

South Carolina Leader.

REV. R. H. CAIN, Editor.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—Paul

A. J. RANSIER, Associate Editor

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MISS INGERSOLL, MISS INGERSOLL'S PRIDE.

Louisa was down from Boston again, and reading aloud to her mother-in-law. It was approaching spring, and though the road was white with snow, there was a twitter of bird and a swelling of bud which were sure harbingers; and Louisa, looking up from her book every now and then, welcomed these indications with a vague sense of pleasure. At last she looked up and forgot to look back. Mrs. Chatham glanced over her spectacles at her to see what she had.

"What is it? what do you see, Louisa?"
"Mother Chatham, did you hear the gate clang just now?"

"I don't know as I did. Why?"
"It was George with a bundle of books, and a basket of flowers from the hot-house. Do you know what he is going to do with them?"

"No, of course not. Why should I?" answered Mother Chatham with lofty indifference.

Louisa was gazing thoughtfully from the window out upon the long white road, the distant town. She went on as if Mother Chatham hadn't spoken.

"Mrs. Tennett told me last night, mother, that George goes to see Miss Ingersoll very often, and that he carries her books and flowers."

"Louisa, I hope you haven't been encouraging any idle, vulgar gossip about the family with Mrs. Tennett or any one else."

Mother Chatham spoke in her haughtiest tone; Louisa knew what it meant—knew she was in earnest, and did not mean to discuss the matter. She wisely resumed her book then without further remark, and the matter was dropped.

But Mother Chatham had not dropped it so easily out of her thoughts. Her George carrying flowers and books to Miss Ingersoll—to her dress-maker! If the rumor was true, what did it pretend? But no, it could not be true. It was only idle, country gossip.

George had simply been kind to her on account of her accident. Mrs. Chatham was not a snobbish person by any means; but she was a conventional woman of the old-fashioned school of country gentry.

And this country of Meriden had always been specially aristocratic in its tone; what Julia Ingersoll had termed "English." Mrs. Chatham then, with her Mayflower blood and her ancient prejudices, looked upon her dress-maker as only a short remove from her chamber-maid. She would have nursed her in sickness, and helped her generously if she had been in need of help; but she would have done it from the lady of the country's sense of duty, just as she would have tended or helped any of her poor.

But while Mother Chatham's mind is in this state of commotion from Louisa's gossip, let us see what George is really going to do with those books and flowers. Yes? he drives down the road and turns the corner—that very corner where he once turned over—and keeps on to Meriden Centre. It was late in the afternoon when he started; it is coming twilight when he reins up—yes, actually before Miss Ingersoll's door! It is her shop-door, and in this shop—Miss Ingersoll has never tried to call it "parlor"—Miss Ingersoll spends her evenings; for here she has quite a pretty little parlor all to herself, when no customers are there. George enters this little parlor like one quite at home.

"I've brought you those books I spoke of, Miss Ingersoll; and here are some of our last roses and a few other flowers, if you'll give them house-room."

"Oh, thank you; how lovely!" and Emily

Ingersoll bent over the basket with a face of delight. Presently she opened a port-folio and pushed it toward her guest.

"Do you recognize those?"
"What! the violets and pansies I brought you last week?"

"Yes; I tried the multiflora, but it had faded too much, and I am used to painting violets and pansies more than other flowers."

"You have painted flowers a great deal, haven't you? Those water-lilies you showed me were wonderful!"

"Yes; I have painted them a good deal—I like to copy from nature."

So they talk first of the flowers, and then of the books, and George reads some of his favorite passages. George has evidently none of his mother's prejudices. He is of the new-day school instead of the old, as you might perceive if you observed the books he brought. There are two or three of Thoreau's, and one of Emerson's which Miss Ingersoll hasn't read; and George gets quite brilliant as he discusses them.

The town-clock struck ten before he dreamed of it.

"Bless me! I didn't know it was so late!" he said rising. It was a lovely night that met their eyes as they stood a moment by the open door.

"It will soon be delightful riding Miss Ingersoll," George remarked, animatedly, as he felt the spring air: "and then you must let me take you over some of these hills; I'll promise not to upset you. You will go with me, won't you?"

"I—I think not, Mr. Chatham."

"What did you get so permanent a fright after all in that upsetting?"

"Oh no, not that; but this is a gossiping neighborhood, Mr. Chatham, and women in my position have to be very careful. I was going to speak to you a week ago or more about another matter connected with this subject. It is better that you should not come here so frequently for that very reason. Of course I know that you are a liberal-minded gentleman, and that you recognize me as a friend without regard to my worldly position; but others will not. There will be always in such companionship as ours the ordinary vulgar supposition of a flirtation or something of the sort. There, now, you need not say a word. We can't help it, you know, and we are just as good friends as ever."

She smiled at the conclusion—would not let him speak in reply, but bade him "good-night," in such a frank, companionable way as to divert every thing she had said of the least over-sensitive or sentimental feeling.

George drove off with a sensation of chagrin and disappointment.

"Why wouldn't she let me speak. I wonder!" he thought over and again as he rode along, and the thought seemed vexation and mortifying.

Mother Chatham was sitting up for him when he arrived. It was an unusual thing, and George stared at her in surprise when he entered the parlor. He was in no mood for talking, and was lighting his candle to go up to his room, when she surprised him still more by saying:

"George, I want to have a little talk with you."

"Very well, mother," and he drew a chair up to the fire.

She began at once without preamble.

"George, Louisa tells me that there is a gossip about you and Miss Ingersoll."

The old lady was regarding him keenly over her spectacles. She saw that calm face of his not a whit disturbed in outward serenity, and his only reply was the monosyllable "Well?" in a questioning tone of voice. She saw that he meant her to go on.

"And they say that you carry her books and flowers?"

"Well?"

"I told Louisa that it was only idle gossip; that you had been kind to Miss Ingersoll on account of her foot. But I thought I had better speak to you about it, and let you know what was said, so as to put you on your guard. Such rattle-tattle is always annoying, and it might be serious detriment to Miss Ingersoll."

"Yes, it might; I will look out that it does not, however. I will either cease going altogether there, or I will have the best of reasons to go."

"George, you don't mean—"

"Yes, I do, mother. I mean that I am going to ask Miss Ingersoll if she will marry me."

"Well, George, I never thought you would come to this!"

"Come to what mother—matrimony?"

"Don't jest, George. I beg of you. You know very well what I mean. You know that it is not the marrying, but the marrying beneath you, that I object to."

"Beneath me?" and from this indignant exclamation George went on to expound to his mother his own liberal ideas on this subject. He told her that Miss Ingersoll was more of a lady, and a better educated one than Louisa; and it was the accident of poverty, of course, that had given her her present position.

"But if she was such a lady, if she was better educated, etc., why didn't she make use of her advantages? There were plenty of occupations—teaching for instance, which were ladies' occupations. If she was so well educated why didn't she teach?"

"I never asked her, mother. If I thought about it I trusted such a person as Miss Ingersoll to have good and dignified reason for her choice of occupation. When you talk of plenty of lady-like occupations, consider a moment—what is there open to women except the few employments such as teaching, dress-making, millinery, and fine sewing. I mean the legitimate occupations open to all. The others are accidents or special talents."

George, of course, had the best of the argument; but his mother was not convinced by it—rather irritated instead. She didn't understand this new doctrine of equality. It partook of socialism and communism, and even the Prayer-book warned her of that.

"But you'll welcome her, mother, as your daughter if she accepts me?" George finally asked, with some anxiety.

"I can't welcome her, George, for I can't lie," the old lady answered, decidedly.

George rose up with a sigh. "Ah, well, mother, I know that you will think better of it sometime."

He went out with his usual good-night, a little sad faced but kind as ever. Her favorite son. She looked after him with tears in her eyes, and thoughts both gentle and bitter were in her mind. She had always been proud of his steady-mindedness, but it was this very trait now that she feared. When George once made up his mind there was no turning him.

Louisa, sitting near the window the next afternoon, saw her brother-in-law go out at the gate again, and entering his carriage, go riding forth toward Meriden Centre. "There he goes to see Miss Ingersoll, I'll bet," she thought, but she did not give utterance to her thoughts this time. Yes, he went to see Miss Ingersoll, yet Louisa little guessed his errand.

Miss Ingersoll herself did not guess it as he stood before her. She was surprised to see him, after the conversation they had had, and her face showed it, if not her tone of greeting; but there was no lack of cordiality in her tone. So far from that, it seemed as if the surprise was so sudden a pleasure she had not time to conceal it it had cured to. His heart leaped as he met that glance, and something shone in his eyes as he put out his hand that brought a little flutter of color to her cheek.

"You did not think I would come so soon again, did you? You thought you had sent me away for good and all perhaps."

"Oh no, not so bad as that. I hope, Mr. Chatham, she answered, with a new constraint upon her.

He stood with his hand upon the back of a chair, looking thoughtfully down as she spoke. He waited a moment thus in silence, and then in the same voice:

"If you send me away again it will be for good and all, for I have come to say what will either banish me entirely from your presence or give me a right to it forever, as your answer may be. I have come to ask you to be my wife—you know that I have you to choose what you will."

"As he said this, lifting his eyes in that full tender gaze, she did indeed know that she loved her. A sudden picture lit her face, then faded.

She put out her hand to him, but only said, in a wishful, anxious way:

"Your mother?"

He knew what she meant—he knew that she had read his mother's character, and anticipated her opposition. A dark flush mounted to his brow as he answered:

"My mother has some old-school fancies and prejudices which are scarcely American; but one lives must not be married in consequence. We are mature enough, we are reasonable enough to make our own choice."

"Yes—I know, but—I can not enter a family unwelcomed; I should not be happy."

"But a prejudice; an old whim of a past day, with which you utterly disagree in every belief and principle that we have. Think Emily; think what it is to sacrifice a whole life, perhaps, for that."

"A whole life?—yes, I think what it is; yet I do not see that I can do otherwise."

As she said that, musingly, in a soft, tender tone—"a whole life," his face glowed, for well he knew what she meant. By those words, so uttered, she had confessed her soul to him. When he spoke again, it was with new vehemence, and eloquent was the suit he urged. The tears were in her eyes when he concluded, but still she shook her head.

"You think this is poor pride, perhaps, or morbid sensitiveness. It may be; but listen to me. If I married you with this knowledge, and under these conditions, that to your own mother I was an alien, an unwelcome guest, that she held me as beneath your choice; spite of my philosophy, spite of my entirely different principle of belief, I should become embittered, and the bitterness would enter into my daily life, and gradually affect my relations with others. Worst of all, I think it would, perhaps, make me suspicious where I had no right to be suspicious. This is a weak and pitiful pride, I dare say; but I know that it is the grain of my character, and I dare not let it have opportunity to run riot as it would have under the circumstances you propose. Do not blame me too harshly for this; do not hate me for this decision," she concluded, sadly and tearfully.

"Hate you? hate you and you can never come together in my mind, Emily. I believe you are making a grievous mistake for us both, that is all."

She was quite silent for several moments after this; then, with a new flush upon her cheek, and a little quicker of tone;

"I do not know—it might make a difference with your mother if she were aware of the facts of my story. Still, I think I understand the quality of her pride. It is the old name only she holds worthy of alliance with hers, and my father was a self-made man. It is in this day and generation that John Ingersoll's name was noted, and that only for wealth and commercial transactions, I suppose she would say, though I am sure, she could never have found a truer gentleman."

"So your father was John Ingersoll the merchant prince, Emily? Know him? not personally, but I knew of him as every man of the world did, by reputation, and that was as a true and honorable gentleman. Whatever my mother's opinion might be in regard to an alliance with such a man, I should feel honored by it. To make a good name I hold to be a greater grace than the simply bearing one."

"Whatever his mother's opinion might be, unwittingly he had by this sentence admitted her suppositions concerning his mother's opinions to be correct. Emily felt this at once; but there was no more time for further words, even if she had not seen that further words were only a useless trial, for voices and footsteps sounded outside upon her door-step, which warned her that the conference was over. She turned to the new-comer—her husband's young daughter—with a heavy heart, for she had just bade adieu to a great joy. But George Chatham, as he rode down the road, carried a hopeful spirit. He had scarcely realized the truth of his unwitting admission as yet. John Ingersoll's daughter! That ought to be enough for any body. He went straight home with this idea, and up to his mother's room where he knew she would be sitting at this hour, quite alone. Last night she had wanted to have a little talk with him, to-night he wanted to have a little talk with her, and he sat down there before the fire, and told her the whole history of the evening. Of his rejection and the grounds of it, winding up with the one grand climax of her parentage, John Ingersoll's daughter! But omitting—I dare say for the moment he really forgot it—Miss Ingersoll's last supposition, of the quality of old family pride that would still look down upon so new a name. But he remembered soon enough. Mother Chatham heard him through in grave silence, and then she said, quietly:

"I do not see how the fact of her being John Ingersoll's daughter changes the matter. Who was John Ingersoll, George?"

"Mother, you certainly have heard of Ingersoll, the great merchant?" answered George, a little indignantly.

"Oh yes, yes; he made a sudden fortune and lived lavishly to the end of his life, and lost it then, it seems. 'Up like a rocket, and down like a stick,' George; just like such new people."

"Mother, John Ingersoll was an honorable gentleman. In the commercial world his name is famous. Dying suddenly in the midst of his enterprises was his misfortune, not his fault, and if he had lived longer, it was generally too. Many a poorer man had cause to bless the name of John Ingersoll."

"He may have been a worthy man enough; I dare say he was, George; but he was a man of low origin. The book of merchants, I remember, says he started a news-boy."

"Oh, mother, mother! your prejudices are not Christian."

"Oh, George, I see how it is! I know you want me to favor this match. You want me to say I like it, that I think this girl a fit mate for you; but I don't, and I can't. I think she has shown herself a nice, sensible person, in many ways; but if she had been a lady, and the daughter of a gentleman, as you say, she must have chosen a different means to support herself. I have known a great many poor gentlemen, but I never knew one who did not take higher grade than this."

What was the use of combating such prejudice? Alas, none! And George knew it. He gave one heavy sigh and rose up from his chair feeling very bitterly, though he did not give utterance to it.

The Blue Coat of the Soldier.

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. OSBORNE BURGESS.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
Though never I passed the man before?
Because my heart was full and proud
When I saw the old blue coat he wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I knew not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badge he bore;
Enough, that in the front of foes
His country's blue great coat he wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
I only marked the coat he wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line
From Shem or Ham in the days of yore;
For surely he was a brother of mine
Who for my sake the war coat wore!

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or he might be rich in learned lore;
But I knew he could make his mark in flight,
And nobler gown no scholars wore.

Than the blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be that he could plunder and growl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore;
But I would not guess a spot so grim
On the honored coat he bravely wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He had worn it long and borne it far;
And perhaps on the red Virginia shore,
From midnight chill till the morning star
That warm great coat the sentry wore.

That blue great coat, that sky-blue coat,
That old blue coat the soldier wore.

When hardy Butler reined his steed
Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore
Perhaps he hid him, at his need,
Marched he who vendor blue coat wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Barnstide's ranks,
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;
Perhaps on the mountain-side with Banks
In the burning sun no more he wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamps 'twas a bed for his form,
From the seven days' battling and marching
So;
Or with Kearney and Pope, 'mid the steady storm
As the night closed in, the coat he wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or, when fight over us Jackson dashed,
That collar or cape some halberd bore;
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,
He hung to the ground the coat that he wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg when the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;
Or saw with Grant the unclaimed waves
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

That garb of honor tells enough,
Though I its story go no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff
That the coat is made which the soldier wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He may hang it up, when the peace shall come
And the moth's may find it behind the door;
But his children will point when they hear a drum
To the proud old coat their father wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

And, my dear child, with you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Still bow the head as one goes by
Who wears the coat that soldier wore.

The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

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