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AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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done on the premises with neatness & despatch
DONALD BEATON,
Long River, New London, Aug. 16, 1866. 3m

POETRY.

THE WATCHER.
Low bending o'er the couch of death,
A grief-worn, stricken mother lay,
To gather, from the struggling breath
The words her dying mouth would say.

The rising sun its radiance threw
Upon that maiden's fragile form;
And rosebuds, decked with glittering dew,
Breath'd forth their fragrance from the lawn.

The little birds, so still before,
From blooming trees their matins raise,
And seem, in sympathy, to pour
A softer, richer song of praise.

The dying girl, aroused awhile
By strains she fondly loved to hear,
Kissed her dear parent, with a smile,
And sought her breaking heart to cheer.

Sweet music, mother!—soon to cease—
But sweeter far I hear on high—
Glad strains of welcome, joy and peace,
To cheer my spirit, ere I die.

O, mother dear, forbear to weep,
Love cannot stay the parting breath;
Say, what is death? but lengthened sleep,
To wake in heaven, as Jesus saith.

A little while, and we shall meet
Where pain and grief are never known—
To worship at Immanuel's feet;
Again to know as we are known.

Ere the poor mother could reply,
The spirit of the maiden pass'd,
To dwell with ransomed souls on high,
Long as Eternity shall last.

Select Literature.

NELL'S VICTORY.
PHILIP FLINT lay wearily on his pillows,
poor fellow! Crippled as he was, the days
were slowly by—gray days! As he lay
dreamily looking out of the window, his
sister Nellie came in, and, setting a basket
of cones and moss down on a chair
near the door, she stepped to her brother's
bedside and threw back the gray hood and
tassels of her cape, and stood with her
rosy, wind-freshened face, and her pretty
brown braids loosened by her breezy walk.

"Philip," said she, "I think this is the
loveliest place I ever saw. I have been
away over into the 'Hundred Acre Lot,'
as nurse calls it, on Squire Wilbur's land,
and then across the turnpike, over to the
lake-edge, among the pines, and see! this
moss and the cones I got there. Won't
we have some splendid baskets and things?
And, Phil, my pocket is full of checker-
berries."

And, getting a card-basket that stood on
the window-ledge, she began to shake out
the scarlet berries into it, keeping up,
meantime, a merry breeze of talk, telling
all about where she had been and whom
she had seen.

"And, oh, Phil," said she, amongst the
rest of her merry talk, "I met Dr. Grey on
the turnpike, and he asked me if bringing
you here into the country wasn't just the
right medicine for you, and if I thought
this was equal to being in town. To be
sure I do, and I told him you were like a
new man. If you could only walk, my
blessed brother! and a shadow fell over
her bright face. 'Never mind, Phil. If
that ugly wound ever heals enough, so
that you can go about the house even, and
stand in the door, and look out on this
glorious country stillness and greenness,
so quiet, and sunny, and beautiful, it will
be sure to get well then. And Phil, I came
near forgetting to tell you, Dr. Grey says
he expects the other doctor to come out of
town to-day—the one who is going to act
as his colleague, you know—and he says
he shall bring him round to see you soon.
Dr. Grey says that he is so driven that he
don't pretend to eat or sleep now-a-days,
there is so much country practice.'"

"I shall rather dread a stranger—shan't
you, Nell?" said Phil.

"I don't know, said Nell. He may prove
quite an acquisition to our limited circle in
society. Let's see—that consists at present
of Dr. Grey, Nurse Gould and our noble
selves," and she laughed heartily.

"Well, well, whether he comes or not,
I want my lunch, for I am starving nearly."

"Yes, I'll go right now, Phil. How I
wish mother could look in now and see
how cozy we are. I'm real glad she let
me come, instead of coming herself. And
Phil, if nothing happens, we'll walk over
to the lake-edge together another spring."

"Yes, you dear old Nell," said the sick
man, his pale face seemed to light up from
hers, so filled as it was with youth and
sunshine. "But it seems, Nell, as if I
couldn't wait—"

"Courage, dear," said Nell; and she
flitted off in quest of the luncheon.
Later in the day Phil said:
"Nell, there is some one at the door, and
he has rung and rung; and there, he's
going. Hurry, Nell!"

But Nellie was at the door before Phil's
words were out of his mouth, and, throw-
ing it open quickly, the jar of the cottage
door made the stranger turn. He saw her
and stepped nearer her.

"What a glorious face!" thought Nell.
He bowed gracefully.

"Miss Flint, I presume. Allow me to
introduce myself—Dr. Fanchon, at your
service. Dr. Grey sent me over to see
about that change of wash for your brother's
wound, which he had planned for it to-
night. My colleague bade me apologize
for his neglect of you to-day, and bade me
introduce myself and explain his absence.
He is called to a very critical case, and
has left some of his other patients with
me."

"Ah, Dr. Fanchon, come in. Dr. Grey
was just speaking of you this morning,"
said Nellie, in her own sweet, frank way,
leading him to Philip's room. "He told
me he was expecting you to-day, but I did
not know you had arrived."

"I have been in the place only two hours,
Miss Flint," said he, his great black eyes
lighting up with a pleasant smile. "This

is the first professional call I have had
the honor to make in the place. The doctor
found me waiting at his office when he
got back this morning from his rounds.
And this is our patient, eh? How do you
find yourself to-day, sir?" said he, turning,
in his easy, graceful way, to Phil, at Nell's
introduction.

"So-so, doctor," said Phil. "I am happy
to see you, sir. Nell, give the doctor the
lounging-chair that looks the easiest one in
the room."

The doctor smiled, and having seated
himself in Phil's chair, as he sat partly
turned away from Nell to her brother, she
had a chance, for the first time, to observe
him critically. A magnificent, massive
form; black wavy hair, a clear, wavy
skin, and a magnificently full and black
moustache, beneath which his chin showed
smooth and shapely as a marble carving;
and a white hand—a wondrous hand in its
shape and expression, for hands have their
expressions—so much Nellie had time to
note, when he turned suddenly.

"Dr. Grey says your brother has had a
pretty hard time," said he. "When did
you leave New York, Miss Flint?"

"We came four weeks ago, doctor. We
left New York the last of April. Some of
our friends discovered this cozy nook on
our summer trip to the mountains; and
our doctor in town said Philip would never
get well unless he had fresh country air
and a change of scene. Dr. Hazledan
knew Dr. Grey here of old, and recom-
mended him to us, so we came."

"Put the pillows behind me, Nell, and
I'll sit up awhile," said Philip; but before
Nell could reach his side, the doctor, with
a strong arm and gentle effort, made the
required change, and with a smile as sweet
and sympathetic as a woman's, said:

"There you are, Mr. Flint. Do I serve
you turn as well as Miss Nellie?"

Philip thanked him merrily.

"Your nose is out of joint, Nell," said he.
You and Nurse Gould together could not
have moved me like that, though you do
wonder in that line. Doctor, I hope by
fall I shan't have to be such a helpless
stick; I feel as if this was just the place
for me to get well."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Flint; please God we shall
do wonders in the way of healing and
being healed, here in this fresh, breezy
place," said Dr. Fanchon, and he looked
at Nell with such a strange depth of sad
feeling in his dark eyes, that she could not
look hers away from the pleading, haunted
look under those weary lids; but the look
flushed out and was gone, and his eyes
looked so sunny and smiling, that she could
hardly convince herself that it was not all
in her own imagination.

The doctor chatted gracefully and happily
about the scenery, the possibilities in
the way of society, the fine air, and
lastly, making a critical examination of
Philip's case, which he had quietly and
warily been noting, however, ever since
his introduction into the room, noting
every change that flitted over Philip's pale
face.

He left a prescription for the wash, and,
shaking hands with them, he took his de-
parture, promising to call the next
morning; and so he went his way.

Nellie and Philip compared notes, and
decided that Dr. Fanchon was, by all odds,
the handsomest and most fascinating young
man, or rather, *youngish*, they had ever met.

"What in the world, Nellie, sent such a
man as that up into this quiet little place?"
said Phil.

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Nell; and
again his words about 'healing and being
healed,' and the fancied sad look that ac-
companied them, flitted back to Nellie's
mind, but she did not connect them with
Phil's remark, and dismissed the idle
thoughts.

Little she knew of the pain with which
she would recur to them some day, won-
dering at her blindness all the time.

After this call the doctor came every
day in the most genial way. Dr. Grey
sometimes accompanied him; but at length
he gradually left the case entirely to
Dr. Fanchon. And so Dr. Fanchon kept com-
ing.

Spring deepened into summer, buds
burst, held their short glory of bloom, and
then withered. The slender wheat-blade
sprang to noble maturity—a whiskered
warrior with bowed head. The summer
sun glowed hot, mellowing with its waves
of warmth and life all the little village,
the hills and woods.

Nell's walks were becoming glorious;
country life, with its sweet accessories of
leat and bloom, bud and green forest depth,
its luxuriance of glorious things, filled her
unaccustomed soul with delight.

Philip seemed to be a little restored; his
wound was healing, and it was time for it,
too; it was nearly a year since he had been
hurt in the railroad accident. But, for
some reason or other, his system seemed
to be entirely prostrated; there was no
healthy reaction, and all energy and am-
bition was gone out of him.

He was now, with the faithful doctor's
help, able to reach the door, and as Nell
had prophesied, the sight of the summer
carnival out of door seemed to do him
good; but it was in a subdued way. And
Nell felt a dull weight on her heart when
she thought of her spring hopes in regard
to him, and compared them with the sum-
mer fruition. But still she comforted her-
self with hoping that when the hot sum-
mer days were past, and the cool, clear
autumn days came, they would complete
the invigorating work already begun by
the fresh country air, and she devoted her-
self still more faithfully and tenderly, if it
were possible, to her poor Phil.

His invalid mother had come from the
city, bringing her married sister, and Nellie's
duties had become less onerous since
the spring; but still she and Philip seemed
to have a closer affinity for each other than
any of the rest of the family, and the greater
part of each day was spent by his bed-
side.

And Dr. Fanchon still came daily. He
seemed to feel happy and at home then,
and as he gradually slipped into a familiar
and cozy acquaintance there, he would
unbend himself and talk to these two
young comrades as he unbosomed himself
to no other living beings. He came when
he felt sad or when he was happy, and he
found them ever the same—always in tone
with his own mood, whatever it might be.
His calls seemed so ever as much for
his own healing as they were professional;
and as he would drop in sometimes in the

summer twilight, while Nellie leaned in
the broad window-sill, and Philip lay on
the sofa, he would sit near them and talk
of all 'the good, the true, and the beauti-
ful.'

He would let them catch glimpses of the
workings of his own glorious soul. He
would flash before them its hidden wealth
of thought and poetry, and sometimes,
though rarely, they would catch a faint
glimpse of its store of tenderness, as he
spoke of his mother, who had long gone
to rest, and whose life had become to all
on earth but as a 'story from a printed
book.' And once he let Nell read his re-
ligious creed; he told her all he believed
and loved, and what pained him to his
heart's core in the vile contests and strifes
of the many cliques or denominations.
And then, as he went home that night,
under the summer starlight, after telling
her, he smiled bitterly to himself at the
thought:

"What a fool I always make of myself
up there! turning my heart inside out so!
Why do I feel that irresistible desire to tell
that girl everything? to let my noblest self
appear before those innocent eyes? Dr.
Fanchon, take my advice, and don't make
a fool, or worse, of yourself."

And for a day or two he assumed a
shadow of reserve; but Nell's cheery,
child-like, frank ways soon scattered it,
and Philip seemed to miss his usual genial,
brotherly way, till, almost unconsciously
to himself, he lapsed back into it again,
and, as if anything, became a shade more
frank, as is often the case when a self-
imposed restraint is removed.

And as for Nell—our young Nell, with
her heart in her eyes—and a guileless
heart it was, too—why need I tell her Dr.
Guy Fanchon was becoming a necessity
to her; her very heart took root in his
strong, noble heart and presence. And
meanwhile she never dreamed that she
loved him so; she never dreamed that
others might have more right to him than
she.

She had caught that sad, worn look
on his glorious face often since that spring
day when he spoke so earnestly, so mourn-
fully, about 'healing and being healed,'
and since then she had noticed once or
twice a few words half uttered, then chok-
ed back. She had seen those dark eyes
flash or fill with tears at a sudden turn
in some of their twilight talks; she had
noticed sudden silences, fitful breaks in
their talk, and yet she never paused to connect
it with anything in his thoughts; she never
wondered why it was so. She had a
vague idea that he had not had a happy
early life—that was all.

Poor Nellie! she was not versed in
human nature; she could not see how the
man was struggling with himself; she
never dreamed how many times he re-
solved manfully never to come to see her
again, breaking his resolves, as soon as
they were formed, the very next day,
when the yearning desire to be in her rest-
ful, quieting presence, with its sweet, child-
like dash of reverence, was too strong to
be repressed. And he would go again,
and so he kept forging new chains, and
further and further away drifted his pru-
dent intentions, till one evening he made
a brave effort and resolved to leave it all
there, and never to go again, for he knew
that if he but sent the word, Dr. Grey
would take charge of Philip once more;
and he knew he had no business to go
there, for in his heart of hearts was a
sealed door; and he knew that never, while
that iron secret must be hid, had he right
to love any woman, or to ask her to marry
him.

Well, our poor friend, who had so bravely
pledged himself to dash out of his dull
life its one well-spring of innocence, of
love, of peace, we will see how it fared
with him—how well he carried it out.

He started on his rounds immediately the
next morning. It was a rare day, at the
very core of summer's heat, and as he rode
out of the village, with a lingering look
across the field at the Flints' cottage and
a pang at his heart, he thought how Nellie
and Philip would watch the path
across the field for his coming, and watch
in vain.

Duty seemed a cold and vixenish dame,
and he struggled harder and harder with
himself as he rode on.

He cried out at his own bitter lot; he
was ready to curse the life which had be-
fallen him. He laid plans for leaving the
place, for fleeing from temptation, for
going where, by the wildest possibility
he was sure of never seeing Nell again.

Perhaps she was beginning to love him,
and he cursed his own heartlessness in not
thinking before that he might be making
her suffer; that all this might end in suffer-
ing for her, his 'darling! his gentle dar-
ling!'" He could only take back the
last ten years of his life!—and Dr. Fan-
chon ground his teeth as he thought on,
and his face was stormy with feeling, with
agony, when—as he rode slowly into a
grove of pines, where the dead "needles"
of last year's foliage, lying like a thick car-
pet upon the ground, muffled his horse's
tread—he caught a glimpse, through a
vista of foliage, of Nell, in her white
wrapper and light shawl. She was lean-
ing against a tree, on the bank of the little
lake she had admired so much upon dis-
covering it in the spring.

To the wind went all the doctor's fine
resolutions. She stood with her back to-
ward him, but he knew every curve of
that dear form, every glint in that golden
brown hair.

He knew she was perfectly unconscious
of his presence, and an insane, raging desire
impelled like a wave over his soul—reckless
pulse to look in her dear eyes again, to
tell her he was going away from the
place—was it not true?—to tell her "good-
bye." Yes! he would see her again—he
must see her! and for the rest—his soul
was in a blinding whirl. He neither
thought nor cared, you see.

So he went to bid Nellie Flint 'good-by,'
to tell her he was going away, that duty
called him.

She did not hear him. She was partly
turned away from him; she was humming
a little song to herself, and looking across
the lake as she hummed. He could ever
see the color on her cheek, the hair rippling
on her forehead, her slender hands twist-
ing the tassels of her dress.

Another step and a slight rustle betrayed
his presence. She turned with a start, and
seeing him, her face lit up gloriously, and
her hands fluttered out toward him almost
unconsciously.

"What a start you gave me, doctor!
Welcome!" said she, smiling. "Where
did you come from? You didn't 'rain
down,' for you couldn't on such a splendid
day as this. I was just thinking about you
—or—rather, and she colored slightly, and
stammered, 'a moment ago. Sit down,'
and she dropped lightly down upon the
moss at the tree foot, and made a place for
him by her side.

"What were you thinking about me,
Miss Nellie?" asked he, as he threw himself
down near her. "Were you thinking what
a sad devil I am? or were you wondering
to—what my past life has been? I say,
Miss Nellie, why have you never asked me
about all these things? You know I have
never spoken of myself. I should have hated
you if you had, though!"

Something in the savage earnestness of
his words startled Nellie, and she turned
to look at his face more earnestly. It was
pale and convulsed, and his eyes seemed
to lighten. His looks alarmed her.

"Why, doctor," she exclaimed, starting
to her feet, 'how you frighten me! What
is the matter? I never saw you look so
before! I was only wishing you were here
with me to see how beautiful the lake looks,
and how the sun looks on it; how the wind
ripples and rocks those great lily-leaves;
it is so still and lovely here; but you have
driven it all out of my head with gloomy
words and troubled looks. Something has
troubled you, poor friend! Can I comfort
you?' and she crept nearer, and held out
her white, frank hand to him, as if that
poor child's hand could shield Doctor Fan-
chon's heart from the phantoms which
haunted it.

He took her hand and drew her to a
seat by his side.

"Don't mind me, good little friend; I am
only captious and peevish this morning,
I had no business to come here and dis-
turb your pleasant little tryst with Dame
Nature. But, Miss Nellie, I am weary
and sick of this life, and I want to tell you
a story. Will you listen to it, little friend?
I can't harrow up my own life. Let me
talk in a parable; and, oh, Nellie, listen
with all your heart, for you are to be
judged."