

**EIRENE: OR THE
WOMAN'S RIGHT**

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Eirene: Or the Woman's Right by Mary Clemmer Ames

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MARY CLEMMER AMES

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WOMAN'S RIGHT**

EIRENE;

OR,

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.

BY

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

"Eirene—a name which signifies peace."
"The ornament she wore—a lowly heart."



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1871.

1862

TO MY MOTHER.

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E I R E N E .

I.

LEAVING HOME.

"Good-by, Rene."

"Good-by, Win." Here the soft voice broke, and a pair of brown eyes looked through gathering tears, while the young girl who owned them leaned across a rough gate and kissed a boy who stood inside.

"Good-by, Pansy," she said, turning to a little girl. "Be a good girl to mother till I come back, and I will bring you a new dress as blue as the sky. Think of it, Pansy, and don't cry!"

This promise of a new dress stopped Pansy's tears. She opened her purple-blue eyes wide and laughed with delight. She threw her arms around her sister, and exclaimed: "Rene, how long before you will come back and bring me the new frock?"

"Very soon," said Rene, and she kissed the child on her yellow hair.

"Mother! You will pray for me?"

"Yes. Always."

"Come! We shall be too late for the cars! They never stop for *good-bys*," said a kind voice a little impatiently. This call came from an elderly man who sat waiting in a rickety buggy. As he spoke he mildly jerked the reins, as if to impart a little of his own impatience to his horse; but the jerk only made the meek old mare stretch out her straight neck a little straighter, stiffen her legs as if they were riveted in the sod, and she herself willing to stand till the end of the world without stirring.

At the sound of her father's voice Eirene turned to her mother with a sudden, deep embrace, then hurried from the gate, climbed up into the ancient vehicle, tucked herself into a corner of the rusty seat, and without looking back said, "Now, father."

"Get up, Muggins!"

But Muggins was decidedly averse to

"getting up." She seemed to know that it involved carrying Eirene away.

"Muggins, I say, *get up!*"

The injunction this time was accompanied by so decided a jerk, that Muggins did "get up;" that is, she began to move away at the slowest of all paces. The aged, straight-necked horse, the old wagon, the gray-haired man, the young girl, went shaking together along the stony hill-road.

A COUNTRY RAILWAY-STATION.

The October sun had filtered its gold through a hazy heaven till the wide spaces of air palpitated with topaz mist. An uplifted veil, it trembled above the faces of the hills, and floated in luminous nebulae far down the valley.

On the mountain-sides, in the deep gorges, in the wide woods, the carnival of color had begun.

The maples fluttered their vivid ambers and scarlets; the oaks wore their garnet; vines, ruby and yellow, festooned the rugged boulders with flame-like hues.

Armies of ferns stood by the way with nodding plumes and crimsoned falchions. Through the mellow air rained the ripe leaves of October.

With a low stir of melody, they rustled down into the stony road, and the ruthless wagon-wheels passed over them and crushed them. They were full-juiced, and their exuding wine filled the atmosphere with a faint, delicious fragrance. The air was sweet also with the perfume of the pines, distilling their balsams amid the stillness of the hills. The world was all athrill with murmurous music—the quick rustle of the squirrel running through the loosely-meshed leaves, the shrill trill of the cricket, and the low hum of insect-wings astir on the borders of silence. Over all bent the azure-amber firmament.