

Robin's Company.

T O M.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.

Just listen to this:

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall;
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept,
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them,—when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash—
Jumped out of the way—and I thought
"All's up with poor little Robin," and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when swift, at my side
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
Strut as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time;
Tom, it as we saved him. Now, isn't it true
'Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom too—

Yes, Tom was our dog.
Constance Fenimore Woolson in Appleton's Journal.

HAWTHORNEAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD OCEAN VISITED, AND NEW FRIENDS FOUND.

"DON'T distress yourself," he replied, "you shall know all I know. She has brain fever of a most dangerous type; the physician in attendance has given her up; but I think she has a small chance yet, she has such a vigorous constitution, and a strong hold on life; but her ravings are horrible. To tell you the whole truth, this visit to Laura nearly unmanned me, and was the chief cause of my leaving town; I was worked to death before, but this was the last ounce. If I had not left everything, I believe I should have been down myself."

"Poor Laura! to die so!" murmured Rosine, her tears still flowing.

"God reigns," replied the Doctor gravely, "and He has determined that as we sow we shall reap: it is a comfort that He is more merciful in his judgments than we are. But I am counteracting my own orders, and keeping you out after nightfall; come," he added, wrapping her shawl carefully about her, "don't fret so about Laura, or I shall wish I had not come to tell you; cheer up and I will go to-morrow and fulfil, with you and mother for company, a duty too long neglected, and call on your new friend, now we can do so without fear of meeting the Commodore. I am glad for your sake you have made this friendship, it will do you both good."

Rosine's heart was too full for words. Miss Greenwood and all were forgotten in the one thought of her early friend, her first friend, lying at death's door and she powerless to help her by word or deed. The other letter, which she still held unopened, claimed her attention when she reached the house. "What does grandpapa say?" said the Doctor, standing over her, a little anxious about the effect of his communication. She had seated herself near the light, her hat still shading her eyes lest the Colonel should see traces of tears; but they came again as she read aloud in reply to Ned's question: "Willie is feeble, his general health is delicate and his eye-sight much affected; we wish Dr. Hartland could see him, but he is happy and cheerful as a lark." There was more; a little message from himself, telling dear Rosa that he was much interested in learning his catechism, and preparing for his first communion, which she did not read.

"O, how I wish I could have him here!" she exclaimed, turning to Colonel Hartland, and then shrinking back as she observed Mrs. Hartland's eyes fixed upon her with a penetrating gaze, so like

Ned's, and yet so unlike; "I thought perhaps the sea-air might do him good," she added, timidly.

"The sea-air gets a great deal more credit than it deserves," replied Mrs. Hartland, coldly.

"Let her have him here," said the Colonel, looking towards his son.

"The care of a feeble child I should think," continued Mrs. Hartland, "would not tend to benefit Rosine's health, and I always heard a sea-beach was the worst possible place for difficulties of the eye; it might bring on blindness at once."

"I'll tell you what we will do," said the Doctor, after a few moments' thought; "when you and the Colonel get tired of each other, you and I will run up to Hawthornean, and I will leave you there for a few days."

"Thank you, Ned, that will be very pleasant," she said, almost with a sigh.

Laura and her dear Willie mingled in her dreams that night, and the next morning found her looking pale and dispirited. The Colonel reproached his son for keeping her out late at night, but Ned reproached himself for the true cause of her bad looks, and wished he had held his peace about Laura. He exerted himself to carry out his plan for a call on Miss Greenwood, thinking that the making a new friend was the best way to help Rosine to forget the old one. His father wondered what could have brought his son so suddenly to a point for which he had been striving for years, and Mrs. Hartland assented to the proposition coldly and stiffly, the lady was never a favorite of hers. Miss Greenwood received her guest formally, as if it was quite unexpected event, hardly a pleasure, and took her seat by Rosine. Dr. Hartland stood, after the first cold greeting, with his hands behind him, gazing at the pictures which ornamented the walls of this private parlor of the Seagirt House, hazarding a word only now and then, till his eye caught a volume turned down upon the table, as if to be taken up and finished when they had gone; the title attracted him as he leaned over the table to get a nearer view of a wonderful copy of *La Notte*, by Carl Maratti. He remembered to have seen it in his early days in Miss Greenwood's own home, and fearing to trust himself to gaze longer on what was so full of memories, he took up the book and exclaimed, "Jane Eyre! I meet it everywhere."

"That is an odd volume," said Miss Greenwood, coloring slightly, as she addressed him, and their eyes met. "Harry purchased the book when he was at home last, and he mislaid the other volume. I took this up while grandfather was sleeping, having heard it so often spoken of; but I have little time for such reading," she added, turning away from the Doctor's fixed gaze.

In parting, she begged the Colonel, between whom and herself the ice had rapidly thawed, to allow her as much of Rosine's company as he could spare.

"What a pity," said the Colonel, as they entered the carriage; "how I did long to kiss her and call her Dora, as I did in old times."

No one replied to this remark, the truth was slowly dawning upon Rosine that there had some time been something quite serious between the Doctor and Miss Greenwood, and she was afraid to speak, lest she might say something that would hurt his feelings.

"I have found out your secret, Rosa, during this call," said the Doctor, when he found conversation flagged, and wishing to turn the thoughts of the company in another direction. "It is very funny how things will come about. I could swear, if I ever did such a wicked thing, that that volume of *Jane Eyre* on Miss Greenwood's table is fellow to the one left on the flower-table, and that Harry Greenwood is Rosa's 'gentleman.'"

"You don't really know?" inquired Rosine, her interest excited. "I should be glad if he were Miss Greenwood's brother. Is he like her?"

"Yes, not unlike Dor—his sister; the same wonderful eyes—and—Harry's a fine fellow and a gentleman, a little stiff like his sister about matters of propriety." There was slight sarcasm creeping into his tone, and the Colonel took it up at once by saying, "Dora's a pattern woman! Look at her devotion to her grandfather, it is something beautiful, and so in contrast with the manners of the present age, when old folks and children are left to the care of servants. I have certainly never seen any one like her."

"She intends becoming a Sister of Charity after his death, I hear," said Mrs. Hartland.

The Doctor fidgeted, the Colonel did not reply, and the remainder of the ride was a silent one.

Mrs. Hartland expressed her doubts that evening to her son, as to how the Commodore would regard a friendship between his daughter and Rosine. "You know, Ned," she said, "Mr. Benton was the cause of his pecuniary losses."

"Even the cantankerous old rascal could not find fault with the girls for loving each other," replied the Doctor, "arbitrary and domineering as he is."

The call brought Rosine and her new friend nearer; and after the Colonel and she were again alone, each day brought the girls together, and the grandfather becoming accustomed to Rosine's presence in their walks, their intercourse was often prolonged through many hours. Miss Greenwood would seat her parent comfortably in the camp-chair, where he could see the sun shining on the waves, and feel the sea-breeze playing with his long white locks, and above all, watch the girls as they walked up and down the beach, never out of sight or out of reach of his call.

The fair had one day been brought incidentally into their conversation, and Rosine had related her adventure at the flower table, with the Doctor's surmise that she was indebted to Miss Greenwood's brother as her protector.

"We can soon tell if Harry were the fortunate man," said her companion, pausing in her walk; and taking a double locket from her bosom, she touched a secret spring and placed the trinket in the young girl's hand. "Is it like that gentleman?" she said, smiling.