have led him to defer his plans—perhaps to renounce them, perhaps to change them—we shall see.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### HARRY GREENWOOD IN SEARCH OF A PROFESSION.

WHEN the Athenian, the man-of-war to which Lieutenant Greenwood belonged, was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, and the chief officer proposed a ball on ship-board to inaugurate her departure, the Lieutenant had not heard of the acceptance of his resignation. Commodore Greenwood insisted that both Harry and Doris should accept their invitations. "It would look well," he said, "for the first Lieutenant and all the Commodore's family to refuse Captain Jones' civility." The stern mandate of parental authority prevailed over his children's dislike of the whole thing, under the circumstances. It was to be almost exclusively a naval and military ball. Colonel Hartland and family were among the invited, and to him was sent under cover a card to Mrs. Hartland. This was the signal for a warm discussion as to what should be done; the Colonel declaring he should