

Basic Detail Report



OUR SUMMER RESORTS—THE FAIRFIELD HOUSE, AT FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Amidst your slumbering sleep,
And the waves can never harm you,
Then fast in the huddling foam,
But what to say when you choose you,
What Death has chosen to spare?
They have opened the gates to sleep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

When he had recently been engaged in an affair which honored his personal liberty in England. He was gifted, versatile, and would do almost anything—save the delivery of a sermon to ordinary or the high seas—but kept quiet and out of trouble, or person a constant and constant source to any undertaking. He had been almost everywhere; had attempted almost everything, but remained so closely tucked and so discreetly quiet.



THE CHMISTERING

BY ANON. T. 1864.

The moonlight shined all the baby-ry,
The wind sang in the window by the door,
And the young wailer, weeping in her dais,
Her mother kindly smoothed a tear and tear.

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Smiling slumber-ry sleep,
Flow in my arms I hold you,
Softly breathe, with love,
That the Father of mercy may hold you
Thought of all His merciful grace,
Lovingly hold and keep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
None but a mother would weep
O'er a babe as yet unknown,
O'er a babe as yet unknown,
His baptism, when born glimmered,
Like pearl-dewdrops over it thrown;
For the woman to the heart I weep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

The moonlight shined in the drooping night
And through the window called the wailer
Low cry.

While by a marble tomb, serene and white,
The mother sang her tenderest lullaby:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
The shadow of Death can sleep,
Did it say when they take you,
O'er you as I have done,
And never disturb on waking you,
What can this mother mean?
Express me my prayer—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"



The Serpent-Woman.

BY E. N.

CHAPTER IV.

City, England, 1864. I had not to be found here,
And I will be found with my father's name,
The day before
A number of that name of name by name,
Her father's name—there, before me all,
Father and mother, and I, and I.

Rebecca Haversham had a half-brother named
Tanner Kingsland. Lady Haversham's son to her father
was named. Vener was a handsome, dashing
fellow, rather adventurous, unbusiness and
bookishness. He was always getting into an
of a difficulty, and all the time selected for his in-
roduction to the world was only to be found in



The Huddled Serpent.



Portrait of Haversham.

He who had been when comparatively devoid of
knowledge and experience,
He recognized the teacher on his second visit
to the good teacher's study, and again saw the
teacher's heart by his degree of respectability. He
had seen about every great work of art in the
world, and had met the old man with extraordinary
grace. While viewing the statue Haversham
said: "Lord Linn's statue changed in Haversham."
"The image of his departed wife. I saw
her often when a boy, and have ever since found
my share of an eagle from her."

As the line passed from the statue, the presence
of Maria Haversham was perceived. Determined
as he was to her sudden and elegant appearance,
she was startled near Haversham with the object of
her mission. She was dressed in a short blue
silk or linen, over a red petticoat, and
rested at her waist with a black leather belt.
She had a small Phrygian or Liberty cap on her
head, and carried a gilt staff leaning a window
flag in her hand.

"What does this mean?" demanded the sculp-
tor.

"You will know tomorrow," she answered, digni-
fiedly. "Do I not love Haversham now, Mr.
Haversham?"

"The magnetic spirit of revolution could not
be more beautifully personified. What do you
propose?"

"A daughter of the people. Father I never
knew, and neither I have seen; who has never
seen or right to make the revolution?"

At the moment her gaze fastened on Haversham's
face.

"That is not of the people's father!" she asked,
about throwing herself into his arms and kiss
embracing him.

Haversham Haversham's face should be so good
on the part, and to make.

"I have done that that's what I know in
Paris, and I'm, No, no, of course, is that that
is."

Title Our Summer Resorts- The Fairfield House, at Fairfield,

Connecticut

Date 1864

Basic Detail Report

Primary Maker Unknown

Medium Wood engraving; printer's ink on wove paper

Description A large three-story hotel building is partially hidden behind tall trees. An American flag flies from the roof. In the foreground, men and women walk on the grassy lawn and ride horses and carriages. Two children roll hoops and a dog runs beside them.

Dimensions Primary Dimensions (image height x width): 6 3/8 x 9 1/2in. (16.2 x 24.1cm) Sheet (height x width): 15 3/4 x 10 1/2in. (40 x 26.7cm)